



*Whilst Butler in Immortal Glory Sits
Enthron'd, as King of Poets and of Wits;
Ward Seeks not to usurp his Endless Fame,
But Courts his Genius to revive his Name*



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THE
L I F E
AND
Notable Adventures
OF THAT
Renown'd Knight,
Don Quixote
De la M A N C H A.

Merrily Translated into Hudibrastick Verse.

Part I. *For the Month of OCTOBER.*
To be continued till the whole History is
Completed.

By EDWARD WARD.

L O N D O N,

Printed for T. Norris at the *Looking Glass*, and
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Notable Adventures

Harvard College Library

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August 5, 1955

Don G. Mott

Part I
The first part of the book is devoted to a description of the life of the author, who was born in 1871 and died in 1947. The second part of the book is devoted to a description of the life of the author, who was born in 1871 and died in 1947.

Part II
The second part of the book is devoted to a description of the life of the author, who was born in 1871 and died in 1947. The third part of the book is devoted to a description of the life of the author, who was born in 1871 and died in 1947.

Part III
The third part of the book is devoted to a description of the life of the author, who was born in 1871 and died in 1947. The fourth part of the book is devoted to a description of the life of the author, who was born in 1871 and died in 1947.

THE
PREFACE.

HAVING Read the best Translation of Don QUIXOTE, with much Pleasure and Satisfaction, I could not forbear thinking it an excellent Subject for a Hudibrastick Poem, well worthy of a Butler's Genius, whose matchless Pen has made his Memory Immortal. But the present Age (tho' too much resembling those unhappy Times which inspir'd the tuneful Bard with such inimitable Numbers, and furnish'd his Happy Muse with so singular a Theme for his inestimable Satyr) having not, as yet, rais'd up another Phoenix out of his Loyal Ashes, who is able to soar to that Promethean height to which none in England ever climb'd before him, I hope it will not be thought an unpardonable Presumption, if I attempt to follow him, tho' at some distance; for I am neither insensible of his Worth or my own Demerit, and therefore would not willingly be thought to have the Vanity to put my self in Competition with so Transcendant an Author.

I confess, as I am a Great Admirer of his way of Writing, I cannot forbear wishing I was able to do any thing like him; but I am too Conscious of
my

The P R E F A C E.

my own insufficiency, to flatter my self with the least hopes of ever arriving to such a Pitch of Excellency.

However, as I have always hitherto met with Encouragement from those who are my Friends, so I think my self oblig'd to thank 'em for their Favours, and to beg their further Friendship, in heartily promoting the following Undertaking, which, tho' it seems difficult at first sight, yet I hope I shall perform to the World's Satisfaction.

For the Ease of the Proprietors, as well as the Buyer, I purpose every Month to publish a Part, pursuant to the Specimen I have here given, till I have run thro' the whole History; which, with Heaven's Permission, shall be carried on with the utmost Care and Diligence.

Tho' I have stretch'd beyond the Prose in this first Part, yet the Characters, Morals, Similies and Descriptions, which are the Life of Poetry, and too short in the Translation, will, I hope, atone for the Liberty I have taken; for I shall not lengthen or abridge it in any Part, but where, to the best of my Judgment, it shall be to Advantage.

I shall say nothing in Praise of the Spanish Author, the Excellency of the Work having sufficiently commended him in several Languages; but heartily wish I may be so happy as to give it such a Version, as may make me a Sharer in his Lasting Reputation. Farewell.

✓ The

(1) .

THE
L I F E
A N D

Notable Adventures, &c.

C A N T O I.

*Of the Knight's House, himself and Niece,
His way of Living, and his Dress;
Of Books that did his Wits Confound,
And of his Man, Maid, Horse and Hound.*

IN Jealous Regions where the Heat
Makes all Men Cuckolds in Conceit,
Who in their stately Strides express
Their Stubborn Sloth and Laziness;
Where

Where Farriers scorn to Shooe their Horses
 Without their Spado's at their Arses, —
 And sweating Moors in sultry Weather,
 Most proudly thrash in Cloaks together;
 Where Women Veil their handsome Faces
 At Windows and in Publick Places ;
 Yet never baulk an Am'rous proffer,
 When Opportunity shall offer.

There at a Village in *La Mancha*,
 Fam'd for the Birth of *Sancho Panca*,
 As well as that Illustrious Knight,
 Who taught the sturdy Clown to fight,
 A Crazy Mansion leaning flood,
 Built Ages since of Lime and Wood,
 Whose Ancient Walls in time had got,
 More Patches than a Mumpers Coat,
 And tatter'd Roof was cover'd close,
 With cooling Houseleek and with Moss ;
 Whilst o'er the Porch a spreading Vine,
 Did with the Fruitful Fig-tree joyn,
 Whose

Whose luscious Products charm'd the Eye,
 And tempted all that travell'd by :
 About the Tott'ring Fabrick lay,
 Neglected Gardens e'ery way ;
 Where Nature did herself exert,
 Above the Old Remains of Art,
 And choak'd with Grass and stinking Weeds,
 The Gravel-Walks and Flowry Beds,
 Which thro' much want of needful Care,
 With Frogs and Toads infested were.

The Stable Walls were much decay'd,
 Like Houses long untenanted,
 The Roof unable to sustain,
 The force of either Wind or Rain,
 But was for want of due repair,
 To both a Common Thorow-fare.
 And look'd as if old Hags or Devils,
 Within at Midnight kept their Revels.

Upon the Right there chanc'd to be
 An Av'ry, call'd a Rookery ;

B

Where

Where Ancient Trees of wondrous hight,
Shaded the humbler Earth from light ;
Whilst croaking Swarms their Dung would
(throw
On Lovers Heads that walk'd below,
That those who had the Luck might try,
The Proverb's verity thereby.

To th' Left within a Dirty Yard,
 Stood an old Dove-house much impair'd,
 Frequented by no other Fowls,
 Than frightful Bats and Hooting Owls,
 Who there sat undisturb'd by Day,
 And fled Abroad at Night to prey.

Not far from hence some Ponds were
(seated,
Where Fish long since were nurs'd and fatted,
Till Sluices out of all repair,
And Flags and Weeds for want of Care,
Had choak'd and fill'd each muddy Trench,
Instead of well-fed Carp and Tench.

Thus

Thus all look'd Aged and neglected,
 Like an old Rural Seat rejected
 By some Rich Blockhead doom'd to squander
 His Wealth in Town, and then to wander
 About the World in Rags and Lice,
 Repenting of his Whores and Dice.

Without this Rusty Mansion dwelt,
 A DON whom Age had almost gelt,
 Whose Weapons, Furniture and Plate,
 Appear'd of very Ancient date,
 And shew'd the Family to be,
 Of wonderful Antiquity.

To grace the lofty spacious Hall,
 Bucks Heads were nail'd against the Wall,
 Where Cloaks were hung upon occasion,
 According to the Good Old Fashion :
 Upon a Rack on to'ther side,
 A Lance that often had been try'd,
 Fit only for an Arm of Strength,
 Like Kitchen Spit, was laid at length ;

Hard

Hard by, a Warri^{er}'s Iron Coat,
 Or Shell, hung up not worth a Groat,
 A Batter'd Helmet, Sword and Spurs,
 As Ancient as the *Trojan* Wars ;
 A Rusty Gun and Quarter-Staff,
 To keep the Family more safe,
 And to Compleat the Warlike Show,
 A Target, Quiver and a Bow.

These were the Arms the doubty *Don*
 Took great delight to gaze upon,
 As if he in their Rust could see,
 His Grandfire's Strength and Bravery.
 A good Old Steed he also kept,
 That only Farted, Eat and Slept,
 Who would sometimes, when Hay was scarce,
 Upon the Manger turn his Arse,
 And on his Wet and Pissburnt Litter,
 Make a good Meal for want of better :
 Barring Old Age, he had no fault,
 Except to Stumble and to halt ;

'Tis true much Fat he ne'er could boast,
 'Cause fed, poor Jade, at little Cost,
 Not pamper'd up like Brewers Horfe,
 Wh' in loaded Dray exerts his force
 With Twenty Barrels at his Arse;
 But kept so fine that e'ery Bone,
 Appear'd like those of Skeleton,
 Yet found as any Roach at heart,
 And fit for Saddle, Coach or Cart:
 No Jadish Pranks would ever play,
 But scorn'd to start or run away,
 Tho' seldom by his Master Rid,
 Was never wanton when Beltrid;
 Yet look'd so shagged and forlorn,
 For want of Dressing and of Corn,
 That by his Coat you would have guest,
 He'd been some wild *Arabian* Beast.

A Greyhound tall of noted Breed,
 For Courage, Beauty, and for Speed,
 Before the Gate would couchant lye,
 And snap at all that travel'd by,

Altho'

Altho' his Ribs, thro' want of Food,
 Like Hoop-sticks round a Barrel stood,
 And that his Age had bound his Hide,
 To's strutting Bones on e'ery side;
 Yet neither Hare or Bitch could pass
 That way, but he'd be at their Arse,
 Or Clown approach in rural Jerkin,
 But he'd give notice by his Barking;
 Altho' too Old to Run or Bite,
 Or give a Mate that's proud Delight,
 Yet crazy Letcher like would shew,
 His Will to what he could not do.

Besides the *Don*, the number Three,
 Made up his Christian Family:
 But these had in their sev'ral Stations,
 So many rare Qualifications,
 That they could turn their Hands to any
 Performance, as if thrice as many.

The first, a young depending Niece,
 Of Female Flesh, a pretty piece,

A freckly kind familiar Lass,
 Just Rotten Ripe for Man's Embrace,
 Could Dance a *Minuet* or a *Bory*,
 Sing an old Song or tell a Story,
 Upon her Spinet chime the Tune,
 Of *Happy Groves*, or *Bobbing Joan*;
 And make a Pudding, that forsooth,
 Should so delight her Uncle's Tooth,
 That tho' he burnt his Chops for haste,
 He'd swear 'twas fitted to his Taste;
 As Mustard Lovers praise the Grain
 That bites the most, and gives them Pain.

Next Her, a pale-fac'd wither'd Slattern,
 Of Piety the very Pattern,
 Her Age full Forty Five or more,
 Her Station that of House-keeper;
 A Dame that understood by Halves,
 To make fine Sweetmeats, Pickles, Salves;
 Could also Dress and heal with Art,
 Kibe, Cut or Bruise in any Part,

And

And never wanted in her Closet,
 Ingredients for a good Sack Posset ;
 Or Chollick Drams upon Ocasion,
 Of Her own costly Distillation.
 Thus no experienc'd Dame could be,
 More skill'd in Houfswifry than She,
 Who was, as things requir'd Her Aid,
 Phyfician, Cook and Chambermaid ;
 But above all Her boasted Gifts,
 With which ſhe made ſuch ſundry Shifts,
 She had a Fiddle, as ſome ſay,
 On which Her Maſter us'd to play,
 Which Did his Am'rous Freaks ſupply,
 And charm'd him from the Nuptial Tye :
 So the Gay Damſel that is taught,
 By ſome looſe Spark to know what's what,
 When once ſhe'as found the pleaſing way,
 With patience waits her Marriage Day.
 A Serving Man he kept beſide,
 Who divers Places occupy'd,

Could

Could use like Vallet, or like Groom,
 The Razor or the Stable Broom;
 Both which he did in order keep,
 That he might Shave as well as Sweep,
 And 'twice in e'ery Week make clean
 His Master's Stable and his Chin:
 No servile Drudgery could be,
 Too hard for his Dexterity;
 Both Jack and Clock he understood;
 Was skill'd in Water and in Wood;
 In Garden or in Field knew how
 To manage pruning Hook or Plow,
 And on occasion, often Drest
 His Master, and sometimes his Beast;
 Could Harness *Dobbin*, Saddle *Ball*,
 Cure Glanders, Malender or Gall,
 Could spread a Cloth like skilful Butler,
 And whet the Knives like any Cutler;
 Rub brown the Parlour, wash a Room,
 Twirl Mop, or exercise the Broom;

Shoot flying, angle, lay a Snare,
 For Woodcock, Partridge, or for Hare,
 Bake, Brew, with any Farmer's Bride,
 And do a Thousand things beside;
 Was all by turns, from Rent Receiver,
 Down to the Post of Billet Cleaver.

The *Don* himself that rul'd the Roast,
 (Whose Fame we are about to Boast)
 Did by his solid Looks appear,
 Not much behind his Fiftieth Year:
 In Stature he was Lean and Tall,
 Big Bon'd, and very Strong withall;
 Sound Wind and Limb, of healthful Body,
 Fresh of Complection, somewhat Ruddy;
 Built for a Champion e'ery way,
 But turn'd with Age a little Grey;
 He never in his Life took Physick,
 For Gout or Stone, Cold, Cough or Phthifick,
 Nor did his Stomach ever fail him,
 Or Drunken Qualms, or Head-ach ail him.

The

The lusty Dinners that he fed on,
 Were the best Beef Hands could be laid on,
 Rare Juicy Buttocks stuff'd, like those
 Which Boiling Cooks on Stalls expose,
 Garnish'd with Marygolds and Carrot,
 For Hungry Passengers to stare at:
 Sometimes a Mutton Joint for Change,
 Should Grace his good Old Kitchen Range,
 And a Plumb Pudding piping Hot,
 Well Butter'd to the Board be brought,
 Boil'd in a Bag that had been torn
 From some Old Smock his Niece had worn,

His Suppers chiefly were the Scraps
 Of what at Noon escap'd their Chaps;
 Sometimes an Egg or two at Night,
 In Plate of Salt stuck bolt upright;
 To which was added now and then,
 A wholesome Dish of Butter'd Grain,
 A Mouldy Apple-Pye and Cheese,
 Or Custard to oblige the Niece.

Lentils on *Fridays* were observ'd,
 On which they most devoutly starv'd,
 And Cubboard Scraps and Pennance were,
 On *Saturdays*, their only fare.

On *Sundays* there perhaps might be
 A Cockerel extraord'nary,
 To entertain the Parish Priest,
 Or some such accidental Guest;
 For Holy Guides those Men of Knowledge,
 Train'd up to Pray'rs in pious College,
 By Sacred Function and their Breeding,
 Have Title to the best of Feeding.

The *Don* in this Abstemious Life,
 Without a Mistress or a Wife,
 (Except the Keeper of his House,
 Supply'd the Office of a Spouse,
 And when she tuck'd him up at Night,
 Receiv'd the Nipple of Delight,)
 Consum'd three Parts of his Revenue,
 Upon himself and his Retinue;

The

The Remnant of his Annual Riches,
 Went in Plush Jacket, Velvet Breeches,
 And now and then a costly Piece
 Of Silk or Sattin for his Niece
 To wear on *Sundays*, that she might
 At Church be gaz'd on with delight,
 Till some young Am'rous Fool should doat
 On her fine Gown and Petticoat,
 And pine so for the Charming Toy,
 Which underneath did hidden lye,
 That he might Steal away the darling,
 Without one cross of Gold or Sterling,
 And cool his Red-hot glowing Passion,
 By Matrimonial Consolation.

So *Cuff* will his Consent refuse,
 To him that would his Daughter Noose,
 In hopes the Fool may be so hot
 For what the pretty Maid has got,
 That he may Wed the Lass by Stealth,
 And save the Father all his Wealth.

His

His custom was to early Rise,
 And Hunting was his Exercise,
 To which he often had Recourse
 On Foot, to save his Aged Horse;
 For no Man had, of his Degree,
 More Mercy on a Beast than he,
 And from a Master no poor Creature,
 Could ever merit more good Nature.
 Thus had his Worship liv'd for Years,
 As in his famous Life appears,
 Still keeping up on all Occasions
 His good Old Customs and his Fashions:
 Some Writers who his Deeds proclaim,
 Tell us *Quixado* was his Name;
 But others do report 'twas not,
 Affirming he was call'd *Quixote*;
 Therefore shall my aspiring Muse,
 The latter Appellation Chuse,
 And in fit Numbers by the same,
 Sing forth his Everlasting Fame.

The *Don*, whose Worth we mean to shew,
 Having but little else to do,
 B'ing subject unto Melancholy,
 Was much addicted to the Folly
 Of Reading the Renown'd Exploits,
 Perform'd long since by Errant Knights,
 Who us'd to bid such bold Defiance,
 To roaring Dragons, Bears and Gyants,
 And rescu'd Ladies when Distress'd,
 By dint of Blows from Man or Beast,
 That the strange Wonders they atchiev'd,
 The num'rous Beauties they reliev'd,
 And Everlasting Glories won,
 By Deeds of Prowess they had done,
 At length so craz'd his Worship's Head,
 And in his Brains such Maggots bred,
 That many Acres of his Grounds,
 He Metamorphos'd into Pounds,
 His Bedlam Study to supply
 With Books of *Rumbus* and of *Guy* ;

Of

Of *George* who with his Nut brown Blade,
 The Dragon flew to save the Maid,
 Of *Palmerin* and fam'd *Amadis*,
 Who did such Wonders for the Ladies ;
 With all those Whimsical Romances,
 And useless froth of working Fancies,
 Stuff'd full of Valiant Feats and Fights,
 And quaint Amours of doubty Knights,
 Assisted by their Sturdy Squires,
 Thro' dang'rous Waters, and thro' Fires ;
 Who ready were in all Disasters,
 To stand a Drubbing for their Masters.

Thus his whole Study Day and Night,
 His only Business and Delight,
 Was conning o're amusing Tales,
 Of Combats, Castles, Dens and Cells,
 Of Gyants, Pigmies, Old Magicians,
 And Beauties in distressed Conditions ;
 Of Rampant Ladies leaping over
 High Brazen Gates to meet a Lover,

And

And shewing Knights their Discontents,
 By dropping Tears from Battlements;
 Till by such strange Romantick Whims,
 Wild Fictions and Poetick Dreams,
 His frantick Brains were so besotted,
 The more he read the more he doated;
 Forsaking all his usual sorts
 Of Rural Games and wholesome Sports,
 And waiting daily his Estate
 For Books to please his addl'd Pate,
 Till by his Reading he was quite,
 Bewitch'd into an Errant Knight,
 And set his own self up, instead of
 Some doubty Champion he had read of.

Thus nothing now possess'd his Crown,
 But Deeds of Prowess and Renown,
 Fierce Scuffles, Quarrels and Amours,
 Fair Ladies and Enchanted Towers,
 That eery strange Romantick Tale,
 Tho' never so Fantastical,

Gain'd Credit now, and seem'd to be
 With him Authentick History ;
 That all his Table talk at Noon,
 Was of strange Combats bravely won,
 By doubty Knights and sturdy 'Squires,
 O'er other bold Adventurers ;
 To Rescue Ladies from the Clutches
 Of huge Robust Gygantick Slouches,
 And from the Arms of daring Blades,
 Whose Practice was to ravish Maids,
 Or when much injur'd and distress'd,
 By Dragons or some other Beast ;
 That, Madman like, he now conceiv'd,
 From the strange Stories he believ'd,
 The way to Honour Everlasting,
 Was by the downright dint of Basting :
 So out of Hand resolv'd to be
 A dabler in Knight Errantry,
 In hopes to purchase and advance,
 His Fame by Trusty Sword and Lance,

And

And that he should become as Bright
 A Champion as that Valiant Knight,
 Who at one fierce Back-handed blow,
 Did so much Rage and Vigour show,
 That with his flaming Sword he cut
 Two Gyants down from Head to Foot.
 Thus Madmen hearing wondrous Things,
 Of Heroes, Emperors and Kings,
 Oft by the Strength of their Conceit,
 Believe themselves to be as Great.

CANTO II.

*The Knight's preparing, for the Field,
 His Lance, his Armour, and his Shield;
 The naming of himself and Horse,
 And his Dear Doxy, tho' but Course.*

THE Crazy Don b'ing now inspir'd,
 With Courage and Ambition fir'd,

Could Dream of nothing but Amours,
 Fine Ladies, Armour, Silver Spurs,
 And Steed that would his Ground maintain,
 In dirty Road or dusty Plain,
 And all things that could needful be,
 To mount a Champion *Cap-a-pe*.

Thus bent he did to mind recal,
 The rusty Breast-plate in his Hall,
 And Batter'd Helmet which had born,
 When in the Times of *Tore* 'twas worn,
 So many bitter Bangs and Drubs,
 Of trusty Swords and sturdy Clubs,
 That of each side the yielding Mettle,
 Was bruised like *Grannum's* Ancient Kettle:
 However, as the Maggot bit,
 He thought it for his purpose fit;
 So down the Trumpery was taken,
 Which had for Ages hung forsaken,
 And e'ery Piece with Care inspected,
 That all Defects might be corrected.

Much Pains were now bestow'd upon
 The Canker'd Armour by the *Don*,
 Brick-dust and Oyl, and Soap and Sand,
 Were us'd with an industrious Hand,
 And e'ery thing apply'd that might
 Make the Old rusty Head-piece bright;
 Tho' 'twas but Labour spent in vain,
 Like washing *Aethiopian*;
 Yet no good Hus'wife that delights
 To scour her Hand-ir'ns and her Spits,
 That she for cleanliness may vie
 With any noted Gossip nigh,
 Could take more pains about her Grates,
 Her Pots and Dishes, or her Plates,
 Than did the busy *Don* to cleanse
 His Trusty Armour of Defence:
 At length by nice Examination,
 Found his Steel Cap of Preservation,
 That was to guard his Head from blows,
 And deadly Thwacks of stubborn Foes;
 No

No Beaver had to save his Face,
 The Champion's only market place,
 But that in Fight he must expose
 His Eagle Eyes and Hawks-bill Nose,
 Unless he timely could project,
 Some way to mend the sad defect;
 For nothing could the Champion daunt,
 Turn Knight he would what e're came on't,
 Was therefore much concern'd about
 The needful safeguard of his Snout,
 Which after all could not be found,
 In Hole or Nook above the Ground:
 So that at last, consid'ring by
 What means he could the loss supply,
 And being exc'llent at Invention,
 He took with Care the true Dimension,
 And of stiff Pastboard did compleat,
 A Beaver so exactly fit,
 That it deserv'd much Admiration,
 Altho' it would not stand Probation;

For when he came to try how well
 His Work would bear the force of Steel,
 One sturdy Stroke did quite dis sever
 What a whole Week had patch'd together.
 Thus many in One Minute spoil
 The Product of a tedious Toil,
 As Sots will at one sitting spend,
 What many Days hard Labour gain'd.

The pensive *Don* now growing vex'd
 To find himself so much perplex'd,
 Not doubting such a fatal slip
 In his own Artful Workmanship,
 But rather thought his Pastboard Beaver,
 Would stand the Stroke of Butcher's Cleaver,
 Doubl'd at least to make it hold,
 Like *Ajax* Shield full Sevenfold.
 Thus Disappointments unforeseen,
 Will often plague the Bravest Men;
 But he that's Stout will never bend
 To those Misfortunes he can mend.

There-

Therefore the *Don* being reconcil'd,
 To what he had both made and spoil'd,
 Resolv'd by stitching and by pasting,
 To make his Handy-work more lasting :
 So down a second time he sat,
 With Awl and Ends, and God knows what,
 And patch'd, as if 't had been his Trade,
 The Cuts and Breaches he had made,
 Till by his skilful pains at length,
 It prov'd of such undoubted Strength,
 That he conceiv'd 'twas Cutlace proof,
 And without Tryal firm enough
 To save his *Phiz* from sore mischance,
 Of Nut-brown Sword or stubborn Lance.

When thus to guard himself from Murder
 He'd put his Armour into Order,
 And made his Spurs not only bright,
 But sharp as Sword of Errant Knight,
 Whetted his Weapons till as kene
 As crooked Scythe had ever been ;

The next thing to be done in course,
 Was to revive his aged Horse
 With Oats and Beans, such hearty Meat
 Poor *Dobbin* very seldom eat,
 Who now had scarce a useful Tooth
 To bless his Gums, or grace his Mouth;
 But, Grannum like, had much ado
 To mumble what he could not chew.
 However, now his matted Main
 Was comb'd and trim'd, and comb'd again;
 His Fly-flap too, that hung as low
 As daggl'd Tail of Gammar's Cow,
 Was dock'd as close his bony Crupper,
 As bob-tail Horse of *English* Trooper;
 His Heels new Shod, his Hide well curry'd,
 And a long Lock brought o'er his Forehead,
 Not only meant to add a Grace,
 But Fierceness to his raw-bone Face,
 That he might be by Foes accounted,
 A bold *Bucephalus* when mounted,

E

And

And that each Horse might be afraid
 O'th' Hide-bound Anatomick Jade,
 And start against a Wall or Post,
 To shun the Brute, as if a Ghost;
 Or that each Steed of greater Force,
 That met this Grandfire of a Horse,
 To crippl'd Age might Rev'ence pay,
 And, without Jostling, give the Way:
 As Youth, whose Manners we extol,
 To grilly Dotards give the Wall.

When thus he had prepar'd his Strâmel,
 Tall as an Elephant or Camel,
 And made the bony Scare-crow fit
 For the War-Saddle and the Bit,
 He took four Days Consideration,
 About what noble Appellation
 He should bestow upon the Brute,
 That best his Qualities might sute,
 And also add unto the Fame
 Of him who was to mount the same;

For if a Name that's well apply'd,
 Gives Credit to the Beast we ride,
 Then he that is thereof the Donor,
 In Justice ought to share the Honour.

After the Don much time had spent,
 Some apt Distinction to invent,
 Had alter'd, mended, dash'd, and blotted,
 To make the Character unspotted,
 At last it came into his Fancy,
 To call his Courser *Rozinante*;
 A Name that, in the Don's Conceit,
 Sounded significantly Great,
 Filling the Mouth, when 'twas express'd,
 With Rev'rence towards the worthy Beast,
 And seem'd to intimate, the Steed
 Was of no base or vulgar Breed,
 But fit, by Quality and Birth,
 To mount the bravest Knight on Earth.
 So Kings, with Titles, Honour those
 They for their own Companions chuse,

That they may be, upon occasion,
 By vertue of their new Creation,
 More fit for Royal Conversation.

Having thus far so well proceeded,
 Himself began to think he needed
 Some new addition to his Name,
 That might his own true Worth proclaim;
 And also to his native Town
 Bring endless Honour and Renown,
 By Deeds of Prowess, which he meant
 To do, if nothing should prevent;
 Accordingly a Week he took
 For Study, without help of Book,
 To find some new Donomination,
 Deserving of his Approbation:
 At length, when very near distracted
 With Thought, he timely recollected,
 A doubty Knight, of wondrous Fame,
 Who'd tag'd his Country to his Name.

Which

Which was *Amadis*, whom we call,
 (As he had fill'd himself) *de Gaul*,
 A Precedent so very fair,
 It nick'd the Champion to a Hair,
 Who grasp'd a good old silver Cup,
 And when with Wine he'd fill'd it up,
 Himself new Christens, and then drank a
 Health to *Don Quixote de la Mancha*;
 Which awful Name the Hero chose,
 To fright and terrify his Foes,
 And make them fearful to advance
 Their Arms against his Sword or Launce.
 So Country Gaff, that keeps a Dog
 To bait a Bull or hunt a Hog,
 Calls the Cur *Towzer*, that his Game
 May swiftly fly the dreadful Name.

The Don, with wondrous Satisfaction,
 B'ing almost now prepar'd for Action,
 His Armour made indiff'rent bright,
 His aged Horse in wholesome plight,

His

His Helmet, by his artful Pains,
 Well cobbl'd to secure his Brains;
 His ancient Spurs and Weapons made
 As clean and keen as Pen-knife Blade;
 Himself distinguish'd and his Steed,
 To come of some illustrious Breed;
 That now there wanted but one thing
 To fit him for Knight-Erranting,
 And that was, lastly, to approve
 Some Maid deserving of his Love,
 For sake of whose prevailing Charms
 He might exert his conquering Arms,
 And at her Feet most humbly lay
 His Trophies, when he'd won the Day;
 For a Knight-Errant that has none
 To heap his valiant Deeds upon,
 Poor Tinker-like, without a Trully,
 Must beat the dusty Road but dully;
 For where a Champion has no Dame,
 To share his Honour and his Fame,

He

He Combats like that Bully-Rake,
 That only fights for Fighting's sake;
 For Blood is seldom bravely spilt,
 In Duel, Tournament, or Tilt,
 Between the Plaintiff and Defendant,
 Without a Woman at the end on't.
 The Champion therefore recollected
 A Lais he'd heretofore affected,
 Tho' now in Years a little stricken,
 And something wither'd, not to speak on,
 Only so wrinkl'd, that the Maid
 Was what we call not Old, but Staid;
 A careful Hufwife, fit to manage
 Unlucky Striplings in their Nonage;
 Or to become a Nurse to such
 As lamely move by help of Crutch;
 Besides, she famous was for making
 Hogs-puddings, and for Brewing, Baking,
 Churning rare Butter, pressing Cheese,
 And all such useful things as these,

That

That not a **Lass** of her Degree,
 Could match her for her **Huswifry**.
 Her Dress was **Highcrown'd-Hat** and **Pinner**,
 Suited to th' Qualities sh'ad in her;
Red-Petticoat of noble Dye,
 At which the **Turkies** us'd to fly;
 A **Grogram-Gown**, and **Doulace-Linen**,
 Both which were of the **Damsel's** spinning,
Aldonca was the **Christian Name**
 Adapted to the **Rural Dame**,
Lorenzo's said to be the other,
 Deriv'd from **Father** and her **Mother**;
 And this was she our famous **Don**,
 After long study, pitch'd upon,
 To make her, for her great **Desert**,
 The only sov'reign of his **Heart**;
 Resolving to bestow upon her,
 Some new and swelling **Name of Honour**,
 That might enlarge her **Fame**, and better
 Become so excellent a **Creature**,

That

That when he should declare her brightness,
 Her Carriage, Prudence, and Politeness,
 Her Name, to ev'ry Hearers wonder,
 Might rumble from his Mouth like Thunder.

Accordingly he rack'd his Brains,
 And took a Week's incessant Pains,
 To conjure up some fine Device,
 That might be applicably nice:
 At length by Love and Fancy fir'd,
 The Thoughtful Don became inspir'd,
 And leaping from his Buffet-Stool,
 Cry'd out, I have it, by my Soul,
Dulcinea, that shall be her Name,
 No Mortal can a better frame,
 Says he, how sweetly does it sound!
 Long look'd for now at last is found;
 The Appellation fits my Dear,
 It fills the Mouth and charms the Ear,
 And well becomes so fair and chaste
 A Mistress, of so great a Breast.

But yet the Champion, not contented
 With the bare Name he had invented,
 Resolv'd to spend some Days, in order
 To aptly find out something further,
 That might set off the Dame to be
 Of Noble Birth and Quality;
 At length, by little and by little,
 The Hero fix'd upon a Title,
 And like a skilfull Vertuoso,
 Added to *Dulci—del Tobosa*,
 Which was, as Authors do agree,
 The Place of her Nativity.

His Lady's Name being thus commuted,
 And all things to his Purpose suted,
 He now resolv'd, what e'er came on't,
 To mount his Trusty *Roxinant*,
 And beat the dusty Road to find
 Out strange Adventures to his Mind.

Thus, those who take too much delight
 In idle Tales that others write,

Are oft misled from Reason's Rules,
To act like Madmen, or like Fools.

C A N T O III.

*Of the first Mounting of the Don,
With all his trusty Armour on;
And how he sallied forth in quest
Of Honour, on his founderd Beast.*

THE Champion being now prepar'd
With all things for his Body's Guard,
And quite impatient of Renown,
Which other famous Knights had won,
Awaking early in his Bed,
With fifty Crotchets in his Head,
He started up before the Sun
Had climb'd the blushing Horizon,

And did with secrecy environ
 His hardy Corps in rusty Iron,
 Fixing his Helmet o'er his Ears,
 Which itch'd to battle Bulls and Bears,
 Making himself, from Head to Tail,
 A Kernel to the stubborn Shell.

When thus, for Service and for show,
 Lock'd up in Steel, from Crown to Toe,
 The Champion, proud as any Lord,
 Then buckl'd to his nut-brown Sword,
 And bracing on his Shield that shone
 Like any new-scowr'd Dripping-Pan,
 He grasp'd his Lance and stole away,
 Toth' Stable-door by break of Day,
 And there with armed Heel he mounted
 His *Roxinant*, who groan'd and grunted,
 Upon his arched Back to feel
 The pondrous weight of so much Steel,
 A Burthen which till then, poor Beast,
 He ne'er had born behind his Crest,

Howe'er, no sooner had the Don
 Well fix'd his Arms and Arse thereon,
 But gently spurring ancient Steed,
 On founde'r'd Stilts away he rid,
 Well pleas'd that none had watch'd his motions,
 Or knew his gen'rous Resolutions,
 Confid'ring great Designs should be
 Carr'd on with greatest Privacy,
 Because, too early publication
 Of mighty things in agitation,
 Either obstructs what we're devising,
 Or makes Success the less surprising.

Having thus stol'n from out his Yard,
 Both unsuspect and unheard,
 Away he jogg'd, like one forlorn,
 O'er Fallow-Grounds and Fields of Corn,
 Believing that the ruggedst Way,
 Which over Hills and Mountains lay,
 Was the best Road, where Champions sooner
 Might stumble upon Fame and Honour,
 Than

Than in the common Path trod down
 By the rude Feet of ev'ry Clown,
 Most wisely thinking, as he trotted
 Thro' Brakes and Stones, like one besotted,
 The greatness of our Deeds are measur'd
 By nothing but Fatigue and Hazard,
 And that each Blessing Man obtains,
 Is only valu'd by the Pains
 We take to gain the happy Prize,
 On which we fix our longing Eyes,

As thus he halted on in State,
 From Gate to Gap, and Gap to Gate,
 Poor *Rozinante* still endeav'ring
 To save that Leg that wanted fav'ring,
 A Thought alarm'd him of a sudden,
 Which prov'd so biting and corroding,
 That he at once, in great Confusion,
 Had lik'd to've drop'd his Resolution,
 For calling to his Mind, by chance,
 He had no Right to bear a Lance,

Or

Of was he qualify'd to draw
 His Sword, according to the Law
 Of Chivalry, or ought to fight
 A Champion till bedubb'd a Knight,
 And that in case he should be made
 An Errant Brother of the Blade,
 By stroke upon his crazy Helmet,
 Enough to cleave or overwhelm it,
 Yet, that his Armour should be white,
 Till he had done some brave exploit,
 And that he ought to take the Field,
 With no Device upon his Shield,
 Till he had drub'd some Knight or Dragon,
 Or done some mighty Deed to brag on.
 These thoughts perplex'd his Mind most sorely,
 And rais'd therein a Hurly-burly,
 That made him ready to renounce
 His noble Enterprize at once,
 Till pond'ring, like a Man that frets
 For want of Coin to pay his Debts,

At length he wisely did project
 A way to heal the sad Defect;
 Resolving kindly to entreat
 The next Knight-Errant he should meet,
 To dub him his Erratique Brother,
 As one Fanatick Priestt does t'other,
 Which he had read, in times of Yore,
 Had frequently been done before.

As to his Armour being white,
 Of that old Rule he made but light,
 Resolving to improve his own,
 By constant scowring, till 'twas grown
 As bright as any Huswife's Platter,
 Or Pewter-Pot that holds her Water.
 Thus overcoming, by degrees,
 The Scruples that disturb'd his Ease,
 His Resolutions were, at length,
 Recover'd to their former strength,
 And he again as firm and stout
 As when he first set boldly out.

So the fond Lover, for a while
 Despairs, when Madam does not Smile;
 But taking Heart renews his Court,
 And Rallies till he wins the Fort.

The Don, to thinking much inclin'd,
 'Mongst other things, now call'd to Mind,
 The Age and Wisdom of his Beast,
 Advanc'd beyond his Teens at least,
 Giving, on due Consideration,
 The Rein to *Rozinant's* Discretion,
 As if the Pensive Rider knew
 His Horse was wisest of the two,
 In Justice therefore ought to judge
 Which Way was fittest for the Drudge;
 Also what Speed and Pace would sute
 The Strength and Temper of the Brute.

Poor *Rozinante* pleas'd to find
 His Master so extreamly kind,
 With Moderation now jogg'd on,
 Like Higler's Pad, or Pack-Horse Drone,

Not caring to perform much more
Than one good *Yorkshire* Mile an Hour.

The Champion hoping soon to enter
On some miraculous Adventure,
Beat ev'ry Bush for Wolves and Bears,
As Rural Sportsmen do for Hares,
Each Minute wishing for the fight
Of some strange Dragon, Maid, or Knight,
That his stanch Courage might be try'd
Upon some scaly Monster's Hide ;
Or have the happy luck to thwack
Some mighty Gyant's sturdy Back ;
Or kill some blust'ring *Furioso*,
To bless *Dulcinea del Tobosa*,
By throwing at her charming Feet,
In spite of Sweat, divinely sweet,
The bloody Head in Combat won,
With Warts and Whiskers over-run:
Then ruminating on his Steed,
As if he'd done so brave a Deed,

Thus

Thus, in a Rapture, would he cry,
The Bards shall sing my History.

*Scarce had the bright enliv'ning Sun,
From Thetis Arms his Course begun,
And gilded with his beauteous Rays,
The verdant Meads where Cattle graze;
Or had the Songsters of the Groves
In Consort join'd with cooing Doves,
To welcome in, with tuneful Throats,
Expressing their melodious Notes,
The blushing Goddess of the Morn,
That cheers the World at her return,
And blesses with her glorious Smiles
The busy Farmer's early Toils;
Or had the happy Nymphs and Swains
Forsook their Bowers for the Plains,
Or from their fragrant Rosy Beds
And Pillows rais'd their drowsy Heads,
E're fam'd Don Quixote de la Mancha
Bestrid his trusty Rozinante,*

*Forsaking that voluptuous Ease
Which does the slothful Temper please,
To beat the Desarts of Montiel,
Where Glory, Fame, and Honour dwell,
And to survey the dusty Plains
Where Great Belona only reigns.*

*O happy Age to thus Record
The bold Atchievements of my Sword,
That ought to stand engrav'd upon
Pillars of everlasting Stone;
Or by some Painter be express,
A Michael Angelo at least,
Whose artful Strokes might speak my Praise,
And universal Wonder raise,
That my great Deeds, thus drawn, might be
Examples to Posterity.*

*But whosoe'er shall paint or write
The Hist'ry of so fam'd a Knight,
As I ere long shall surely prove,
For Combat, Constancy, and Love,*

O let 'em, I beseech, set forth
 The Paces, Graces, and the Worth
 Of Rozinant, that trusty Steed,
 That all the World his Praise may read,
 That Brute of Brutes, that careful Creature,
 No Champion e'er bestrid a better;
 That faithful Drudge that Trots all Day,
 And never pines for Oats or Hay;
 That kind Companion of his Master,
 In ev'ry Scuffle and Disaster.
 O! let his Character be bright,
 For he's my Horse, tho' I'm the Knight;
 And therefore as he shares the brunt,
 Of each Exploit, what e'er comes on't,
 In Justice 'tis the Creature's due
 To share the endless Honour too.

When thus the Champion's roving Fancy
 Had favour'd trusty Roxinante,
 Next to his dear beloved Horse,
 His Mistress must be prais'd in course;

Then

Then thus he'd into Raptures fly,
'Twixt Madness, Sadness, Love, and Joy,

O charming Goddess of my Breast,
Why thus do you disturb my Rest?

Why, Fair Dulcinea del Tobosa,
Is your poor Captive us'd but so-so?

Why, Princess so divinely bright,
Do you despise your doubty Knight?

Who wanders in Distress, to shew
The World his matchless Love for you,

And wades thro' Waters and thro' Fires,
To serve the Queen of his Desires,

And bears the sturdy thwacks and drubs
Of Champions Swords and Gyants Clubs,

To enlarge the Empire of your Fame,
And add fresh Glories to your Name,

Till all Men shall be forc'd to own,
Your spotless Right to Beauty's Throne,

And ev'ry Champion bend their Arms
In Honour of Dulcinea's Charms.

In such extravagant Conceits
He spent the Remnant of his Wits,
Which entertain'd no other Fancies,
Than frothy Dregs of old Romances.
So he that loves the pleasing Chase
Of either Hate or pretty Lass,
With him, where-e'er he comes, 'tis common
To talk of *Chloe* or of *Bowman*.

Thus with his Head as full of Whims,
As an old Quaker's is of Dreams,
The Armed-Champion beat about
To find some strange Adventure out,
Till the warm Sun, that shone so bright,
Upon the Armour of the Knight,
Had made his Helmet full as hot
As Sauce-Pan, or as Porridge-Pot,
When scalding Broath, for Lads and Lasses,
Has just been ladl'd into Messes.

However, still he bore the Heat
With Patience, tho' he stew'd in Sweat,

And

And fry'd within, from Head to Tail,
Like Lobster roasting in his Shell.

Poor *Rozinante* halting on,
As much afflicted as the Don,
Was now near ready to complain;
As well of Hunger as of Pain,
For they had almost spent the Day
Together, without Bread or Hay;
So that like trusty Friends they far'd
Alike exactly, tho' but hard,
That neither could affronted be
At t'other's Partiality.

Thus up and down the spacious Plain
The Champion wander'd, but in vain,
Meeting with neither Gyant, Beast,
Or beauteous Lady fore distressed,
Nor any kind Adventure worth
So bold a Warrior's setting forth;
At length, despairing of Success,
And Evening drawing on apace,

He

He now began, like *Rozinante*,
 To think Provision very scanty,
 Therefore with diligence look'd out
 For some poor Shepherd's homely Hut,
 Or courteous Gyant's ancient Castle,
 Where he might hope to wet his Whistle,
 And stuff his empty Gurs with Beef,
 Which now were honing for Relief,
 And that his *Rozinant* might find
 A good Horse-Supper to his Mind,
 Who could, if better Fare should fail,
 Of Barly-Stubble make a Meal;
 Or if it happen'd in his way,
 Mumble Wheat-Straw instead of Hay.

The Don, with all the Eyes he had,
 Thus staring round like one that's Mad,
 At last, a distant Inn espy'd,
 At which his Heart was overjoy'd,
 Altho' his craz'd Imagination,
 Transform'd the tipling Habitation

H

Into

Into a stately Castle, where
 Some Gyant cloister'd up the Fair,
 And us'd to haul in harmless Maids
 By the curl'd Tresses of their Heads,
 Chain down their Legs to overpow'r 'em,
 First Ravish 'em, and next Devour 'em.

The nearer 'twas within his view,
 The more Delirious still he grew,
 And fancy'd that 'twas fenc'd about,
 With brazen Walls and spacious Moat,
 And that the Corners which were Four,
 Were guarded each with lofty Tow'r,
 Whose Pinacles much brighter shon
 Than burnish'd Silver in the Sun,
 And glitt'ring stood so very high,
 As if near Neighbours to the Sky;
 A Draw-bridge too his Brains supply'd;
 And Iron-Gates on t'other side;
 With fifty other monstrous Fancies
 He'd glean'd from out his old Romances.

No sooner was he come within
 A hundred Paces of the Inn,
 Tho' Castle we should say, for lo
 The frantick Don would have it so,
 But his poor *Rozinant* he stops,
 And waits, possess'd of wondrous Hopes,
 That from some Battlement, or Turret,
 Or Window of a lofty Garret,
 A Dwarf, there posted for a Spy,
 Would sound his Trumpet from on high,
 To give due notice to his Dutches,
 Of a Knight's making his Approaches,
 Or to apprize the Ladies Guard,
 Some Gyant with a whisking Beard,
 A Knight that had a mind to thwack him,
 Without stood ready to attack him.

Thus, the Don waited, with his Lance
 Fix'd in a Posture of Defence,
 Dreaming he should a Challenge hear,
 Or that some Lady would appear,

To give him courteous Invitation
 To a good Supper or Collation,
 Which now he wanted to be raising,
 Much rather than to feel a Basting,
 Preferring whollome Beef and Porridge,
 To a sharp Tryal of his Courage,
 Altho' he wanted to confirm
 His valiant Mind and strength of Arm,
 By slicing some Goliab's Head off,
 Like other Knights that he had read of,
 Yet famish'd Guts allay'd his Choler,
 And Hunger got the start of Valour.
 But no Fair Rosamond appearing,
 Or Trumpet founding in his hearing,
 And Rozi. stiff as any Post,
 With standing on three Legs at most,
 Bing very willing (tho' scarce able)
 To crawl into some Barn or Stable,
 The thirsty Don, with mounted Lance,
 Did near to the Inn-Door advance,

Which ..

Which by the strength of his Conceit
 Still seem'd to him a Castle-Gate,
 Where two loose airy wanton Jades,
 That look'd as if they'd learn'd their Trades,
 Were standing, in a merry Chat,
 Laughing aloud at this and that.

Just in the Good-speed, as the Don
 Was spurring *Rozinante* on,
 A Swineherd chanc'd to wind his Horn,
 To call the Hogs from out the Corn,
 Which happy sound so overcame
 The Champion with the hopes of Fame,
 That he believ'd, as he had read,
 The Signal by a Dwarf was made
 From off the Battlements on high,
 His near approach to notify;
 That now o'erjoy'd he stabs the Sides
 Of *Rozinant*, and boldly rides
 To th' House, quite Ravish'd and Inspir'd
 With the Hog-Trumpet he had heard.

So

So in the dark, when Country Clown
 Has lost his Path-way to some Town,
 He hears Dog-Musick with delight,
 Because their Barking sets him right.

The Strumpets standing at the Door,
 Who'd ne'er seen such a Sight before,
 Much frighted at so strange a Creature,
 Whose Head had neither Face nor Feature,
 His Body arm'd with Iron-Shell,
 Like flying Dragon's Coat of Mail,
 In great Surprise flew back to shun
 The scaly Devil of a Don,
 Who lifting to his Helmet top
 His ill-look'd Pastboard Beaver up,
 Shew'd 'em his rusty dusty Face,
 Which caus'd the Jilts to slack their Pace,
 And stand their Ground, when they began
 To find the Monster but a Man,

The Champion blest, to see the vertuous
 And beauteous Pair so very courteous

As not to fly his Shield and Lance,
 But rather freely to advance,
 Was proud he should respected be
 By Ladies of such high degree,
 And bowing down his Head in course,
 Low as the Withers of his Horse,
 Believing them to be no less
 Than charming Nymphs and Goddesses,
 In frantick old Romantick Strains
 He thus accosts the Harradans.

*O beauteous Queens! how blest a Knight
 Am I, to thus with-hold your flight?
 Should I, Fair Virgins, do Offence
 To such enchanting Innocence,
 I should unworthily transgress
 The Noble Order I profess,
 Eclipse my Everlasting Fame,
 And bring Disbonour on my Name.
 No! sweet, angelick, lovely Creatures,
 Your heavenly Smiles, your charming Features,*

Com-

*Command me, Ladies, to redress
 Your Wrongs, in case you're in Distress,
 And forc'd to any foul Compliance,
 By Champions, Dragons; or by Gyants.*

*This high-flown complimenting Speech
 Gave the young Jades a Laughing Itch,
 Whose Ears, till now, had Strangers been
 To Angel, Lady, or to Queen,
 Accustom'd to no Names before,
 But Doll you Slut, and Nan you Whore;
 So that for want of due Discretion,
 They could not check their Titulation,
 But giggld at the Dons Oration,
 Who being something moy'd to see
 Ill-Manners in such Quality,
 As he mistook the Punks to be,
 And growing splenetick upon't,
 He thus resent'd the Affront:*

*Fair Ladies I am griev'd to find ye
 So Wanton, therefore must remind ye,
 That*

*That civil Words and curteous Mein,
 From the coarse Dowdy to the Queen,
 Become your gentle Sex much better,
 Than laughing in so rude a nature,
 As if you scoff'd your doubty Knight,
 Who only comes to do you right,
 And in his Armour ready stands
 To obey your Ladyship's Commands.*

This quaint Rhetorical Reproof,
 With so much Gravity set off,
 Put Manners quite beyond their Pow'r;
 And made the Gossips laugh the more.
 As the Wife check'd by Nuptial Master
 For scolding, always scolds the faster.
 This so provok'd the Champion's Spleen,
 That he began to Fume and Grin,
 Shewing his Valour was not wont
 To brook so odious an Affront,
 Without revenging, like a Knight,
 So great and undeserv'd a Slight.

Thus Anger breaks thro' Reason's Rules,
And makes the Bravest act like Fools.

CANTO IV.

*The Don's diversion of his Spleen,
And kind Reception at the Inn:
His Supper with a Filting Crew,
And Musick that he had thereto.*

THE Champion vex'd he should be scoff'd
Like any Bully rav'd and huff'd,
And in his Wrath was almost ready
To draw upon each laughing Lady:
Or with his Lance to run full tilt
At her that was the merriest Jilt;
But the Host hearing what had past,
Came timely to appease his Guest,

And

And, interposing, beg'd Sir Knight
 To cease his Passion and alight;
 Altho' when he himself beheld
 So strange a Warrior with his Shield,
 A Mortal lock'd from Head to Heel,
 In such a rusty Case of Steel,
 He found 'twas Penance to forbear
 A Laugh, in spite of all his Care;
 However, being a Man of Peace,
 Short-breath'd, and over-charg'd with Grease,
 A wheeling, lazy, punch-gut Fellow,
 Made chiefly up of Dung and Tallow,
 He acted with the greater heed,
 For fear a Drubbing should succeed,
 And thus receiv'd the hungry Don,
 As lighting off his Skeleton,

*Sir Knight you're welcome as a Lord,
 To what my Cubboard does afford;
 I hope my Cellar and my Stable
 Are so well furnish'd that they're able*

To entertain both Man and Beast,
With what becomes so great a Guest:
Only, Right Worshipful, I fear
There is no Bedding for you here.
 Then, with Submission, holding right
 The off-side Stirrup of the Knight,
 Who first dismounts his feeble Prancer,
 And thus returns his Host an Answer,
 Taking the mercenary Vassal
 To be the Governour o'th' Castle.

Most courteous Senior Castillano,
You much oblige me, but I pray now,
Let your kind hospitable Plenty
Extend to this my Rozinante,
For sure no Champion e'er bestrid,
Tho' Old, a more deserving Steed,
Nor can the Universe afford
His Fellow, take it of my Word,
 This said, at's Rump he made a stand,
 And spank'd his Buttock with his Hand.

The list'ning Host surpriz'd to hear
 The hide-bound Strammel's Character,
 Look'd nicely round him ev'ry way,
 To see wherein his Goodness lay,
 Yet could, alas, no Graces find,
 But greasy Heels and broken Wind,
 Founder'd besides in ev'ry Foot,
 Lean, Old, and almost Blind to boot;
 So Smiling led the Beast away,
 To give the crippl'd Drone some Hay.
 Returning soon from *Rozinant*,
 To see what 'twas the Knight might want,
 Whose hasty Passion now was o'er
 With those that scoff'd him at the Door,
 So far, that they were stripping off
 His Armour, and forbore to laugh.
 The Don between them setting forth
 Their great Humility and Worth,
 And praising their excessive Beauty,
 Down from the Top-knot to the Shoe-tye,

Whilst

Whilst the Jades labour'd Tooth and Nail,
 To part the Champion and his Shell,
 Till they had cas'd his Back and Breast;
 Of half a Hundred weight at least;
 But at length striving to unlock
 The Helmet that inclos'd his Block,
 They found no Method or Endeavour
 Would loose his Gorget or his Beaver,
 Without they cut the Strings to wast,
 With which he'd ty'd them on so fast,
 Which were not Thongs, but Ribbons green,
 That long i'th' Family had been,
 Therefore with Scissers or with Knife,
 He'd let none touch 'em for his Life,
 That the poor Champion's seat of Reason
 Was forc'd to lodge all Night in Prison;
 So that his Steel Belonian Bright-Cap,
 Was now transform'd into a Night-Cap,
 Which made the merry Doxies Chaps
 Into a Laughing-fit relapse,

Tho'

Tho' now, thro' Fear, they would be turning
 Their Heads aside, to hide their Girning,
 That his grave Worship they attended,
 Should not be at their Mirth offended.

The Don extremely proud to see
 That Ladies of such Quality,
 So Curteous, so divinely Fair,
 As in his frantick Thoughts they were,
 Shou'd with their charming Presence grace him
 And take such Pleasure to uncase him,
 Thought himself bound, in point of Breeding,
 To strain from his Romantick Reading,
 Some high-flown Compliment, that might
 Become the Mouth of such a Knight;
 Accordingly he paus'd a little,
 Then thus perform'd it to a Tittle:

*O gen'rous Damsels to attend
 Your Knight, your Lover, and your Friend,
 And thus to welcome to your Castle,
 Your Captive, Champion and your Vassal;*

Sure

Sare no puissant Knight till now;
 Whether of high Degree or low,
 Was e'er so honour'd by such bright
 Attendance as Don Quixote bight,
 Young Virgins cry, Sir Knight what want ye,
 And Princes feed his Rozinante.

Now Ladies I have made my own
 And my Steed's Title to you known,
 Which once I had resolv'd to hide,
 Till I had pierc'd some Dragon's Side;
 Or with this Arm of Valour slain
 Some Gyant on the dusty Plain;
 But since I could not but discover
 His Name who is your trusty Lover,
 Before your Champion and his Steed
 Had serv'd you in some famous Deed,
 Yet, Ladies, shall this Arm of Glory
 Defend your Charms, do Wonders for ye,
 To shew how greatly I adore ye.

The Jilts unqualify'd to answer
 The Flights of such a learn'd Romanicer,
 Instead of suitable returns,
 Scoff'd him, unseen, with Winks and Girms.
 Such Game that merry Damsels make,
 When plac'd behind their Grannum's back,
 Yet one pert Lass, to shew his Worship
 The curteous Temper of her Whoreship,
 Desir'd him that he'd please to think
 Of what he best cou'd Eat or Drink.

That kind Proposal made him start,
Eat, quoth the Knight, with all my Heart,
Fair Ladies, 'tis a welcome Thought,
Bring what you please, I care not what;
For now you've strip'd me of my Armour,
I could, methinks, out-eat a Farmer.

But the Day proving to be Friday,
 Amongst all Romanists a bye-day,
 That's set apart for hungry Sinners,
 To mortify on Poor-Jack Dinners,

That th' Inn had nothing to delight
 The Champion's craving Appetite,
 But Stock-Fish, which must first be beaten
 With Mallets, e're it could be eaten,
 Call'd in some places *Coradilla*,
 By the Inn-keeper, *Truckuela*,
 Ironically so, no doubt,
 Because that Word means *little Trout*:

To which reply'd the Famish'd Knight,
A Lark's much better than a Kite,
Tho' a Whale's great he's no good Meat,
A Sprat's a better Fish to eat.
But since I'm fall'n amidst such Plenty,
I hope the number wont be scanty;
For, lovely Maids, to tell you truly,
I could, methinks, eat wonderfully;
Pray, therefore, let me have 'em quickly,
Before my Appetite grows sickly.
 With that the Host, and ev'ry Hussy
 Were, in a Moment, wondrous busy;

Some

Some for the Knives and Forks were looking,
 Whilst those more handy went to Cooking,
 That tho' the Supper was but mean
 The Entertainment might be clean ;
 For what they had was only fitting
 For downright Penitential Eating.
 However, at the Door for Air,
 The Cloth was laid by Maiden Fair,
 Where, for some time, the hungry Donas
 Expecting fat with Helmet on,
 Whose ghastly Phiz, with Beaver cock'd,
 In rusty Shell of Iron lock'd,
 Like *Hamlet's* Manes, in the Play,
 Scar'd all that travel'd by that way.
 At length the noble Feast was brought,
 Swimming in Oil 'twixt cold and hot ;
 Such Sauce which smutty Vulcan takes
 To liquor stubborn Locks and Jacks ;
 The Fish, we justly may allow,
 Was tough as Countenance of Cow,

Like rusty Bacon, rank and frowzy,
 And Salt as *Lot's Wife's Tuxxy-muxxy*.
 Deal Shavings could not be more fine,
 Fry'd in their own rich *Turpentine*.
 The Bread both coarse and mouldy too,
 Brown, mix'd with canker'd streaks of blue.
 The Wine that did the Banquet crown,
 And made the husky Food go down,
 Was, in its taste related near
 To Syrup, dash'd with Vinegar;
 Such as your Bawdy-house Taverns deal
 To those that come to Kifs and Feel.

These were the Dainties that the Don
 Was forc'd, alas, to feed upon,
 Who was, in spite of all Endeavour,
 So plagu'd with's Head-piece and his Beaver,
 That he was glad to beg the Slut,
 That cook'd his Food, to cram his Guts;
 Nor could the Glas come near his Mouth,
 That he might quench his craving Drowth,

Until

Until a hollow Cane was brought,
 Thro' which he rinc'd his dusty Throat.
 As Fluxing Patients, weak and ill,
 Suck Broaths and Cordials thro' a Quill.
 Thus fate the Knight on wooden Bench,
 Upon his Right and Left a Wench,
 Striving by painful Mastication
 To yield his Bowels Consolation,
 Bearing, like any patient Saint,
 Without Reflection or Complaint,
 His homely Usage, and the curse
 Of Iron-Night-Cap, which was worse,
 Rather than any Hand should be
 The Mangler of his Finery.
 So Heroes, to the Gods ally'd,
 Make Ease and Safety stoop to Pride.

As thus his Worship chewing fat,
 Too busy with his Fish to Chat,
 A Gelder passing by, by chance,
 Did to his Mouth his Horn advance,

And

And on his bending Cornet play'd
 Such Musick to proclaim his Trade,
 That the Inn Dogs in Confort join'd,
 As soon as e'er they heard him wind,
 All running out in mighty Anger,
 As if they thought their Stones in danger,
 And therefore stood by one another,
 As Brother Puppy should by Brother.

The Champion highly pleas'd to hear
 So sweet a Harmony so near,
 Was now confirm'd and very pos,
 That 'twas a Castle; that it was,
 The brawny Host, a Knight of Fame,
 Or Governour that kept the same;
 And those that by his Side sat down,
 No less than Ladies of Renown,
 Who had undress'd him, cook'd his Food,
 And so much veneration shew'd,
 That now again he highly bless'd
 The Occupation he profess'd,

And

And almost ready was to fly
 Into a frantick Rhapsody,
 But recollecting he'd no Warrant
 To claim the Title of Knight-Errant,
 Like *Tatler's* Church, it sunk his Passion
 From *Zeal*, quite down to *Moderation*.
 So that his Thoughts were wholly now
 Ta'n up about, which way and how
 He should arrive to this great Honour,
 And what fam'd Knight should be the Donor.

Thus we may see the Tracks of Fame,
 At which such giddy Numbers aim,
 Are full of Thorns, and only fit
 For those to tread that can submit
 To taste the sowre as well as sweet.

The End of the First Part.

And almost ready was to fly
 Into a frantic Rhapsody,
 But recollecting he had no Warrant
 To claim the Title of Knight-Baron,
 Like Twain's Church, he sunk his Passion
 From Zeal, quite down to Moderation,
 So that his Thoughts were wholly now
 T'win up about, which way and how
 He should arrive to this great Honour,
 And what fund Knight should be the Donor,
 Thus we may see the Tracks of Time,
 At which such giddy Numbers climb,
 Are full of Thorns, and only fit
 For those to tread that can submit
 To take the Law as well as Law.

The End of the First Part.

THE
L I F E
AND
Notable Adventures
OF THAT
Renown'd Knight,
Don Quixote
De la M A N C H A.

Merrily Translated into Hudibrastick Verse.

Part II. *For the Month of NOVEMBER.*
To be continued till the whole History is Completed.

By EDWARD WARD.

L O N D O N,

Printed for T. Norris at the *Looking-Glass*, and
A. Bettesworth at the *Red Lyon* on *London Bridge*;
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Just Publish'd,

Nuptial Dialogues and Debates: Or, an useful
Prospect of the Felicities and Discomforts of a Marry'd
Life, incident to all Degrees, from the Throne to the
Cottage.

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P A R T II.

C A N T O V.

*The merry Farce that pass'd between
The Don and Landlord of the Inn;
And how he paid the Carriers off,
For coming near the Wat'ring Trough.*

THE Champion's mind not sitting
(right,
For want of being dubb'd a Knight,
The melancholy Thought destroy'd
His Appetite before 'twas cloy'd,
And made his Supper but the worse,
Which was at best both short and coarse.
However, when the Jilts had clear'd
The Dish, and wip'd his greasy Beard,

The *Don* arising from his Seat,
 Cry'd, *God be thank'd for what I've Eat*;
 And then by a commanding whistle
 Call'd for the Governor o'th' Castle,
 That with him he might cross the Yard,
 To see how *Rozinante* far'd.
 No sooner had the Landlord led,
 His noble Guest to view his Steed,
 Who grunting lay, poor founder'd Creature,
 On Muck, for want of fresher Litter:
 But the *Don* locking of a sudden
 The Door o'th' Stable that they stood in,
 Fell down upon his Knees before
 His Host, upon the filthy Floor,
 And on a Cushion made of T—ds,
 Address'd him in the following Words.

*Most Valiant Knight who Governs all
 Within this Ancient Castle Wall,
 Whose Courteous Bounty has been shew'd
 In costly Wines and dainty Food,*

*I now must beg a further Boon,
Which you must grant or I'm undone ;
Nor will I rise from this soft Place,
Till you assure me of Success.*

The staring Host stood much amaz'd,
To see his Noble Guest so craz'd,
And thought him down right mad at least,
To Kneel where Cows had dung'd and Piss,
Did therefore earnestly-desire,
The *Don* to rise from out the mire,
And not pollute his Marrow-bones,
By kneeling on such filthy Stones ;
But all the Landlord could devise,
Would not perswade the *Don* to rise,
Who, still amidst the nasty moisture,
Continu'd in a Godson's Posture,
Till by the Host his Suit was granted,
Before he knew what 'twas he wanted ;
Then rising up, the joyful *Don*
Renew'd his Speech, and thus went on.

Most

Most worthy Knight of high Degree,
 Your Goodness speaks your Quality,
 I therefore shall entreat no more
 Than I may modestly employ,
 And you, when my Request you know,
 With Credit to your self bestow;
 The Boon that I shall now demand
 By Promise, at your Generous Hand,
 Is, that I may receive the Honour
 Of Knighthood, from so brave a Donor,
 And that to morrow Morn may be
 The Day of the Solemnity.

All Night that I may be prepar'd
 Your Castle Chappel will I guard,
 There Watch my Armour, till the Sun
 Surmounts the gilded Horizon,
 Then by the Dint of Trusty Blade,
 By you will I a Knight be made;
 That when thus qualify'd to shew
 The Wonders that this Arm can do,

*I may relieve distressed Maids,
 Fight Champions, cut off Monsters Heads,
 Take sturdy Gyants by the Beard,
 And do such Feats that ne'er were heard,
 Till Poets Songs my Deeds enrol,
 And spread my Fame from Pole to Pole.*

The Host discerning very plain
 The Don's Disorder in his Brain,
 Now rightly took his Talk to be
 Th' effect of downright Lunacy,
 And b'ing a sharp and merry Blade,
 Well fitted for the tip'ling Trade,
 Resolv'd to carry on the Jest,
 By humouring his frantick Guest,
 So cocking by his Bacon side
 An Elbow, thus the Host reply'd,

*Most doubty Champion I am blest,
 In such a Valiant worthy Guest,
 No Man at Arms has greater Right
 Than you, Sir, to be dubb'd a Knight;*

None

None better qualify'd than he
 That's skill'd in Feats of Chivalry,
 Which bold Employment to my Praise,
 I followed in my Youthful Days,
 And rang'd the spacious World to find
 Adventures Noble as my Mind :
 Strange Pranks have I been us'd to play
 Pth' Percheles of Malaga,
 And in the Isles of Riaran,
 Hug'd many a Charming Curtizan ;
 Within the famous Town of Sevil,
 Kifs'd, kick'd and bully'd like a Devil ;
 Storm'd the Quicksilv'r House at Segovia,
 Sinn'd thro' the Potro of Cordova ;
 Made many a Beauteous Damsel yield,
 In the Valencian Olive Field,
 Rak'd round the Circle of Granada,
 Bilk'd the Hedge Taverns of Toledo,
 Unrig'd upon St Lucar's Wharf
 The Stroling Punks of Hood and Scarf ;

Liv'd

Liv'd upon Widows, Wives, and such
 That by the Bye would take a Touch;
 Bubbl'd young Heirs at Cards and Dice,
 And fought 'em if they made a Noise,
 Till grown a famous Gladiator,
 In all the Courts of Judicature.
 Thus having got my self a Name,
 Much dreaded wherefoe'er I came,
 Then to this Castle I retir'd,
 T' enjoy the Wealth I had acquir'd;
 And here I live and make Provision
 For Errant Knights of all Condition.
 To shew the Honour and Regard
 I bear to Worthies of the Sword,
 And also to partake of what
 They by their Valiant Deeds have got,
 That ev'ry Courteous Brother Knight,
 My civil usage may requite,
 And shew his Love to me his Brother,
 As one good turn requires another.

M

But

But now, says he, I must confess,
 There's one mischance you cannot guess,
 That is, my Chappel's not in plight
 To watch your Armour in this Night;
 For being shatter'd by the Rage
 Of Storms, and much impair'd by Age,
 I raz'd it level with the Floor,
 To build it finer than before.
 So that it now in Rubbish lies,
 From whence e'er long to th' World's surprize
 Another Phoenix shall arise.

Therefore, says he, Right Worthy Sir,
 You no Dishonour will incur,
 If you should chuse another Place,
 In so Necessitous a Case.

The Court-yard, now the Nights grow warmer,
 May suit the Vigil of your Armour,
 'Twill fit your Worship to a Hair,
 What signifies a little Air,

Now Madam Luna shines so bright,
 And adds such pleasure to the Night,
 That you your Lance and Shield may handle,
 Without the Light of Lamp or Candle,
 And watch your Armour with your Eyes,
 By the bright Lustre of the Skies :

But by the way there is one Query,
 Which at this time seems necessary,
 I hope your noble Worship's Pockets
 Are lin'd with current Crowns and Duckets,
 And that i'th' Morning you'll be free
 To pay th' accustomed Fee
 Of Honour, due to Errant Brothers,
 For giving Knighthood unto others.

With that the Champion search'd his
 (Britches,
 And fuml'd, but could find no Riches;
 At length reply'd, he had no Money,
 Adding, 'twas needless to have any;
 For that he never found in Writing
 That Cavaliers who Rid a Knighting,

E'er carry'd Pounds or Crowns about 'em,
 But always liv'd like Kings without 'em ;
 Could feast their Guts and wet their whistles
 In fine enchanted Caves and Castles,
 Where Beauteous Dames should smiling sit,
 And bid 'em welcome to their Meat ;
 Whilst Virgins at their Backs should wait,
 To hand 'em Wine in Bowls of Plate ;
 So that he thought all Coyn but Dross,
 And therefore had not brought a Cross.

This made the Landlord scratch a while,
 Who yet could not forbear to smile,
 Altho' his Ends were disappointed,
 And his own Project quite disjointed :
 However, finding the delirious
 Champion of Knighthood so desirous,
 He still resolv'd to please the *Don*,
 And cary' the Humour further on ;
 But first he rack'd his crafty Wits,
 To shew his Guest, that Errant Knights

As well as those of courser Mold.
Made use of Silver and of Gold,

For tho', says he, we do not Read
That Errant Knights had any need
Of Money, Cordials, Salves or Plaisters,
In case of Wounds or such Disasters;
Or of clean Linen to refresh 'em,
If Gyant Rumbolo should thrash 'em,
And make 'em sweat in the Defence
Of some fair Lady's Innocence;
Yet still none Travels but he carries
Such useful common Necessaries,
That if he should in fight sustain
A Wound, he might relieve his Pain,
Or drop a loose unsav'ry flirt,
Should soil the Lappit of his Shirt,
He might remove the warm Perfume,
That sticks so close unto his Bum,
And wrap his poor polluted Label
In Linen, clean and comfortable;

There-

Therefore, that Knight's equipp'd by halves
 Who 'as neither Money, Shirts or Salves,
 And must be very oft Distrest,
 Unless he happens to be Blest
 With some Magician for a Friend,
 Who can by Art of Magick send
 A Dwarf or Damsel in a Cloud,
 With Drams and Balsams for his Good,
 Or with a Bottle or a Noggin
 Of Aqua Tetrachimagogon,
 That, tho' his Bones are ne'er so baisted,
 Will cure the Knight as soon as tasted.

But otherwise, in Times of Tore,
 The Knights took always care to store
 Their Squires with all things that were wholesome,
 As Money, Linnen, Lint and Balsam,
 That in their Snapsacks they might carry
 Whate'er was truly Necessary
 To dress their Wounds, and to supply
 Their wants, when Hungry or a Dry.

But

But if it was a Knight's desire
 To range the World without a 'Squire,
 Then in a little Bag behind,
 Most neatly to his Saddle join'd,
 Himself cary'd all that might Commode
 His Worship on the dusty Road,
 Well buckl'd down with Straps of Leather,
 And thought it no dishonour neither.

Therefore since you desire to be
 My Noble Son in Chivalry,
 I charge you for the time to come,
 When e'er you sally out from Home,
 That you take special Care to be
 Well stock'd with what I've mention'd t'ye,
 But above all, besure you line
 Your Bags or Pockets well with Coyn,
 If that one thing should be forgot,
 The rest won't signify a Groat ;
 'Tis all in all, the only Talent
 That makes a Champion Wise and Valiant ;

There-

*Therefore I charge you o'er and o'er
That you ne'er mount or wander more,
Fight, Squabble, Scuffle, Eat or Drink,
Abroad, without the ready Chink:*

The *Don* convinc'd he now should be
Confirm'd a Knight in Errantry,
Gave his Left Breast a sudden blow,
And did in Solemn manner vow
Obedience to the whole Command,
Then from his Heart withdrew his Hand,
And did the Ceremony End
With an obsequious humble bend.

The *Don* now full of Joy prepar'd
His Armour for the open Yard,
And fearing neither Wind or Weather,
Laid all his Trumpery together;
Then, Porter like, convey'd his Case
Of Iron, to th' appointed Place,
Where stood between a Pump and Sink
A Trough where Horses us'd to Drink.

The

The *Don* conceiving this to be
 A very great Conveniency,
 In the Stone Coffin did Intomb
 His jointed Steel, which just had room,
 And as at length 'twas nicely laid,
 Look'd like a Corps without a Head,
 For still the Helmet was upon
 The frantick Noddle of the *Don*,
 Who was resolv'd his Head should dwell
 A Pris'ner in its Iron Jayl,
 Rather than cut the Silken Pride
 With which his stubborn Cap was ty'd.

The Champion now brac'd on his Shield,
 And did his Lance most nicely wield,
 As, at a little distance off
 The Pump, he mov'd to watch the Trough;
 No Bell-man at a Banker's Door,
 That walks to guard the Wealthy Oar,
 Could put a Sterner Visage on,
 Or Strut more proudly than the *Don*.

The Host had now forsook his Guest,
 To laugh within Doors at the Jest,
 And tell the merry Tale to those
 That sat carousing in the House,
 Who presently came out in Clusters,
 As if to see a Horse crack Oysters ;
 And at a distance, by the Light
 O'th' Moon, beheld the pleasing sight ;
 Whilst the grave Centry strutted round
 The Trough, upon the self same Ground,
 And walk'd about in mighty State,
 Like any Midnight Magistrate ;
 Sometimes he'd stop and pause a Minute,
 As if his Head had something in it,
 Then leaning forward on his Hands,
 Supported by his upright Lance,
 Would on his Armour fix his Eyes,
 And think as if profoundly Wise.

At length a sturdy Lout, a Carrier,
 Who fear'd no Errant-Knight or Warriour,
Wanted

Wanted to fill the Trough with Water,
 That he might bring his Mules to't a'ter :
 Accordingly he bluntly went
 To th' Pump to make good his intent ;
 But the *Don* storming in a huff,
 To see the Clown approach the Trough,
 Advanc'd his Lance, but thus he spoke
 In Wrath, before he struck a stroke.

*O bold Presumptuous Knight, who e'er
 Thou art that rudely dar'st prepare,
 To lay thy Hands upon the bright
 Unfally'd Arms I watch this Night,
 Take heed, I say, how you approach,
 Or with unhallow'd Fingers Touch
 The Armour that belongs unto
 The bravest Knight that ever drew ;
 Stand off, return from whence you came,
 Provoke me not into a Flame,
 Lest instant Death the end should be
 Of thy Robust Temerity.*

'Nouns who are you, crys furly Hob,
D'ye think I fear your spiked Club,
I say my Mules shall Drink in spite
Of you, for all you are a Knight,
What's this, I tro, what have we here,
Steel Harness for a Cavalier :
So rashly catching hold thereof,
He tost the Armour out the Trough,
And had no sooner seiz'd upon
The Pump, and made the Water run,
But the fierce Champion, in a storm,
Let slip his Target from his Arm,
And turning up his wishful Eyes,
With great Devotion tow'rd the Skies,
He cry'd aloud, thou charming Maid,
Dulcinea, Bless me with thy Aid,
That for the Honour of Tobosa,
I may subdue this Furioso,
And in this first Adventure shew,
My Love and Valour both are true,

Then

Then raising up his Trusty Lance
 Above his Head, with both his Hands
 He gave the poor unwary Clown,
 So damn'd a knock upon the Crown,
 That had the Carrier been a Horse,
 He could not have withstood his Force,
 But must have fall'n upon his Rump,
 By sudden dint of mortal thump.

When thus with one successful thwack,
 He'ad laid the Carrier on his Back,
 Without the least Concern he left
 The sprawling Clown of Sense bereft,
 And gravely gather'd from the Dirt
 His Arms, as if he'ad done no hurt,
 Then calmly to the Trough restor'd 'em,
 And as before walk'd by to guard 'em,
 Minding no more the fatal knock,
 He'ad given the Carrier on his Block,
 Than if he'ad crush'd a silly Mouse,
 Or with his Thumb-nail crack'd a Louse,

Tho'

Tho' very near depriv'd of Breath,
 And gasping lay 'twixt Life and Death,
 Thus do the Brave despise the Foe
 That they can conquer with a Blow.

No sooner had our mighty Warriour,
 Obtain'd this Victory o'er the Carrier,
 And free from either Fear or Passion,
 Return'd unto his watchful Station ;
 But a new Foe approach'd the Trough,
 A second Carrier, Stern and Gruff,
 Who little knew alas ! how hard
 His Brother *Jobbernole* had far'd,
 And wanting only like the first,
 To bring his Mules to quench their Thirst,
 He boldly went about to clean
 The Trough, that he might pump therein,
 And taking hold of what he found,
 To lug it out upon the Ground,
 The *Don* renewing of his Passion,
 Without a Word of Invocation,

Drop'd

Drop'd down his Target to be ready,
 Forgetting his *Tobosa* Lady,
 And with his Lance so laid about
 The Noddle of the Country Lout,
 That e'ery stroke did Execution,
 By deep Incision or Contusion.

The Carrier scar'd at the Attack,
 Roar'd like a Bull at e'ery Thwack,
 And cry'd out Murder, when he found
 His Comrade gasping on the Ground,
 Which outcry soon alarm'd the Inn,
 And brought out all that were within:
 Amongst the rest the Host appear'd,
 All much surpriz'd at what they'd heard,
 Moving together in close Order,
 To find who 'twas that cry'd out Murder.

The *Don* perceiving this Batall'on,
 Just ready, as he thought, to fall on,
 And taking them at first to be
 All chosen Knights of Errantry,

Brac'd

Brac'd on his Shield with Expedition,
 Most gravely offering with Submission
 To his dear *Dulci*, this Petition. }

*Thou Queen of Beauty whose bright Charms
 Inspir'd me first to take up Arms,
 Thy kind Assistance I invoke,
 O give me now a Heart of Oak,
 That thy Advent'rous Knight may prove,
 At once his Valour and his Love,
 Enable 'm with thy distant Eyes,
 To struggle with this great Surprise,
 And conquer this puissant Army,
 Of Scoundrel Slaves that now alarm me.*

Then drawing his Tremendous Sword,
 He put himself upon his Guard,
 Believing now no Foot or Horse
 Was able to withstand his force,
 And that if Fifty Warriours more,
 Came on with their United Power ;

Dron-

Droncanfo like he could have Slain
Them all, and not have spar'd a Man.

The Muliteers being much provok'd,
Their Friends should be so roughly stroak'd;
But yet, not daring to come near
A Foe that did so fierce appear;
They pick'd up Stones to their Assistance,
And made their Onset at a distance;
Giving the *Don* such Knocks and Thumps,
That put him sadly to his Trumps,
Because he durst not make a Sally
Upon the Croud that gave the Volley,
For fear the Foe should snatch away
His Arms that in the Horse-Trough lay.

The Host now labour'd to divert,
The Clownish Mob from doing hurt,
Declaring that the Man they Pelted,
Was Mad, and should not be Assaulted,
Lest in his Fury he should do
Some Mischief that themselves might rue,

For that in Case his Trusty Steel,
Should Chop 'em down from Head to Heel,
No Law would Punish his Offences,
Because he was not in his Senses.

The Champion who maintain'd his Post,
Eyth' Moon distinguishing his Host,
So-busy in the Boist'rous Croud,
To him and them, Cry'd out aloud.

O Base Inhospitable Wretch!

To thus disturb me in my Watch,
And Treat me in so Rude a Fashion,
Amidst my Solemn Preparation;
Durst I but from my Armour part,
My Trusty Blade should make thee Smart;
This Sturdy Arm and Nut brown Sword,
Should thy vile Perfidy Reward,
And Cleave thy Costern by this Light,
Had I but first been made a Knight.

But for you Ignominious Rabble,
Pelt on as long as you are able;

Advance, draw nearer if you durst,
That I may lay you by the first,
And give you the return that's due
To such a Scoundrel Herd as you.

This threatning, tho but short Oration,
 He Spoke with so much Indignation,
 That each Bold Sentence struck a Terrour
 In e'ery Clownish Dastard hearer,
 So that for Fear, and partly thro'
 The Landlords mild Perswasions too,
They stoop'd no more to gather Stones,
 But gladly made a Truce at once;
 The *Don* (that Wars might have an ending)
 On his Side franckly Condescending,
 That they in Peace should carry off
 Their Wounded Comrades from the Trough,
 And they on their Side should no more,
 Molest him till his Watch was o'er;
 So both Sides parted with content,
 And in a Doors the Carriers went,

Leaving the Grave, Victorious *Don*
 To finish what he had begun.
 Thus, when Men foolishly fall out,
 And scarce can tell what 'tis about,
 If one Side's Mad and does despise
 All Danger, to'ther soon complies.

CANTO

CANTO VI.

*The Manner of the Don's b'ing Knighted,
And how his Landlord was requited;
How the Bold Knight departed thence
In Peace without a Groat Expence.*

THE Host beginning now to vex
At the *Don's* Mad unruly Tricks,
Resolv'd before he slept to Knight him,
In hopes he then would bid God b' wit 'im,
That's Customers might Drink in quiet
Without the fear of further Riot;
To th' *Don* accordingly he went,
And made this welcome Compliment.

*Right Worthy Sir, it gives me Trouble,
To think a Man so truly Noble,*

Should

Should be attack'd by Clowns within
 My Castle Walls as you have been,
 And so Affronted by a Crew
 Of Scoundrels not a Match for you :
 But be assur'd their great Offence,
 Committed with such Insolence,
 Was done without my Approbation,
 And was alone their own Transgression ;
 Truly deserving that severe
 Correction which you gave 'em here :
 Therefore since you've so bravely shewn,
 Your Valour by the Light o'th' Moon,
 And Beat so Bold a Rabble off,
 Wh' Attack'd your Armour in the Trough,
 You've well deserv'd, and may Command
 The Hon'r of Knighthood out of Hand ;
 And since my Chappel as I said,
 Quite Level with the Ground is laid,
 I think if here we do perform
 The Rites, it can be no great harm,

Now

*Now you have Watch'd your Coat of Mail,
Four Hours, when Two had done as well.*

The Don extremely pleas'd to hear
His Time of Knighthood was so near,
Reply'd, I'll bend to what you say,
And gladly your Commands obey ;
The greater am I Blest, the sooner
You Dub your Servant with that Honour ;
For were I once but made a Knight,
Methinks I could so boldly Fight,
That should the Rude provoking Crew,
Rally as they perhaps may do,
I should not spare one daring Vassal,
Of all the Force within your Castle,
'Lefs I should save, at your Request,
Some chosen Friend that is your Guest ;
For tho' enrag'd, yet your Command
Should stop the Fury of my Hand,
And move your Servant to forgive,
Ev'n those that scarce deserve to live.

The

The Landlord fearing all his Sport,
 At length might Terminate in hurt,
 And that the Champion and the Carriers,
 Should Fight again like sturdy Warriours,
 Resolv'd on speedily dispatching,
 The Knight without his further watching.
 Accordingly in Doors he stept,
 And fetch'd a Book wherein he kept,
 His Inn Accompts of Oats and Hay,
 Receiv'd and measur'd out each Day;
 To improve the Solemn Sham the better,
 And make the Comedy the greater,
 He brought the Lasses who before,
 The *Don* had Sup'd with at the Door,
 That the Two Wanton Jades might be,
 A Grace to the Solemnity :
 A Lusty Youth 'twixt Boy and Man,
 With lighted Candle led the Van,
 And thus they march'd with great Decorum,
 To Knight the *Don* that waited for 'em,

As soon as they approach'd the Trough,
 The Champion standing not far off,
 The Landlord thus begun the Farce,
 And Cry'd, Kneel down, thou Son of *Mare*,
 That endless Honour may be done thee,
 And Knighthood be conferr'd upon thee.

The Joyful Heroe out of Hand
 Obey'd the Governour's Command,
 And on the Cockling dirty Stones
 Drop'd down upon his Marrow-Bones.

The Landlord now a Mumbling made
 O'er his Accounts as if he Read,
 And drawing forth his Trusty Spado,
 Which was a Rusty old *Toledo*,
 H' adapted Words to the Occasion,
 That pass'd for a Devout Oraison;
 Turning his Eyes into the Air,
 Like any Whore at Ev'ning Pray'r,
 Feigning a Countenance as Pious,
 As any Quaking *Ananias*,

P

And

And so dissembl'd, that his Guest
 In solemn manner bore the Jest :
 At length he lifted up that hand
 Which did the sturdy Steel command,
 And laid the tough old stubborn Blade
 So hard upon the Champion's Head,
 That bent his Helmet to his Crown,
 And almost knock'd his Worship down ;
 Then lifting up his Sword soon after
 He smote his Back a little softer,
 Expressing loud some quaint Oration
 That pass'd for Words of Consecration ;
 Then order'd one attending Lads,
 Whose Face had oft been rubb'd with Brass,
 To girt the Sword about the Knight,
 Who still was in a Kneeling plight.
 Accordingly the Merry Gipsy,
 With Wine and Brandy almost Tipfy,
 In solemnwise kneel'd down in haste,
 And ty'd the Weapon to his Waste,

Being

Being forc'd to bite her Lips the while,
 For fear they should betray a Smile ;
 Whilst she was busy just above
 The hidden Label of his Love,
 To fasten on his Belt before
 Yet nothing could provoke the poor
 Dumb Thing that hung a little low'r.

As thus the Mercenary odd-piece
 Was fumbling near the Champion's Cod-piece'
 To shew her Breeding and her Sense,
 She made the Knight these Compliments,
I humbly wish your Doubty Worship
Good Luck in Combat and in Courtship,
May neither Armour, Sword or Steed,
Or any thing in time of Need,
E'er fail you, but be always ready
To Cope with either Knight or Lady ;
For pity 'tis so brave a Blade
Should e'er be foil'd by Min or Maid.

Don Quixote smitten with the Dame
 Most humbly begged the Lady's Name,
 That he might know to what dear Creature
 He was oblig'd for such good Nature,
 Who had not only buckl'd on
 His Sword, and other Service done,
 But was so kind in her Expression
 On this his Solemn Consecration.

The Lady, as the Champion thought her,
 Told him She was a Coblers Daughter,
 That her Name truly was *Toledo*,
 And tho her Circumstance but so so,
 She no Occasion had to be
 Asham'd of Name or Pedigree,
 For though her Friends liv'd by the Awl,
 And in *Toledo* kept a Stall,
 Yet were they counted, she was sure,
 Good Honest People, tho but Poor ;
 And truly, that herself, altho
 She was in Quality but low,

Yet

Yet she was wholesome Flesh and Blood,
And, tho she said it, had as good
A Countenance, and Skin as white,
And other Things for Man's delight,
As those fine Dames that Men admire,
Who hold their Heads a great deal higher;
Adding, that she'd be glad to do
What e'er he should command her to,
And without Wages never grumble
To be his Worship's very humble.
The Knight upon his Honour bent,
Not heeding what the Strumpet meant,
Conceiting still she was a Maid
Of Virtue, tho an arrant Jade,
Only implor'd her for the Time
To come, in due respect to him
She had attended at his Knighting,
With Virgin Beauty so inviting,
That she would add unto her Name
A Title that might raise her Fame,

And

And stile herself for ever after
Donna Toloso, Eldest Daughter
 To *Don Coblerio* of *Toledo*,
 Descended of the Fam'd *Quevedo*.

My Lady smilingly reply'd
 That Favour should not be deny'd,
 Nor any thing that could delight
 So worthy and so brave a Knight.

But all the Proffers of her Whoreship
 Could not excite his frozen Worship
 To take her forward Hints, or move
 The Crazy Knight to think of Love ;
 For thirst of Glory cramp't his Courting,
 And put him by all thoughts of sporting.

The other Harlot full as kind
 Was fixing on his Spurs behind,
 And taking pains with pointed Steel
 To arm the kneeling Champion's Heel,
 Who still did Penance on his Knees,
 And never flinch'd for want of Ease ;

But

But with grave Patience and Content
 Thro' all the Ceremony went ;
 Which shews what Struggle Pride will make
 With hard Fatigues for Honour's sake.

The Knight now finding t'other Huzzy
 About his Heels so very busy,
 Did also very greatly long
 To know from whence this Lady sprung,
 So that his Questions were the same
 To her as to the other Dame.

The Jilt, who like her Sister Trull,
 Of Confidence b'ing brimming full,
 Reply'd, the Name that she was known by
 Was *Miller*, which she'd always gone by,
 And that it also was the Trade
 To which her Parents had been bred,
 Who tho they had no Wealth, yet were a
 Good Family in *Anq uera*,
 That scorn'd like other Knaves to steal
 Five Pecks out of a Strike of Meal,

And

And that she durst to pawn her Soul
 They never stopt more than honest Toll;
 Adding, that if they'd took Extortion
 They might have given their Child a Portion,
 And not have only left their Daughter
 A little Mill 'twixt Wind and Water,
 Which his kind Worship by and by
 Might find a good One if he'd try.

The sober thoughtful Knight not minding
 What it was she meant, being past his grinding,
 Instead of answering what the Jill
 Had said concerning of her Mill,
 Return'd this Compliment upon her,
 As if she'd been a Maid of Honour.

*Madam, said he, Altho by Birth
 You're not a Lady, yet the worth
 And sweetness of so fair a Creature
 Has made you doubly so by Nature,
 Besides, as you've attended me
 In this devout Solemnity ;*

For

For ever after 'tis your Duty
 To add some Title to your Beauty,
 That for your Service you may be
 Distinguish'd as high Quality.
 No matter tho' your Birth be mean,
 At Princes Courts 'tis daily seen,
 That Landresses and Chambermaids
 From washing Smock's and making Beds,
 For Secret Service Rise to be
 The very top of Quality;
 Therefore I beg, since you have won me
 With those good Offices you've done me,
 That for my sake you'll always claim
 The Lady Miller as your Name,
 And if that any durst dispute
 Your Honour, how you came unto't,
 This Arm at all times shall be ready
 To justify your Claim to Lady.

The merry Craek, who rather wanted
 To be well treated and gallanted,

Q

Drop'd

Drop'd a Tail compliment however,
And kindly thank'd him for his Favour.

The Host, as well as all the rest,
B'ing now quite weary of the Jest,
Cry'd out aloud, *Rise up, Sir Knight,
And for distressed Ladies Fight :*

The Champion full of Life and Joy,
Sprung up as nimbly as a Boy,
Tho almost Cripp'l'd in the Hams,
Beneath their Ceremonious Shams,
His Posture having numb'd his Toes
And Feet, as if they had been Froze ;
However, leaning on a Post,
He made this Speech unto his Host ;
*Right Worthy Governor and Knight,
And Lord of these Two Ladies bright,
Who by the Light of yonder Moon
Have thus adopted me your Son,
In Gratitude I'm highly bound
To own the Favours I have found,*

Spoken

And

*And thank you for the welcome Cheer
 That in Distress I met with here ;
 But above all, for that great Honour,
 Of which you've been the Gen'rous Donor :
 So that I now beg leave to go
 Where I my Valiant Strength may show,
 And for the sake of these Fair Ladies,
 I'll Fight Orlando or Amadis.*

*The Host reply'd, with all his Heart,
 Crying, The dearest Friends must part ;
 So gladly stepping to the Stable,
 As nimbly as his Legs were able,
 He rous'd the Courser from his Rest,
 And clapping Saddle on the Beast,
 He brought forth hopping Rozinante
 From little Hay, and Oats more scanty,
 Who groan'd and sigh'd, poor founder'd Steed
 For want of Sleep as well as Feed.
 No sooner had the Landlord brought
 The Horse, but up the Champion got ;*

Then bowing o'er and o'er again,
 As low as *Roxinante's* Mane,
 He thank'd the Damsels for their Favours,
 And all their Lady-like Beavaviours,
 Profess'd himself an humble Vassal
 To th' Gen'rous Lord that kept the Castle;
 So took his leave in Solemn manner,
 And Gallop'd off with his new Honour,
 Leaving what e'er he had to pay,
 Till the next time he came that way.
 The Host being glad on any Terms
 To send him packing with his Arms,
 E'en let him march without the least
 Attempt to stop the Man or Beast,
 And wisely thought a friendly farewell,
 Was Ten times better than a Quarrel,
 With one whose fighting was his Pride,
 Stark mad and Money-less beside.
 Thus those who by their hair-brain'd Fancies,
 And wild Conceits Eclipse their Senses,

With

With Ease and Pleasure boldly run
 Those Risques that sober Mortals shun.

CANTO VII.

*The Knight, in order to provide
 Clean Shirts and Salves, does homewards Ride;
 Saves by the way a Boy from Slaughter,
 Who soon had cause to curse him a'ter.*

A *Urora* Goddess of the Morning,
 In Blushing haste was now returning,
 And all the Nymphs and Swains began
 To leave their Bowers for the Plain,
 When *Quixote* fally'd from the Inn,
 Where he so well receiv'd had been,
 In quest of some Adventure new,
 Wherein he might his Valour shew,

And

And do some worthy Deed of Fame,
 To Crown his Knighthood and his Name;
 But as poor *Rozinante* beat
 The dusty Road, with founde'r'd Feet,
 And now and then fell down upon
 His Knees, beneath the pensive *Don*:
 The Champion growing now more Wise,
 Was mindful of the good advice
 He had receiv'd not long before,
 From the kind gen'rous Governor,
 Concerning Money and clean Shirts,
 And Salves in case of Maims and Hurts:
 At length considering that these
 Might much contribute to his Ease,
 And that his Station did require
 The Service of some Trusty 'Squire,
 The Knight resolv'd upon returning
 To his own House that very Morning,
 That he with speed might furnish'd be
 With what became his Quality.

Accord.

Accordingly he turn'd his Horse,
 And Homewards chang'd his wandering
 (Course,
 Which gave such Life to *Rozinante*,
 That tho' his Age was almost Twenty,
 He trotted back like any Colt,
 Without a Stumble or a Halt:
 The Knight still thinking who should be
 His sturdy 'Squire in Errantry,
 At last, recalled to mind a Rustick,
 Who was both Hardy and Robustick,
 A lusty Looby, who had got
 A Wife, and many Barns God-wot,
 Who long had been his Worship's Neigh-
 (bours.
 All living poorly by their Labours,
 By this stout Champion he depended
 To be most manfully attended;
 Who tho' both Lean and very Tall,
 Was Nimble, and so brisk withal,

That

That he had Races often run,
 And many Foot-ball Matches won;
 Could toss or catch a Ball at Cricket,
 And guard with Bandy-bat the Wicket
 This was the Champion that the *Dow*
 Resolv'd in thought to pitch upon,
 As one deserving to receive
 The Honour he had Pow'r to give;
 That in good time he might provide
 The better for his Brats and Bride,
 When, next the Knight, he should Command,
 As Viceroy, some new Conquer'd Land,
 Or fine Enchanted Castle won
 From the fam'd Emp'ror of the Moon.
 But as he thus was ruminating,
 And many weighty Points debating
 Within himself, he chanc'd to hear
 A hidious out-cry very near;
 The Knight determining the Noise
 To be some injur'd Lady's Voice,

And

Arising from a little Wood,
 Or lonely Thicket near the Road.
 O'erjoy'd, much rather than dismay'd,
 Thus to himself the Champion said;

*Thanks to the lucky Stars of Heaven,
 Here's now a kind occasion given,
 Wherein 'tis likely I may crown
 My Knighthood early with Renown,
 By rescuing some beauteous Lads,
 From sturdy Gyant's foul embrace,
 Or Maid distress'd, from Dragon's Claws,
 Or some worse Monster's greedy Jaws.*
 With that he made his Courser feel
 The Fury of his armed Heel,
 And fled as fast as e'er he cou'd,
 From out the Road into the Wood;
 Where, soon as enter'd, he espy'd
 A Mare that to an Oak was ty'd,
 And to another Tree hard by,
 The Youth that made the hideous Cry

R

Was

Was bound unmercifully fast,
 And strip'd stark naked to his Waste,
 Roaring aloud in this disaster,
 Whilst drub'd by him that was his Master,
 A gruff ill-natur'd Country Clown,
 Who with a tough old Leathern Zone,
 Strap'd him about from side to side,
 And had no Mercy on his Hide,
 Crying at ev'ry stroke he gave,
I'll teach you how to sleep, you Knaave,
Keep your Mouth shut, and your Eyes open,
And then, you Dog, no Loss can happen.
 The Boy for Mercy pray'd, and swore
 And vow'd he'd never do so more:
 But still the Master would not lose
 His time, but follow'd Blows with Blows.
 Which cruel and unchristian Sight;
 So rais'd the Fury of the Knight,
 That in a fierce surprizing Tone,
 He thus reprov'd the angry Clown:

Who'd

Who'd plac'd a Hop-Pole by the side
O'th' Tree to which his Mare was ty'd:

Discurteous Knight, at my Command,
With-hold thy base ungen'rous Hand,
Oppress not youthful Innocence
That's bound and cannot make defence;
So fair a Skin as you expose
To such inhumane Stripes and Blows,
Seems not of manly Mold, but rather
Some Virgin stolen from her Father;
Perhaps some Prince's only Daughter,
That you first beat to ravish a'ter;
Therefore, I say, bestride thy Steed,
And grasp thy stubborn Lance with speed,
That I may right that harmless Maid,
Whom thou hast injur'd and betray'd,
Or, Dastard, by this Morning Light,
I'll brand thee for a cowardly Knight.

The Farmer fore aghast to see
So fierce a Champion Cap-a-pe,

Reply'd, confus'dly in a fright,
 Adsheartly wounds, I'm not a Knight,
 Nor is that Rogue, and please you Sir,
 A Lady, but an idle Cur,
 An arch unlucky Bird I keep
 To watch my Cattle and my Sheep,
 Who either sleeps or runs to play,
 And daily leaves my Flocks to stray;
 Therefore, since now I've catch'd him at it,
 And drub'd his Hide, instead of Jacket,
 He swears I only use him thus,
 Because I'm old and covetous,
 In hopes to make him run away,
 That I may cheat him of his Pay,
 Tho', as I live, the Rogue's so base,
 He lyes in ev'ry Word he says.

Cries Quixote, he that gives the Lye,
 Before a Knight, deserves to dye;
 Such Language, whensoever it's spoke,
 Calls loudly for a stabbing Stroke,

That

That did it not drop out by chance,
 I'd surely pierce thee with my Lance;
 Therefore this Moment loose the Creature
 That thou hast beat with such Ill-nature,
 Or will I instantly dissever
 Thy Body and thy Soul for ever.

The Clown who fear'd an ugly Fray,
 Not knowing what to think or say,
 Held down his Noddle, and was glad,
 Forthwith to loose the Naked Lad,
 Fearing refusal might provoke
 The Knight to give a hasty Stroke,
 That might at once annoy him more
 Than he had plagu'd the Boy before.
 Thus fear of Danger soon suppress'd
 The Anger in the Farmer's Breast,
 And made him, with a nimble Hand,
 Obey the fiery Knight's Command.

The punish'd Lad b'ing now unbound,
 The Don with pity view'd him round,

And

And shook his awful Head to see
 The Wheals and Marks of Cruelty :
 Then screwing up as fowre a Phiz,
 As a stern Judge at an Assize,
How much, says he, Young-man, is due
From your Old Gaffer unto you,
Tell me the Truth, and, e're he goes,
I'll make him pay you what he owes.

The Boy reply'd, *He owes me, Sir,*
Full Nine Months Wages, if not more,
And Seven Reals ev'ry Moon,
Was what we both agreed upon.

The Knight, a Dab at Computation,
 After a short Deliberation,
I find by Algebra, says he,
That makes the Sum of Sixty-three,
Which, vice versa, does contain
Just nine times Sev'n, or sev'n times Nine,
And measur'd by the Sun's career,
Makes the grand Climacterick Year.

*Therefore, says he unto the Farmer,
 I charge thee, by my Sword and Armour,
 That, Varlet, instantly you draw
 Your Misers Pouch, and pay the Boy,
 Or, by my Knighthood, will I use thee
 Dog-like, and drub thee till I lose thee.*

*‘ Pray, good your Worship, cries the Gaffer,
 ‘ First hear what I’m about to offer,
 ‘ That idle Rascal, you espouse,
 ‘ Is a sad Rogue, the Parish knows;
 ‘ Nor can there be a Priest or Fryar,
 ‘ In Spain, that is a greater Lyar.
 ‘ What have I said! forgive my Mouth!
 ‘ I mean a Rogue that ne’er speaks truth.
 ‘ I owe him not, I’ll plainly shew,
 ‘ One half of what he says I do,
 ‘ Three Pair of Shooes, the Scoundrel knows,
 ‘ I’ve bought him for his mangy Toes;
 ‘ Twice also have I paid for Bleeding,
 ‘ When surfeited with over-feeding;*

‘ And

' And other things, which ought to be

' Deducted from his Sallary.

No, no, I'll not allow a Doit,

Replies the Arbitrary Knight,

As for the Leather be'as destroy'd,

You've fetch'd as much from off his Hide;

Therefore I think it is but fair,

That you should put the Foot o'th' Hare

Against the Giblets of the Goose,

And not abate the Boy a Sous:

Then as for what you paid the Surgeon,

By Men of Learning call'd Chirurgeon,

Your self, against the Rules of Art,

In Health, have bled him to his Smart,

Not with a Lancet, as those shou'd,

That mean to do a Patient good,

But with a stubborn Thong of Leather,

So that put that and that together;

And nothing, I affirm, amounts,

As due to you on those Accounts:

There-

*Therefore, I say, discharge the Touth,
Else will I spit thee in at Mouth;
And lest thou canst thyself defend
I'll run thee thro' at t'other end,
And bear thee on my Lance away,
To my dear Fair Dulcinea.*

*'And please your Worship (cries the Peasant)
'My Pockets are unlin'd at present,
'I beg your Worship be not rash,
'I seldom carry so much Cash
'About me, as will pay him off.
'I own, at Home I have enough,
'And there I promise and consent
'To pay him to his Heart's content;
'But here, where 'tis not to be had,
'Your Worship knows it can't be paid.*

*I, quoth the Boy, go home! not I,
I know his Tricks; I'll sooner dy.
Indeed, Sir, when he gets me thither,
Then out again comes Thong of Leather:*

And if your Worship now shou'd leave me
 Unpaid, that's all he means to give me.
 Indeed, Sir, he's a sad old Cuff.
 The Neighbours know him well enough.
 He never took a friendly farewell
 Of Man or Maid without a Quarrel:
 Nor does he ever care to draw
 His Purse-strings till he's forc'd by Law,
 And when he does, the Country knows,
 'Tis ne'er without ill Words or Blows:
 Therefore unless you make him pay,
 Before your Worship rides away,
 Indeed, upon my Faith, Sir Knight,
 By that time you are out of sight,
 He'll only thwack and thump my Hide,
 But pay me not a Groat beside.

- ' He will not dare (reply'd the Don)
 ' To disobey me, tho' I'm gone;
 ' First he shall swear, as he's a Knight,
 ' To truly pay thee ev'ry Doit.

• And

' And then thou may it be well assur'd,
He will not dare to break his Word.

Lord, Sir, my Master, cries the Boy,
In troth's no more a Knight than I;
His Name is John Haldudo, Sir,
The rich old Cuff of Quintanar,
A Country Farmer bred and born,
That deals in Cattel and in Corn,
A Miser that will skin a Flint,
In case there be but Profit in't.

' That's nothing, (gravely quoth the Don)
' Honour may be conferr'd upon
' A Man of Merit, tho' he be
' By Birth of humble Pedigree;
' Therefore a brave Haldudo may
' Be dubb'd a Knight, why not I pray?
' Besides, too often Honour flows
' By Favour, just as Kissing goes:
' But the Brave Man, that needs no Pelf
' Is a true Herald to himself

‘ Of his own Works, the Eldest Son,
 ‘ That Heirs the Fame his Deeds have won.

*But, Sir, quoth Andrew, pray what Worth
 Can that old Hug-a-Bag set forth,
 Who in his Passions and Outrages,
 Gives me hard Stripes instead of Wages?*

‘ Prithee, good *Andrew* (cries the Master)
 (Who stood in fear of some Disaster)

‘ Go Home, and by this picked Beard on,
 ‘ And all the Knighthoods ever heard on,
 ‘ I swear I’ll pay thee out of hand,
 ‘ The utmost Groat thou canst demand,

*‘Tis fairly promis’d, quoth the Don,
 Besure you give him what’s his own;
 For should I hear that you have broken
 Your Oath, and bate the Boy one Token,
 By my Sword, Armour, and my Horse,
 I’ll punish thee with Death, or worse;
 For know I am the valiant Knight,
 Don Quixote de la Mancha light,*

The Righter of ignoble Wrongs;
And Punisher of saucy Tongues;
The Ladies Champion, who redresses
Their daily Sufferings and Distresses;
The Cavalier that bids defiance
To all Fell-Monsters, Rogues and Giants;
Therefore besure perform thy Word,
Or thou shalt feel my trusty Sword.

This said the Hero spurr'd his Horse,
 Turn'd off, and homewards steer'd his Course,
 Leaving the Farmer and his Boy,
 One full of Fear, the other Joy;
 But as the Youth foretold the Don,
 No sooner was the Champion gone
 Both out of hearing and of sight,
 But the old Knave, to vent his Spite,
 Coax'd the poor Lad, till he had got
 Fast hold of both his Skin and Coat,
 And gave him such a second Banging,
 That, for the time, was worse than hanging,
 Crying,

Crying, I'll teach you how to Lye,
 And tell your Tale to Corners by;
 Now call your doubtful Knight, your Hog
 In Armour, you confounded Dog,
 I'll pay you, Sirrah, what I owe
 With Int'rest, ere I let you go.

Thus the poor Boy was forc'd to take
 His Wages on his naked Back,
 Having sufficient Cause to curse
 The Knight, for whom he serv'd the worse,
 Till Fortune proving kind at last,
 The Girdle broke that bound him fast,
 And so poor Andrew, being cunning,
 Sav'd some Arrears by dint of running.
 Thus he that does appear too fervent,
 Twixt a vex'd Master and his Servant,
 Like busy Fool twixt Man and Wife,
 Abates not, but foment's the Strife.

The one being very much delighted,
~~To think how timely he'd been knighted,~~
 The other with his Journey back,

CANTO VIII

Where he for many Years had led
*The Knight's return to fetch clean Shirts,
 And Salves, in case of Maims and Hurts;
 His woful Sufferings in a Pray,*
He chanc'd to meet with by the way.

THE Knight conceiting he had won
 Much Fame by th' Justice he had done
 Between the Farmer and his Boy,
 Now trotted homewards full of Joy,
 The Beast expressing, like his Master,
 Much chearfulness in jogging Faster,
 That truly 'twas no easy matter
 For the most prying Observator,
 To judge who felt the greatest force
 Of Joy, the Champion or his Horse;

The one b'ing very much delighted,
 To think how timely he'd been Knighted;
 The other with his Journey back,
 To his old Stable and his Rack,
 Where he for many Years had led
 A lazy Life, and oft been fed.
 At length the Knight b'ing over-run
 With the proud Thoughts of what he'd done,
 As he jog'd on upon his Beast,
 Thus his dear *Dulci* he address'd,
 With Love and Honour in his Breast.

O thou most beautiful of Beauties!
I kiss the shadow of thy Shoes-ties,
And only seek to raise thy Name
The highest in the Rolls of Fame.
Well may'st thou deem thyself to be
The Fairest and the Happiest she,
Whose Charms Divine can make so brave
A Knight as me thy Captive Slave;

*Who tho' I was but dubb'd last Night,
 By pale Diana's silver Light,
 Yet have I done a Deed this Day,
 Which humbly at your Feet I lay,
 That ne'er was yet perform'd by Man,
 Since ancient Knighthood first began;
 The greatest Wrong have I redrest,
 That e'er was done by Man or Beast,
 And rescu'd from a Tyrant's Rage,
 An Infant of a tender Age;
 And stop'd the cruel Hand that whip'd
 Poor Innocence when naked strip'd;
 And would have surely flead'd him a'ter,
 As God Apollo did the Satyr.*

Before the Knight had fully ended
 The noble Speech that he intended,
 He chanc'd to come unto a Place
 Where the Road split four sev'ral ways,
 And having read that Knights were us'd,
 In such a Case, to be confus'd,

For half an Hour he stop'd his Horse,
 And study'd how to steer his Course;
 At length he thought the wisest way
 Was on his Prancer's Neck to lay
 The Reins, and let the Beast decide
 Which was the lucki'ft Road to ride,
 Who, without Boggle, run a Head,
 That Way which tow'rd's his Stable lead,
 And scow'r'd as if he'd smelt or seen
 The distant Hay-loft or the Bin.
 Just so the Fortunate, by chance,
 Step right, and do themselves advance,
 Whilst others, full as wise as they,
 But not so lucky, miss the Way.

Don Quixote scarce two Miles had got,
 Upon a round uneasy Trot,
 Within the Lane, the poor dumb Creature
 Had chosen by instinct of Nature,
 But he beheld a distant Croud
 Of Mortals on the dusty Road,

Six *Spanish* Merchants, Mules bestriding,
 Four Servants upon Gennets riding,
 Three Muleteers, who lamely beat
 The drowthy Ground with batter'd Feet,
 All from *Toledo* bound to *Murcia*,
 To buy up Silks that came from *Persia*.
 No sooner had the Valiant Knight
 Beheld this unexpected sight,
 But he began to bless the Day
 For this Adventure in his Way,
 Believing it would prove to be
 As he had read in Errantry,
 Some Accident wherein he might
 Advance his Glory to that hight,
 That no Renown should ever claim,
 A Zenith equal with his Fame.
 By such fantastick Hopes inspir'd,
 His Breast with Courage soon was fir'd,
 That now he warily prepar'd
 To stoutly stand upon his Guard,

Sate himself firmly in his Seat,
 And in his Stirrups fix'd his Feet,
 His Target for his Safety plac'd
 In ample Order, at his Breast,
 Then couching his tremendous Lance,
 He waited for the Foes advance,
 And in this threatening Posture stood
 Pth' middle of the dusty Road,
 That Rooks and Jack-daws shun'd the Knight,
 And fled with Terror from his sight.

At length the Travellers came up,
 But wisely made a distant stop,
 And with faint Hearts and doubtful Eyes,
 Beheld the Knight, to their surprize ;
 Some who his scaly Hide perceiv'd,
 Cry'd, 'twas a Dragon they believ'd,
 Taking his Lance to be his Sting,
 And each bright Arm to be a Wing ;
 Others, more given to Superstition,
 Averr'd it was some dreadful Vision,

That

That threaten'd, by its angry Motion,
 The Christian Church with Persecution ;
 The rest conceited 'twas some Evil
 Infernal Monster, or the Devil,
 Or Ghost of *Chiron* the *Centaur*,
 Whom they had read of long before,
 Because they could distinguish plain,
 'Twas one half Horse, the other Man :
 But finding that the Scare-crow kept
 His Ground, the Merchants forward stept,
 Till humane Voice could reach the Ear
 Of either side, they were so near.
 The Knight perceiving that the Foe
 Took Courage, and did bolder grow,
 In haughty Tone, and Words as proud,
 Thus spoke to the approaching Croud.

*Let all Mankind at my Command,
 No further pass this way, but stand,
 Till they confess, affirm, and swear,
 By all the solemn Ties that are,*

That

*That the bright Ladies they pretend
To Love, to Honour, and Defend,
Are but dull Stars that shine but so-so,
Compar'd to Dulci del Tobosa,
That Queen of all the Beauteous Train,
Whose Empire I alone maintain.*

No sooner had the Merchants heard
This Speech, but they no longer fear'd;
And smiling at their past surprize,
Thought him some Madman in disguise,
Who being by Ill-fortune crost
In Love, had all his Senses lost.
So that to better understand
The meaning of his high Demand,
He that was thought to be the best
Improver of so odd a Jest,
And was most furnish'd with Discretion,
To manage the Capitulation,
Was by the rest, in their defence,
Appointed for the Conference;

Accordingly he bow'd his Head,
And this evasive Answer made.

*Most worthy and renowned Knight,
We come to Treat, and not to Fight;
Nor do we only Honour you,
But that fair Queen you talk of too:
Yet how, alas, can we confess
She's brightest of the Female Race,
Or say and swear that she alone
Has Title unto Beauty's Throne,
Before we've had the pleasing sight,
Of those sweet Charms that are so bright?
No Mortal can sincerely vow
The Truth of what he does not know;
How then can we in Justice swear,
The Dame we never saw is Fair?
No awful Judge, with rev'rend Beard,
Decides a Cause before 'tis heard:
How then can you expect that we,
In solemn manner, should agree*

*To own your Lady to be Queen
Of Beauties, till her Charms are seen.*

- ‘ Should I (reply’d the angry Knight)
- ‘ Expose her Beauty to your sight,
- ‘ ’Twould be no Wonder then for you
- ‘ To own what you’re convinc’d is true :
- ‘ You should believe upon my Honour,
- ‘ The Praise that I bestow upon her,
- ‘ Or ’tis my Duty you must know it,
- ‘ By dint of Sword to force you to it ;
- ‘ Therefore confess, affirm, and swear,
- ‘ That she alone’s the brightest Fair ;
- ‘ Or else prepare to give me Battle,
- ‘ For Words are all but Tittle-Tattle ;
- ‘ Therefore come on, discourteous Crew,
- ‘ By one and one, as Knights should do,
- ‘ According to the Rules we see
- ‘ In the old Laws of Chivalry ;
- ‘ Or altogether rudely join’d,
- ‘ Like cow’rdly Slaves undisciplin’d,
- ‘ That

' That never trod in Honour's Field,
 ' In Battle and in Arms unskill'd:
 ' Come all, I say, and I'll depend
 ' On my just Cause to stand my Friend.

Pray, worthy good Sir Knight, reply'd
 The Spokesman on the Merchants side,
 I humbly beg you, for the sake
 Of all these Princes at my Back,
 That you'll regard the inward ease
 Of all our tender Consciences,
 And for the Honour of those Queens
 That reign in the Alcarian Plains,
 And Empresses that bear the sway
 Itb' Fields of Estramadura,
 That you'd vouchsafe to let us see
 The Picture or Epitome
 Of the Fair Maid you love so well,
 Tho'tis no broader than my Nail;
 For Art is able to express
 Much Beauty in a little Piece;

Then shall we all be satisfy'd,
 And lay our Scruples quite aside;
 And, after one judicious view,
 Affirm what now we cannot do.

Nay, all, I find, as well as I,
 Are so inclining to comply,
 Provided you would shew her Face
 In paint, or in a Magick Glass,
 That tho' her Nose should be defective,
 By being over kind and active;
 Or should she prove a sore-ey'd Gillion,
 That wept both Brimstone and Vermillion,
 We're Men of Breeding, and more Honour,
 Than to reflect small Faults upon her;
 But shall pass by a blemish'd Feature
 That's wrong'd by chance, and not by Nature,
 And all agree to think her Fair,
 And vow what e'er you'd have us swear.

'Brimstone, Vermillion, (quoth the Knight)
 'Ye Scoundrel Slaves prepare to fight,

' I'd have you know she ne'er distils
 ' From Eyes, or any Feature else,
 ' Such Filth, or any thing, unless
 ' 'Tis Civet, Musk, or Ambergrese ;
 ' Her Eyes, I'd have you know, are bright,
 ' And shine like Diamonds in the Night ;
 ' Her Mein most graceful, and her Waste
 ' A perfect Spindle when she's lac'd.
 ' Know therefore, ye provoking Rabble,
 ' That this victorious Arm is able
 ' To vindicate my lovely Dutcheß,
 ' Against your blasphemous Reproaches ;
 ' Nor shall you part unpunish'd hence,
 ' Till you've recanted your Offence.

With that he grin'd and spurr'd his Horse,
 Couch'd Lance, and with his utmost force,
 Rid on full Tilt, to be the Death
 Of him that had provok'd his Wrath,
 But Fortune stepping in between
 Most timely stop'd the bloody Scene,

And in poor *Roxinante's* Way
 Did such a dirty Hillock lay,
 That down he came, Arse over Head,
 And almost laid the Knight for dead,
 Who struggl'd hard upon the Ground,
 And in the Dust rowl'd round and round,
 But could not raise himself to guard
 Against that Danger now he fear'd:
 However, tho' the weight of Iron,
 That did his Raw-bon'd Corps environ,
 And Bruises in his Hips and Thighs,
 Made him unable to arise;
 Yet the poor Knight, whose heart was strong,
 As in the Dust he laid along,
 Thus play'd the Hero with his Tongue.

*Stay, Cowards, Rascals, do not fly,
 I shall be with you by and by,
 'Tis not my Fear, or yet your Force,
 That have o'ertrown me, but my Horse:*

but

But

*Let me but Mount, and you shall see
I'll soon revenge this Injury.*

These Bugbear Words the Champion spoke,
At a bad time, did so provoke
A Merchant's Groom, ill-will'd enough
To lend the Don a Kick and Cuff,
That he attack'd the sprawling Knight,
First broke his Lance, to shew his Spite,
Then taking up that end thereof
Which he believ'd was Armour-proof,
Did on his Shoulders and his Breech
Return such Answers to his Speech,
That made, at ev'ry stubborn thwack,
His yielding Armour bruise his Back;
But still the Knight, in a Bravado,
Bore with such Grace the Bastinado,
That he ne'er flinch'd, cry'd out, or mourn'd,
Or beg'd for Mercy, but return'd,
In valiant Words, each painful Blow,
Receiv'd from his ignoble Foe.

Thus

Thus he that's Brave will ne'er lament
 Those Suff'rings that he can't prevent,
 But by his Patience still defeat
 The Victor's Malice, tho' he's beat.

At length the Merchant rating off
 His Groom, by crying 'twas enough;
 Who now b'ing weary of the Pains
 He'd taken for so little Gains,
 Was glad, upon his Master's calling,
 To leave the beaten Bugbear sprawling,
 Giving the Champion, as he lay
 Half dead in the unlucky Fray,
 A parting Blow upon his Chest,
 That vex'd him more than all the rest:
 Which being done, they left the Knight
 Bedung'd, in very woful plight.

The Don much bruis'd in Front and Rear,
 Now seeing that the Coast was clear,
 Made many faint Essays, in vain,
 To raise his Carcass up again,

But

But finding Nature had not force,
 As yet, to rise and mount his Horse,
 Stretching his Limbs, lock'd up in Rust,
 For Ease, upon his Bed of Dust,
 Upon his Arm he lean'd his Head,
 And thus unto himself he said:

*Such cross Adventures and Exploits,
 Alas! are common to us Knights,
 Fortune's not always in the way,
 But will sometimes from Valour stray.
 Besides, tho' I am overthrown,
 The dastard Foe is fled and gone:
 Nor could their Usage make me yield,
 Tho' wounded, I have kept the Field;
 Therefore, altho' my Hopes were cross,
 My Knighthood has no Honour lost;
 For the base Scoundrels plainly see
 The Fault was in my Horse, not me.*

Thus the maim'd Knight reflecting lay,
 Upon the past unhappy Fray,

Hoping

Hoping to gather Strength in time,
With *Roxinante* grazing by'm.

When Pride and Ign'rance jointly aim
At Glory, they come off with Shame;
And hair-brain'd Fools, that run at all,
For want of Forecast, often fall.

The End of the Second Part.

CANTO IX.

*The Raving Knight in woeful Case
 Advanc'd upon the Plowman's Ass :
 What pass'd between the Don and Clown
 As jogging to their Native Town.*

TH E Poor Unhappy batter'd Knight
 Unable yet to stand upright,
 Bury'd in Dust, tho' not quite Dead,
 His Coffin Steel instead of Lead;
 As he thus lay stretch'd out at length
 Upon his Back, depriv'd of strength,
 Had nothing left, alas, to be
 His Comfort in extremity,

X But

But to recall to mind the Case
 Of other Champions in Distress,
 That by their bloody Wounds and Drubs
 Receiv'd from Gyant's Swords and Clubs,
 And other Hardships he had read,
 His own might be the lighter made ;
 For when we're doom'd by Evil Fate
 To painful Troubles, tho they're great,
 The way to bear with them the better,
 Is to compare 'em still with greater.

Accordingly the pensive Knight,
 As thus he lay in doleful plight,
 Lessen'd his Sorrows and Mischances
 By thinking of his old Romances,
 Giving Refreshment to his Carcase
 By *Baldwin* and the *Mantuan* Marquess ;
 The former Champion having fought
 With *Charlet* to the Ground was brought,
 And when almost of Life bereft
 Was bleeding on the Mountain left.

A Story often read and told
 With Pleasure both by Young and Old,
 Tho only credited by Fools,
 Like *Mahomet's* old Miracles,
 Being forg'd upon the self same Anvil
 As the Reports of Parson *Glanvil*.
 The ancient Fable which the Don
 Had thus the luck to pitch upon,
 He now conceited was no less
 Than well adapted to his Case,
 And that it suited his Misfortune
 In each unhappy Circumstance:
 So that he roll'd from side to side,
 And made his Sufferings but his Pride,
 In the warm Sun still grew the madder,
 As quail'd in Dust like Snake or Adder,
 Remembring how the Knight o'th' Wood
 Complain'd in melancholy mood
 Against the Empress of his Heart,
 For whom he had endur'd such smart,

Because he thought the Lovely She
 Forbore to grieve by Sympathy,
 And whilst he lay in sore Distress
 Did not bemoan his wretched Case,
 And shew her Pity and good Nature
 In Sobs and Tears when his dear Creature }
 Alas, knew nothing of the Matter.

This old Romantick Lamentation
 Of *Baldwin* made such deep Impression
 Upon the Don, who weak and lame,
 Conceiv'd his Circumstance the same,
 That in the Words of that Romance
 He thus began his own Complaints
 Against his *Dulci*?, whom he thought
 Guilty of t'other Lady's fault.

*Why haste you not, my only Dear,
 To help me in Affliction here,
 Or in my Absence have you quite
 Forsaken your distressed Knight.*

Fond

Fond of this doleful Lamentation,
 The Don went on without digression,
 Continuing the Romantick Verse
 He took such pleasure to rehearse,
 Till to the foll'wing Lines he came
 Repeating to himself the same,
O thou my Uncle and my Prince
Marquess of Mantua, Noble Lord—
 Just at this instant as the Knight
 Was in his frantick raving Fit,
 A sturdy Plowman with a Sack
 Of Grist upon his Afs's Back,
 Was passing to a neighb'ring Village,
 Where he for Years had liv'd by Tillage,
 And stepping suddenly upon
 The poor, forlorn, distressed Don,
 Struck him at first with some surprise,
 And stop'd his mad soliloquies ;
 The Clown more frighted than the Knight
 At such a strange ungainly Sight,

Cry'd

Cty'd out Deliver us from Evil,
 Art thou a Monster or the Devil,
 Or conquer'd Combatant whose Throat
 Is cut in spite of Iron Coat ?

Don Quixote, whose distemper'd Brain
 Had quite mistook the Country-man,
 Conceited he could be no less
 Than Duke of *Mantua* by his Face,
 Disguis'd i'th' Habit of a Clown, }
 Perhaps not caring to be known,
 So that the Knight without the least
 Regard to what the Lout exprest,
 Went on with those Romantick Strains
 Which wholly now possess his Brains,
 Giving a solemn sad Account
 Of all his Hardships in the Mount,
 And other Troubles of his Life,
 Occasion'd by the Jilt his Wife ;
 Who would in Spite of Wedlock Run
 To Cuddle with the Emp'rour's Son,

Fancying himself to be no less
 Than her 'Spouse *Baldwin* in distress,
 And that the list'ning Country Boore
 Was Uncle Marquess to be sure,
 Who by some means had understood
 His woeful Suffrings in the Wood,
 Was therefore in compassion come
 To seek him out and bring him Home.

The Plowman much surpris'd to hear
 Such frantick Bombast reach his Ear,
 And that a scaly Hide, that lay
 As still as Image made of Clay,
 Should thro an Iron Costern vent
 Such a strange whimsical Complaint,
 Began to be as much afraid
 As he that heard the *Brazen-head*,
 When it in doleful Tone exprest,
Time is, Time was, and Time is past :
 However, as he staring stood,
 At length he found 'twas Flesh and Blood,

By

By seeing thro the Visor where
 'Twas broken by the Muliteer
 A humane, tho a dusty Face,
 Which made the Clown take Heart of Grace,
 That now he grew full bold enough
 To wrench the shatter'd Beaver off,
 Then wiping from his ghastly Phiz
 The dusty Vizard of Disguise,
 And well remembering he had seen
 The Don, who had his Neighbour been :
 Master *Quixada*, crys the Clown,
 Adsheartlywounds, how came you down,
 Stretcht out in this sad plight I wonder,
 And your old Pad-Nagg grazing yonder.

The Knight, transported with the Fancies,
 He'd met with in his old Romances,
 Ne'er minded what the Plowman said,
 But still went on with what he'd read
 Concerning *Baldwin* and his Bride,
 The Lord knows who and what beside,

As

As poor distemper'd *Bedlamites*
 Are wont to do in Raving Fits.
 The Clown who listn'd for a time
 To the Knight's frantick Prose and Rhime,
 Till ready to bepiss his Breeches
 To hear such strange Romantick Speeches;
 At length conjectur'd by his Tattle
 He had been worsted by the Bottle,
 Or that some Combatant had maul'd him,
 And with his Sword or Spear so gaul'd him,
 That he was dying Mad with Cuts,
 Or Mortal Thrusts into the Guts;
 So that the Plowman in good Nature
 To's Neighbour and his fellow Creature,
 With much ado uncas'd the Don
 Of the Old Iron he had on,
 Thro Pity, being well inclin'd
 To ease those Wounds he could not find,
 Which were no more than Drabs too dry
 To be discover'd by the Eye :

The Rustick having thus in vain
 Search'd for the Causes of his Pain,
 Which he believ'd had craz'd his Brain;
 But finding neither Bruise nor Cut,
 Or bloody Sign from Head to Foot,
 Of any Wound that could be Mortal,
 Or hinder him from being Heart-whole,
 Only in shewing over Care,
 By thrusting in his Hand too far,
 He chanc'd unwarily to find
 Some ugly Symptoms dropt behind,
 Which the poor Clown no sooner felt,
 But snuffing up his Nose, he smelt.
 Thus when i'th' Dark one thing is grop'd for
 We oft' meet others never hop'd for.

The Clown now guessing that the Knight
 Was only in a frantick Fit,
 And that his verbal seeming Sadness
 Was nothing else but downright Madness,

Like

Like a kind Neighbour and a Friend,
 He rais'd the Champion up on end,
 And with much Trouble laid him cross
 The Sack of Wheat upon his Afs,
 Considering that the Don's own Beast
 In height was Sixteen Hands at least,
 And pre-supposing he should fall
 From off a Steed so woundy tall,
 He could not well do less than break
 A Leg or Arm, if not his Neck;
 So that he thought his Afs in course
 A safer Carrier than the Horse.

When thus the kind industrious Clown
 Had mounted up his Neighbour Don,
 Who as he sat with stinking Twist
 On Afs's Rump, behind the Grift,
 Lean'd forward o'er the swelling Sack
 That lay upon poor Affins Back;
 The Bumpkin careful of the Rust
 That lay half bury'd in the Dust,

Pick'd up Don's Armour of Defence,
 And e'ery Splinter of his Lance,
 His Helmet by his Foe much batter'd,
 And Sword and Target that were scatter'd,
 Binding the Trophies altogether
 In a long Strap or Zone of Leather,
 Which with much Care he ty'd upon
 The Steed belonging to the Don ;
 So leading both the Horse and Afs,
 Away he walk'd a gentle pace,
 Like Pedlar going to some Fair
 With loaded Jades to sell his Ware,
 Or a *Dutch* Trumpeter before
 Some Monstrous Sight just brought on shore.
 Thus with Dwarf Afs and Gyant Horse
 The Looby Plowman steer'd his Course
 To the next Neighb'ring little Town,
 Where long had dwelt both Don and Clown,
 Whilst the Knight's dangling Legs that
 Like a Clock Pend'lum as they hung, (swung
 Swept

Swept e'ery Rut and Clod that lay
 On each side cockling in their way,
 So have I seen a huge *Scotch* Looby
 Mounted on such a puny Hobby,
 That had the biggest eas'd the least
 The Rider must have carr'd his Beast.

The Knight, too sore almost to Ride,
 Shuff'd his Arse from side to side
 To ease his Crupper, as he sat
 Romancing about this and that,
 Whilst the Clown fanter'd in the middle
 Between the Halter and the Bridle,
 Reflecting on the Knight's strange Fancies,
 And all his wild Extravagancies,
 Who now had quite forfok the good
 Old Tale of *Baldwin* in the Wood;
 And from the Stories he had read
 Fully possess'd his frantick Head,
 He was the Moor *Abindarraez*,
 The Clown *Rodrigo de Narvaez*,

Leading

Leading him Pris'ner to his Castle,
 And there to keep him as his Vassal,
 So that when e'er the Lout look'd back
 Upon the Knight behind the Sack,
 And cry'd, *How is it with you Master,*
Shall we jogg on a little faster,
 The Don would ramble God knows where,
 And talk of *George de Monte Mayor,*
 From his *Diana* would be gleaning
 Such Answers void of Sense or Meaning,
 That made the Clown as mad almost
 As he that on his Ass rid Post,
 The Don saluting honest *Pedro*
 The Plowman, as the fam'd *Rodrigo,*
 A doubty Knight, a fighting Blade,
 Of *Antequera* the *Alcayde,*
 Conceiting, as exprest before,
 Himself to be the Captive *Moor.*

The Rustick gap'd at what he heard,
 And scratch'd his Ears at e'ry word,

Wond'ring what Fever in his Noddle
 Had made his Neighbour such a Doodle,
 Who now had given the Clown full)
 By all his wild Romantick Stuff, (proof
 That he was gally'd sure enough, }
 So that he whipt both Horse and As,
 And made them mend their *Spanish* pace,
 That he might ease himself the sooner
 Of such a strange Division-runner,
 And free his punish'd Ears and Brains
 From Madnes and Impertinence;
 But still the poor disorder'd Don,
 From Tale to Tale went rambling on,
 At length being thoughtful of his Dear
 Hogs-pudding Dame, that lovely Fair,
 He strait into a Rapture fled,
 And thus unto his Guide he said,

*Most Fam'd Rodrigo, Valiant Knight,
 Who does in Feats of Arms delight,*

Know

Know that the Charming Beauteous Lady,
 Whose Worth I have set forth already,
 Is Fair Dulcinea del Tobosa,
 A lovely Damsel that does grow so
 Divinely graceful, that her Features
 Outshine all other Female Creatures,
 Therefore, Rodrigo, her Renown — (Clown

‘ Nouns Master, Quoth the scratching

‘ Why make you me your Sport and Game

‘ Pedro Alonso is my Name,

‘ I doubt you scarce know what you say,

‘ I am no Duke of Mantua,

‘ No, What d’ye call him, Don Rodrigo,

‘ No more than you’re an *Assinego*,

‘ I’m a poor Fellow, to my Sorrow,

‘ That’s forc’d to follow Plow and Harrow;

‘ I live not many Furlongs off,

‘ Your Worship knows me well enough,

‘ Nor are you Baldwin I am sure,

‘ Or him with that long Name, the Moor,

‘ Senior

' *Senior Quixada* by this Light

' You are, or I have lost my Sight.

With that *Don Quixote* growing Rusty
Reply'd, *Why how now Goodman Crafty,*
I'm old enough to know my Name,
And who I am, and whence I came,
Yet I can be, Sir, if I please
Both Baldwin and Abyndaraez;
Nay, the Twelve Peers of France beside,
Or the Nine Worthies, were I try'd,
Because my Valour far exceeds
Their Strength and all their mighty Deeds;
Therefore I'm greater than 'em all,
And am what I my self shall call.

Discourfing thus the Clown and Don
With Horfe and Afs went jogging on,
Talking fometimes moft complaifantly,
At other times extravagantly,
That in their turns both Knight and Rustick
Were very thwarting and Robuftick;

At length they gladly came in sight
 O'th' Little Village e'er twas Night ;
 But the kind Plowman taking Caution
 Of the Mad Senior's Reputation,
 Was not so silly, tho a Clown,
 T' expose his Neighbour to the Town,
 Upon the Rump of long Ear'd Beast,
 Turn'd up behind a Sack of Grift,
 Therefore lay by that they might spend
 The Time till dark at Village end,
 Taking a melancholly turn
 By Hedge of Crab-tree and of Thorn:
 So there we'll leave the doubty Frantick
 To tease the Clown with Tales Romantick,
 Till the kind Nocturn Goddess spreads
 Her Sable Mantle o'er their Heads.
 Thus he that strives to serve or save
 A Fool, a Madman, or a Knave
 E'er he goes thro' stich will be cloyd
 With Troubles which the Wise avoid.

CANTO.

CANTO IX.

*In the Don's Absence what was said
By th' Curate, Barber, Niece and Maid :
The Champion by the Plowman's Care
Brought Home, and his Reception there.*

THE sad Report, thro all the Town,
That Senior from his House was flown,
By this time brought the Neighb'ring Rout
T'enquire the Truth of Matters out,
So that the Curate and the Barber,
Whom the Don often us'd to harbour,
Hearing the News, together paid
A Visit to his Niece and Maid,
That they might shew their mighty care for
Their Friend, and ask how, why, and where-
(fore
He

He thus had plaid at Hide and Seek,
 And shew'n them such a slip'ry Trick ;
 Just so, when any Bad or Good
 Has happen'd in the Neighbourhood,
 Dame *Sly* must know of Gammar *Bounce*,
 How many Farts will make an Ounce.

Amidst their Chat, good Doctor cries,
 The House-keeper with pissing Eyes,
 What shall we do in this Disaster,
 And whither run to seek our Master;
 We've sent his Man and others out,
 On Horseback some, and some on Foot,
 Dispers'd the Swains by Night and Day,
 To make enquiry e'ery way, (Wretches,
 Nay, search'd our selves like frightened
 The Neigh'bouring Grotto's Grounds and
 But cannot hear of Horse or Man (Ditches,
 Since he his Ramble first began,
 Who stole out early in the Morning.
 T'bout giving any Mortal warning.

Besides, where e'er, alas! he's gone,
 I'm sure he has his Armour on,
 Because of late, both Day and Night,
 He took such Pains to make it bright,
 And now upon our searches round
 The House, it is not to be found;
 Also, he's taken from the Wall
 Those Arms which hong adorn'd the Hall.

*'Tis strange, reply'd the Man of God,
 There's something in't seems very odd;
 But Dear Sweet-Mistress Abigail,
 I pray be free and tell me all:
 I doubt that you have vex'd the Senior,
 By some unfriendly Misdemeanour,
 Or by your scornful Frowns and Sights
 Caus'd some disorder in his Wits;
 From his own Words I can assure you,
 He has no little Kindness for you;
 Besides, Dear Nabby, Day will show
 Its self, thro' little Holes, you know.*

I've

*I've heard and seen sweet pritty Creature,
Such things perhaps--- But that's no matter---
Poh, poh, the Barber cannot hear us,
You see he's not at present near us.*

*Doctor, quoth Abigail, I swear
You've told me that which makes me stare,
By my warm Cheeks I feel I blush;
The Barber's coming tow'rd us, hush.*

*Bless us, quoth Nicholas, in troth
This is a sudden change Forsooth;
'Tis strange, a Man of so much Sense,
Who wanted neither Wit nor Pence,
Should leave his House, and ride away
Unseen from Home, by break of Day;
When I first heard the News, that Minute
Said I, there's something wondrous in it.
What ! would a Gentleman of Learning,
Wise, Wealthy, Frugal and Discerning,
Forsake his Ancient Dwelling House,
His Niece, and all his Servants thus;*

No,

No, no, I tell you what I say,
 I wish he'as met with no foul Play.

Don't be too forward in your Censure,
 (The Priest return'd by way of Answer)
 But first with Patience let us hear
 How Mistress Nab makes things appear;
 For he who lets his foolish Mouth
 Give Judgment e'er he learns the truth,
 Is worse than he who loves to cast
 His reckoning up before his Host.
 Doctor I must confess, quoth she,
 That rul'd the little Family,
 I have been guilty of a Crime,
 In not acquainting you in time,
 With what I fear has craz'd my Master,
 And been the cause of our Disaster:
 Nay, I am sure the Books he read
 Of late, have so disturb'd his Head,
 Those idle Tales of Errant Knights,
 Their Hardships, Courtships, and their Fights,
 With

With Knight's and Gyants, to redress,
 Fair Dames and Ladies in distress,
 Have so bewitch'd him that he's rid
 In Armour Out upon his Steed,
 In quest of that Romantick Glory
 Found only in fictitious Story ;
 Therefore had I in time but told ye
 What a strange Fabulous old-mouldy
 Collection of preposterous Stuff
 Lies pil'd beneath his Study Roof,
 You, Doctor, who are Learn'd and Wise
 Might have remov'd his Enemies,
 And stop'd his frensical Condition,
 By Pennance, Prayer and Admonition :
 Therefore I own his frantick ailment
 Is owing much to my concealment,
 For had his Study been reform'd
 He'd never rid away thus arm'd,
 And left us in this Care and Sadness,
 To mourn his Absence and his Madness.

It was a mighty fault, reply'd]
 The Jolly wellfed Parish Guide,
 Then squeezing Madam by the Fist,
 Who Cross-leg'd sat annext the Priest,
 Says he, *We'll overlook to morrow*
The Fables that have caus'd this Sorrow,
And the most Guilty we'll condemn
To bottom Pies or to the Flame ;
And if you please 'tis likely some
I may reprieve and carry home.

The Niece then turning to the Shaver,
 For whom she had some little Favour,
 Betwixt a Simper and a Cry,
 Did thus her pretty self apply,
 Laud, Nicholas, I vow and swear,
 As I'm God's Child, and sitting here,
 I've seen my Uncle play such Tricks
 When in his frantick fighting Freaks,
 That as I've peeping stood I oft
 Have burst my Stays I have so laugh'd ;

Sometimes when he for Forty eight
 Full Hours has in his Study sat,
 Tiring his Brains with Fights and Fancies
 He met with in his old Romances;
 He'd of a sudden from his Seat
 Start up in such a violent Heat,
 First pause, then throw away his Book,
 And put on such a frightful Look,
 As if he meant to kick and beat
 His Study Walls into the Street,
 Then, flinging out some blustering Word,
 Would from the Shelf snatch down his Sword,
 And drawing out the stubborn Blade
 Push at the Wall like any mad,
 Poke at this hole, that spot or speck,
 Sometimes thrust forward, then draw back;
 And when he did each Shove begin
 Cry'd Ha, and then he stuck it in;
 Thus would he fence with Walls and Chairs
 Till Sweaty Pearls run down his Hairs,

Then

Then strutting, rave and swear he'd kill'd
 Four Gyants in the open Field,
 Who were as big and full as tall
 As any Steeple, Spire and all,
 Fancying the trickling Sweat he felt
 To be the Blood his Wounds had spilt
 In the advent'rous lucky Fray
 Wherein he 'ad nobly won the day.
 This done, he'd call for me to bring
 A huge great Jug full from the Spring,
 Then would he swallow down just a'ter
 A cooling Gallon of the Water,
 And fancy 'twas some Cordial Draught
 To heal the bleeding Wounds he 'ad got,
 Brought him by some kind She Magician,
 Dame Allcoife, Surgeon and Physician;
 Therefore how strangely must his Head
 Confounded be by what he'd read,
 That he should fancy me, his Niece,
 Who is not such a homely Piece,

To be some wither'd hagg'd Beldam
 That conjures Champions out of Thraldom.
 But when he'ad taken off his Pitcher,
 Fancying no Cordial could be richer,
 He'ad then sit down and be as tame
 And quiet as a Cosset Lamb,
 Talk with such gravity and state
 As if he'ad been a Magistrate.
 Now I confess I've been remiss
 In my so long concealing this,
 For had I but in time made known
 His frantick Actions when alone,
 And all those Freaks he has been in,
 Which thro the Key-hole I have seen,
 You his kind Friends whose good advice
 He took as Counsel from the Wise,
 Might, by your laying Heads together,
 Have stopt his Rambling God knows whither,
 And burnt those Antichristian Books
 That turn'd his Senses off the Hooks,

*For they deserve the Flames much more
Than ever did Heretick I'm sure.*

‘ Be patient, Lady, quoth the Priest,
‘ Yout Sorrows shall be soon redrest,
‘ My Neighbour *Nicholas* and I
‘ To Morrow will the Traytors try,
‘ And be assured that we shall shew ’em
‘ No Mercy when we come to view ’em,
‘ Since they have spoil’d the wisest Head
‘ That ever fam’d *La Mancha* bred.

By this time *Pedro* by the Light (Knight
Oth’ Moon had brought Home, Afs and
With *Rozinante*, and the Lumber
That did his aged Back incumber,
But passing by the Hall that stood
Adjacent to the dusty Road,
And hearing of a vocal din
Come thro a Window from within,
He made a stop and overheard
The whole of what the Niece declar’d ;

And being now inform'd thereby
 How Quixote's Brains were turn'd away
 The Rustick as without he stood
 Cry'd Out as loud as e'r he cou'd,
 Soho, Where are You there, Who waits?
 Here, Open wide the Castle Gates,
 For Baldwin that pussant Lord,
 His Horse, his Armour and his Sword,
 And I that am his Noble Grace
 Of Mantua, I think's the Place,
 Make haste, for here's a goodly Crew
 Of Champions, and the Lord know who,
 The Captive Moore Abindaraez
 Whom Don Rodrigo of Narvaez
 Brings on his Ass a Pris'ner hither
 Sick, Drunk or Mad I know not whether,
 Some sadly wounded in Conceit,
 Some in Reality Besh—t,
 And others in as bad Conditions,
 All wanting Cooks or good Physicians.

The Curate, Barber, Maid and Niece
 'Pon hearing such a Speech as this,
 Came running to the Door in haste,
 The nimble Priest before the rest,
 And, greatly frighted, at his Tail,
 Run foddren Mistress *Abigail*,
 Young Tom for next, the Niece close after,
 All wondring what could be the matter;
 No sooner did they see whose Face
 Peep'd o'er the Sack upon the Afs,
 But all got round him in a Cluster
 To welcome Home Friend, Uncle, Master,
 Each striving who should first express
 Their sudden Joy and Happiness,
 Warmly contending to embrace him,
 Pulling on both sides to uncase him,
 The Senior crying out in vain
Forbear good Friends, for I'm in pain,
Much injur'd by my heedless Horse,
Who o'er his Noddle pitch'd his Arse,

There.

*Therefore I pray, dismount me gently,
 For I can stand or move but faintly ;
 Good Doctor, let me straight be led
 Into my Room and put to Bed,
 Send for Urguna, Niece the while,
 Th' Enchantress of the Burning Isle,
 That with her Balsam she may heal
 My painful Wounds, and make me well.*

See now, cry'd Housekeeper and Niece,
 ' How right we both were in our Guess,
 ' I knew, says One, those plaguy Books
 ' Of Wounded Lords and Fighting Dukes,
 ' And cursed Lies of Errant Knights,
 ' Had been the Cause of all our Frights ;
 ' Go, as you said, to Bed, Dear Master,
 ' And wel take care to find a Plaister
 ' Shall cure your Wounds 'twixt this and
 ' Without that Sorceress Ugunda. (Sunday
 With that they led him up to Bed
 That he might ease his crazy Head,

Where his She-Vallet stroak'd him round
 With her soft Hand, to find a Wound;
 Who, tho' she search'd his Flesh all over
 She could no broken Skin discover,
 Only his Buttock end she might
 Have felt before in better plight,
 'Cause now 'twas smear'd with what the Clown
 Had finger'd when the Knight was down.
 Who told the busy Crew, that tho'
 His Ailments made no bloody show,
 Yet was he bruise'd and maim'd most sorely
 In an advent'rous Hurly-burly,
 Wherein his heedless Horse had thrown him,
 And pitch'd his heavy Arse upon him,
 As he was bidding bold Defiance,
 T'at least Ten hugeous Looby Gyants,
 The most discourteous and ungracious,
 Outrageous, cruel, and audacious,
 That e'er were bang'd and put to flight,
 By trusty Sword of Doubty Knight.

*How! quoth the Curate, Is it so:
 Do Gyants in such Numbers go?
 Have we so strong and stern a Crew
 Of frightful Monsters to subdue?
 Nay then, cry'd Parish-Guide, Adsobbs,
 May I be strip'd of Holy Robes,
 If I don't burn the Books that bred
 These o'ergrown Maggots in his Head,
 And turn, to Morrow, into Flames,
 The hurtful Pile of Lyes and Shams;
 For if we take the Cause away,
 Th' Effect must cease, the Learned say.*

No sooner had the weary Don
 Stretch'd out his painful Limbs upon
 His Downy-Bed, an easier Place
 Than dusty Road or Rump of As,
 But he began to think that Eating
 Before he slept was very fitting;
 For now his Guts were tir'd with Fasting,
 As much as were his Limbs with basting,

He therefore rav'd for that which might
 Suffice his craving Appetite;
 For Hunger, that tormenting want
 Of Food, was grown predominant:
 Accordingly that wither'd Piece
 His servile Thornback, and his Niece,
 To cooking went, that he might pick
 The roasted Bones of Dunghil-Chick,
 Whilst Tonfor and the Priest went down
 To tattle with their Neighbour Clown,
 And to examine in what manner
 He met their worthy Friend the Seignior,
 From whence and how it came to pass
 He brought him home upon his As:
 The Plow-man told them all his Freaks,
 His Bedlam Speeches and his Tricks;
 Which hearing, jointly they renew'd
 Their Resolutions to intrude
 Into his Study next Day Morning,
 To see what Books deserv'd their Burning,

Hoping thereby to mend his Wits,
 And bring his Brains again to Rights.
 Then walking back each lent a Kiss
 To Mistress *Nabby* and the Niece,
 So left the Lasses in the Kitchen,
 To mind the Cook'ry of the Chicken,
 Each promising his Kind-look'd Dowdy
 To come next Morn to purge the Study.

Thus Idle-Tales, adorn'd with Wit,
 And hurtful Books with cunning writ,
 In shallow Brains strange Maggots breed,
 And make Men Act the things they read.

CANTO

C A N T O XI.

*The Don's Romantick Books survey'd
By Priest and Barber, Niece and Maid;
The Righteous Judge secures the best,
And to the Flames condemns the rest.*

NExt Morning by the time the Sun
Had his diurnal Course begun,
The Parish-Guide and Parish-Shaver
Came to the Seignior's House together,
Where Mistress *Nabby* and the Niece
Had set out Wine and Bread and Cheese,
That they might break their Fast before
They look'd the Seignior's Study o'er;
A Task of Time as well as Labour,
To punish what had craz'd their Neighbour.

No sooner had they chear'd their Hearts,
With three or four repeated Quarts

Of

Of humming Liquor mull'd and brew'd
 With costly Spice, to make it good,
 But up the Stairs they gently crept,
 Whilst *Quixote* very soundly slept,
 In order to inspect and rummage
 The Study that had done such Damage;
 The Niece admitting, by the Key,
 Her trusty self and t'other Three;
 The House-keeper, who having heard
 Strange Nigromantick Stories, fear'd
 The Room might be with Spirits haunted,
 Or by her Master's Spells Inchant'd,
 Because his Custom 'twas to start
 Most frightful Tales of Magick Art,
 And us'd to Lard his Conversation
 With Wonders done by Conjurat'ion;
 Therefore she'd carefully brought a'ter
 The Priest, a Pot of Holy-Water,
 Humbly beseeching him to take
 The Sprinkler, and for Heaven's sake

To shake it o'er each Hole and Creek,
 For fear the subtle Fiend Old-Nick,
 Or some Infernal Sprite should in
 The sinful Study lurk unseen,
 Who by its Power might circumvent
 Their pious friendly good Intent
 Of burning what had brought her Master
 Beneath so fatal a Disaster.

The Guide reply'd, *There is no fear
 Of Satan whilst a Priest is near ;
 The Devil always flies the Room,
 Where-e'er our Holy Function come.*

So calling, when he'd made this Answer,
 To his Friend *Nicolas*, the Tonsor,
 He order'd him to hand him down
 The Heath'nish Volumes one by one,
 That with due Care he might o'erlock
 Each idle individual Book,
 And pass such Judgment upon those
 Who'd been his Friend's seducing Foes,

That

That might at once prevent their further
 Occasion of his sad Disorder,
 But save, by vertue of his Gown,
 The Good and Guiltless as his own,
 Confid'ring that no humane Laws
 Should damn the Innocent, because
 Unknowingly they chance to be
 Betray'd into bad Company.

The angry Females pleaded hard
 That not one Volume should be spar'd,
 Of several Hundreds that were pil'd
 On Shelves, but all be burnt and spoil'd,
 Since they themselves could witness bear
 That each bewitching Volume there,
 Had, in their turns, contributed
 To craze his studious Worship's Head:
 They therefore beg'd all might be thrown,
 Thro' Study-Casement, headlong down
 Into a bleaching Yard, that lay
 Behind, convenient ev'ry way,

Where

Where none could see or smell the while,
The smoaky *Exit* of the Pile.

But still the Curate was too wise
To mind their Importunities,
Resolving to inspect 'em first,
At least the Titles, that the worst
Might be condemn'd for their Abuses,
And the best sav'd for better Uses :
So putting on, as Judges do,
An awful Magisterial Brow,
Looking most gravely and discreet,
He now assum'd his Judgment-seat,
Where Culprits bound in Leathern Hide
Were haul'd before him to be try'd.

The first that to the Bar were brought
To be arraign'd of God knows what,
Were the Four Volumes of *Amadis*,
Handed by *Nic'las* and the Ladies ;
I own, quoth Sacerdotal Judge,
To these old Books I owe a grudge,

Because they were the first Romances
That introduc'd those Idle Fancies,
And sow'd in Spain, as most agree,
That freakish Vice Knight-Errantry;
Therefore as they originally
Were the Four Founders of that Folly,
And Teachers of that Frantick Fighting,
As well as of Romantick Writing,
I think 'tis fit they should be doom'd
To be in fatal Flames consum'd.

' Hold (quoth the Barber) I desire
 ' To save these Volumes from the Fire,
 ' Because they are allow'd, we find,
 ' To be the wittiest of their kind;
 ' I therefore humbly crave your leave
 ' To beg both them and their Reprieve.

Well, honest Nic'las, cry'd the Curate,
To shew I'm not a Man obdurate,
I'll grant a Pardon for your sake,
Altho' I know their Crimes are black.

How

However take them to thyself,
 And hand some other from the Shelf,
 The next Romanick Volume brought
 To hasty Judgment for its Fau't,
 Was the fam'd Actions of that Man
 Of Valour, Don Esplandian,
 The lawful Issue of Amadis
 De Gaul, who fought so for the Ladies;
 Nay, cries the Priest, with shaking Head,
 Sure none in thy Desente can plead,
 Nor shall thy Father's Wit atone
 For want of Merit in the Son;
 No Mortal shall for thee prevail,
 Here take him Mistress Abigail;
 He's a meer Hector, poor and nought,
 The Scoundrel is not worth a Groat;
 Pray toss him down into the Tard,
 For he's too wicked to be spar'd;
 Use him as the Foundation-Stone
 To erect the Learned Pile upon,

*Which your fair Hand shall set on fire,
That in a blaze they may expire,
According to your own desire.*

- ‘ Here’s a huge Volume, (cries the Shaver)
- ‘ I think I never felt a heavier:
- ‘ This, for its Bulk, deserves no Quarter,
- ‘ ’Twould load the Shoulders of a Porter;
- ‘ This is *Amadis*, born in *Greece*,
- ‘ A notable deluding Piece;
- ‘ This Book, so wond’rous edifying,
- ‘ Contains the very Art of Lying:
- ‘ Nay, outdoes, in that sort of Wit,
- ‘ All that the Jesuits ever writ;
- ‘ And is, I’ll swear, enough to crack
- ‘ The Brain not only, but the Back.

I’ve heard enough, (reply’d the Priest)
E’en pack him downwards with the rest
That do their Readers so deceive
With Lies, they merit no reprieve.

‘ This

' This upper Classis (cries the Barber)
 ' Does none but such like Lumber harbour;
 ' By their unweildy Bulk I see
 ' They're all upon Knight-Errantry,
 ' Books that their Authors did devise,
 ' To fill the giddy World with Lyes,
 ' And tempt us to mispend our Prime,
 ' In fighting Prose and am'rous Rhime.

Down with them all, (cries Holy Guide)
And let the Vermin be destroy'd,
That we may then proceed to try
Those other Imps, the lesser Fry;
For rather than I'd save or skreen
Antiquinesra, that fair Queen
From burning, or from flaming Pile,
Protect the Skeepherd Darinel,
His Eclogues, and the Author's worse
Intolerable dull Discourse,
I'd burn my Grandfire should he be
Bound up in old Knight-Errantry.

The

The Housekeeper and Neice b'ing glad
 To hear this Sentence, toil'd like Mad,
 To fetch those bigger Loobies down
 That did the Senior's Study crown,
 Tossing them out, without regard
 To their old Fellows in the Yard,
 Where the dull Crowd were forc'd to wait
 Confus'dly mix'd, to share their Fate.

Cries Nicholas, *Here's another Shelf
 Of Lumber, in a Nook by'ts self,
 Come forward one of you that skulk
 Behind to hide your mighty Bulk:*
*Here's Olivant de Laura, Doctor,
 A worthy notable Instructor,
 The famous Author, alias Father,
 Of this huge Muckbil pil'd together,
 Has writ another noble Piece,
 By some thought ten times worse than this,
 The Gard'n of Flowers is the sweet
 Inviting Name to's shallow Wit;*

Botb

Both being stuff'd with little else
 Than worthless Whims and monstrous Tales;
 Alike fit only to surprise
 The Reader with stupendious Lyes;
 Therefore e'en let 'em downwards go,
 Among the rest that wait below.

Here's more Antiquity (cries Tonfor)
 This Book is older than my Grandfire;
 Here you may read how Florismart,
 The fam'd Hyrcanian play'd his Part.

' Is Florismart, (replies the Priest)
 ' That Noble Lord, among the rest?
 ' Neither his Valour, nor his Worth,
 ' Or yet the strangeness of his Birth,
 ' Or his incredible Exploits,
 ' Shall save him from his Brother Knights;
 ' For his rough, dull, insipid Style
 ' Deserves at least a flaming Pile,
 ' E'en turn him down into the Yard,
 ' For he may very well be spar'd;

Which

Which Orders gladly were obey'd
By Niece and *Nab* as soon as said.

*Next, (cries the Barber) comes Don Platir,
That famous fighting Fornicator,
I guess he'll merit nothing more,
Than those old Champions gone before.*

‘ Truly, (replies the Priest) I own
‘ I have no Favour for the Don,
‘ E’en turn him downwards, for at best
‘ He’s an old Lyar like the rest.

Then busy Tonfor chanc’d to look
Upon another Errant-Book,
Nam’d in its Front, *The Knight o’tb’ Cross,*
Which put the Curate to a loss :
Says he, *This Book deserves a little
Compassion for its Holy Title :*
*But since the Devil lurks behind
The Cross, as we in Proverb find,
We shall no great Injustice do
In case we send him packing too;*

For

*For Holy Names to Heath'nish Books
Are like a Pious Villain's Looks,
Us'd only to disguise the Sin,
And impious Lusts that lurk within :
E'en toss him down into the Yard,
He may do Mischief if he's spar'd.*

Then Tonfor reaching down the next,
Cry'd to th' Expounder of the Text,
Now, Doctor, if you want to see
The Quintessence of Errantry,
This Book of Knighthood you will find
The only Mirrour of its kind.

Quoth Priest, I know him by his Looks;
I own him as the Book of Books,
That is, with due Consideration
To's Lying or Romantick Station ;
There you may find the Noble Lord
Rinaldo brandishing his Sword,
With such Companions as he lov'd,
Worse Thieves than Cacus ever prov'd ;

D d

With

With them the Twelve bold Peers of France,
 Who did their Fame so high advance;
 Among the rest that faithful Man,
 Turpin, the Just Historian.
 I own I have an itching Mind
 To be to these a little kind,
 Am therefore willing to prevent
 Their Fate by only Banishment,
 Because the Story does contain,
 As 'tis agreed by Learned Men,
 Something of Boyardo's Invention,
 Which gives unto the whole a Sanction,
 For nothing can partake his Spirit,
 But what must in itself have Merit;
 Besides, that famous Christian Poet,
 Ariosto's Writings, plainly shew it,
 That thence the Subject he derives,
 Wherein his Mem'ry chiefly lives,
 And his bright Fame his Dust survives;

Yet should a Bard of his Degree
 Keep such notorious Company,
 And he should stamm'ring turn his Tongue
 To any Language but his own,
 No more Indulgence shall be shown him
 By me, than if I'd never known him;
 But if he speaks his Mother-Tongue,
 I vow I cannot do him wrong,
 Because his Excellency claims
 A just exemption from the Flames,
 And so deserves our estimation,
 That none can wish his Conflagration.

' I've one at home, (cries Tonfor Nick)
 , But mine does in Italian speak;
 ' So that I am not so politely
 ' Bred as to understand him rightly.

No reason that you should, reply'd
 The solemn, grave, judicious Guide;
 For Works of Authors so discerning,
 Are only fit for Men of Learning.

Nor can I much commend the Whim
 O'th' Captain who translated him,
 And forc'd him so against the Grain,
 To hoarsely speak the Tongue of Spain;
 Because he's wrong'd in many places
 Of all those beauteous Thoughts and Graces
 That in his native Stile appear
 So sweet, so excellent and clear:
 A Fault that few escape who venture
 On Tasks so difficult to enter:
 For he that undertakes to shew
 A Poet in a Dress that's new,
 If the Original be fine,
 His Numbers flowing and divine,
 Is but like that officious Ninny
 Who gives us Silver for a Guinea.
 'Tis true, what we receive is more
 In Bulk, but 'tis in baser Ore.
 Therefore, Friend Nich'las, I desire
 To save this Volume from the Fire;

Like-

Likewise all other Books that chance
 To treat of the Affairs of France,
 Pray let them be with Care laid by
 In Vault or Closet that is dry,
 Till we find Methods to dispose
 Of those as Friends, instead of Foes;
 But one Exception I must make,
 And beg you for right Reason's sake,
 That if you meet with in your way,
 Bernardo, stil'd del Carpio, pray
 Deliv'r him freely up at sight,
 To th' Dames that wait to do him right;
 Or if you should, in Hole or Nook,
 Find Roncesvalles, that fam'd Book,
 O! let him be excepted from
 All Mercy, and receive his Doom;
 For certain they must lurk among
 This empty, vile, romantick Throng;
 Therefore, Friend Nich'las, prithee watch'em,
 For they're condemn'd before we catch'em.

Cries

Cries Tonfor, 'Be assur'd, Good Doctor,
 ' I'll do the Will of my Instructor ;
 ' But, by the way, what is't you say
 ' To *Palmerin de Oliva*,
 ' For here he is, and in my view
 ' Stands *Palmerin of England* too,
 ' What Sentence does your Worship please
 ' To pass judiciously on these?

Ha! (cries the Priest) *Do you appear?*
I thought that we should find you here;
As for de Oliva, be sure
You give him up to Female Pow'r,
Let the Fair make him, Page by Page,
A Sacrifice to Woman's Rage;
Rend him, unbind him, burn him a'ter,
And let the Wind his Ashes scatter :
But as for t'other Palmerin
Of England, 'twould be thought a Sin
To doom his noble ancient Style,
To perish in the flaming Pile;

Not

Not 'cause his Tales are finely told,
 And that he's singular and old;
 Or for neat Management and Care
 At Miraguarda-Castle, where
 The Author shows his Wit and Art
 Discreetly mix'd in ev'ry part:
 Not that I say it only shou'd
 Escape, because it's old and good,
 But for its high Degree, much rather,
 Because it had a Royal Father;
 For some, who know the growth of Wit,
 Affirm, this famous Book was writ,
 Most part thereof, if not the whole,
 By a Learn'd King of Portugal;
 Therefore let's keep the Offspring back
 From Execution, for the sake
 Of that renown'd Majestick He,
 Who got the spritely Progeny;
 For tho' a better Book should be
 Compil'd by one of low Degree,

Ter

*Yet due regard should still be shown
To th' meanest Issue of a Throne.*

‘ Burn him, or save him, which you please,
(*Quoth Nick*) ‘ I long to be at Ease:
‘ My Shoulders are so tir'd, I vow,
‘ With lifting such a lumbring Crew,
‘ That I must rest, and take off just
‘ One Glas of Mountain and a Crust,
‘ And then (Fair Ladies) you will see
‘ The Work go on most chearfully.

Well said, Friend Nicholas, (reply'd
The Priest) I must be of your side ;
Continual Labour and no Play,
Makes Jack a heavy Boy, they say.

Quoth Niece & Nabby, 'Pray good Neighbours,
‘ If you're grown weary cease your Labours,
‘ And we'll go fetch whate'er you think
‘ Is best for you to eat and drink.

Thus all desiring to be Idle,
They cut their Work off in the middle,
Spend

Spending some respite in enjoying
The sweets of Junketing and Toying.

Thus when the Head, that bears the Rule,
Turns Madman, or a Careless Fool,
Those who obey'd whilst he was wise,
Will then Command and Tyrannize.

C A N T O XII.

*Worse havock with his Books they make,
Before the Seignior does awake.*

*At length he starts, from Bed arises,
And raving, the Cabal surprises.*

WHen Drinking, Sitting-still, and
[Eating,
Had eas'd their Arms, and stop'd their Sweating,
They laid aside the Glass, to make an
End of the Work they'd undertaken,

So that they briskly now went on,
 With what for Ease they'd left undone.
 Thus, taken in due time, a Whet
 Will prove a Spur, instead of Let.

The Curate very brisk and crank,
 In his high Seat, with what he'd drank,
 Finding sharp Conduct in his Post,
 And quick dispatch oblig'd the most,
 Cry'd out to Nich'las, Prithee Neighbour
 Don't take such Pains, but spare your Labour:
 You need not spend such time in reading,
 Or be so nice in your proceeding,
 But pull at once those Folio Books
 From off their Shelves, and out their Nooks,
 And, without searching for their Names,
 Condemn 'em all unto the Flames;
 As Judges do by Rogues sometimes,
 More for their Looks than for their Crimes.

Quoth Nicholas, 'Tho' Judges have
 ' Sometimes a Pow'r to hang or save,

' Yet

- ‘ Yet we should think that Judge stark mad
- ‘ That should condemn both Good and Bad,
- ‘ And cause the Innocent to share
- ‘ The Fate of those that Guilty are:
- ‘ Therefore, Good Doctor, I beseech you,
- ‘ For want of Brains enough to teach you,
- ‘ That in your Post you’d use a Conscience,
- ‘ And not condemn good Wit with Nonsense.
- ‘ Here’s *Don Bellianis*, that fam’d Piece,
- ‘ What Judgment will you pass on this?
- ‘ In my Opinion, (quoth the Shaver)
- ‘ This Volume may deserve some Favour.

*Truly, (replies the Curate) I
 Conceive him to be dull and dry,
 He, with his Second, Third, and Fourth
 Insipid Parts, are little worth:
 His Cholera does so far exceed
 Due Bounds, that he should purge and bleed.
 Besides, he wants to be new polish’d,
 His Castle of Fame should be demolish’d,*

*And other Rubbish be remov'd,
 Before he can be well approv'd:
 However, Nich'las, since I find
 To save him you are much inclin'd,
 For once I'll grant him Transportation,
 In hopes some Pen of Moderation,
 In time, may work his Reformation:*

*Therefore as you have snatch'd him from
 The fatal Flames, pray take him home;
 For he that does from Gallows save
 The Ruffian, or the filching Knave,
 Ought to command him as his own,
 In lieu o'th' Favour he has shown.*

' Doctor, (cries Nicholas) I vow,
 ' You have so highly pleas'd me now;
 ' That since you've been so very kind,
 ' Do what you please with those behind;
 ' For, as you say, I dare to swear,
 ' That all those Folio Loobies there,
 ' By their old tatter'd leathern Cloathing,
 ' Are but dull Lumps, just good for nothing,

*I told you so before, (replies
The Curate, very grave and wise)
Therefore, pray Ladies, take 'em all,
And let no Mercy stop their fall;
But let 'em be confus'dly cast,
Where Flames, e'relong, shall be their last.*

The Lasses, fond to be imploy'd,
Were at this Sentence overjoy'd,
Running as gladly to the Books,
As if to make their Wedding-Smocks,
Tearing them down from off the Shelves,
With so much Pleasure to themselves,
As if their Authors and Translators
Had all been beastly Woman-haters,
Working to answer their Desire,
Like Helpers lab'ring at a Fire,
Lugging whole Armfuls in a Heat,
From Shelf to Window, to compleat
Revenge, that's said to be so sweet.

At length the Niece, by taking up
 Too many, chanc'd to let one drop,
 Which being by the Barber found
 At's Foot, he took it from the Ground;
 And after he had paus'd a little
 Upon the Book, and read the Title.
Now Doctor, (smiling cries the Shaver)
Here's an old Book that merits Favour;
This is call'd, Tirante the White,
That famous fighting doubtful Knight.

- ‘ Have you got him, (replies the Priest)
 - ‘ He shall be my old Friend and Guest,
 - ‘ That merry Knight shall sup with me,
 - ‘ I'll secure him from Jeopardy ;
 - ‘ His Tales will yield me much delight
 - ‘ Upon a tedious Winter's Night ;
 - ‘ He's rare obliging Conversation,
 - ‘ Brim-full of Life and Recreation :
 - ‘ No Miser's Banquet can exceed
 - ‘ His Dainties, and a Pipe of Weed.
- ‘ Besides,

‘ Besides, there’s not a Page therein
 ‘ But what’s rare Physick for the Spleen:
 ‘ Nay, you may find some places out
 ‘ That will divert the Stone or Gout,
 ‘ Or charm the Tooth-Ach, with Proviso
 ‘ You meet *Don Kyrie-Eleiso*,
 ‘ That valorous successful Man,
 ‘ The famous Knight of *Montaban*,
 ‘ His Brother *Thomas*, and the doubt
 ‘ *Fonseca*, who would ne’er fight Booty:
 ‘ And the fierce Combat bravely fought
 ‘ Long since, about the Lord knows what,
 ‘ Between the Valiant *Detriante*
 ‘ And Mastiff, who had worry’d twenty:
 ‘ The Humours of that pleasant Jade,
 ‘ That witty, wanton, merry Maid,
 ‘ The Fair *Plazerdimivida*,
 ‘ And all the Tricks she us’d to play:
 ‘ Also the Jilting Ways and Wiles,
 ‘ False Favours and deceitful Smiles

‘ Of

' Of the brisk Widow, whom, some say,
 ' Was therefore call'd *Reposada*,
 ' Together with the Empress, who
 ' Was charm'd with young *Hippolyto*,
 ' Tho' but her Usher, and no more,
 ' To lead her to her Chariot-door;
 ' Yet did her Royal Heart beguile,
 ' By tickling of her Palms the while.
 ' This Book for noble Style at least,
 (Continues the Judicious Priest)
 ' Is sure the best the World can find
 ' 'Mongst all the Volumes of its kind;
 ' For here Knight-Errants Eat and Drink,
 ' Talk Sense, and regularly Think;
 ' Sleep in their Beds, as Men should do,
 ' And when they're Ancient die there too;
 ' First make their Wills, and in their Age,
 ' Like other Mortals, quit the Stage.
 ' Whilst all of the Romantick Strain
 ' Besides, are so profusely vain,

‘ That

' That they will scarce vouchsafe a Word
 ' Of things beneath the Lance and Sword,
 ' Fair Ladies, Gyants, Dwarfs, Magicians,
 ' Young Damfels in distress'd Conditions,
 ' Knights wounded in tremendous Fights,
 ' And Lovers kill'd with Beauty's Sights,
 ' All vanishing at last together,
 ' Like Fiends and Witches, God knows whither.
 ' However, tho' a Man may profit
 ' By this one Book, the Author of it,
 ' I must confess, deserves to be
 ' Chastis'd with some Severity,
 ' For writing such an Ass's Load
 ' Of silly things to please the Croud;
 ' For one Good-Work will not atone
 ' For all the Follies he has done:
 ' But take this Home, and for thy Pleasure,
 ' Friend *Nich'las*, con it o'er at leisure,
 ' And with thy own Opinion then,
 ' Return it back to me again.

*I'll take your Counsel, quoth the Shaver,
But see what little Books we have here;
These lesser Fry sure cannot be
A Nurs'ry of Knight-Errantry.*

‘ No, (cries the Curate) they’re too small
‘ For fighting Knights, they’re Poets all;
‘ They have not room enough to hold
‘ Such Gyants as were born of old.
‘ View them, and I’ll engage you’ll find
‘ Those Dwarfs are of another kind.

With that the Barber took in hand
A Volume that did nearest stand,
And op’ning it, cry’d out, *I’ll swear,
Here’s a rare Piece of Montemayor;
His fam’d Diana, I protest,
I’ve singl’d out from all the rest:
What think you of this beauteous Dame,
She cannot sure deserve the flame.*

‘ No, truly, (cries Judge Advocate)
‘ She merits not so harsh a Fate;

‘ Such

- ' Such Past'ral Books can never be
- ' So hurtful as Knight-Errantry,
- ' Because they treat of harmless Matters
- ' That rather soften rugged Natures,
- ' Than animate our headstrong Passions
- ' To seek out mischi'vous Occasions ;
- ' Therefore, I think, the Dame commands
- ' Mild Usage at her Judges hands.

Good Doctor Perez, (then reply'd
 The angry Niece unto the Guide)
*Save not such Witches, no not one,
 For if you do we're all undone ;
 Their Sorceries will do more harm
 Than those that made my Uncle Arm ;
 For should we, by our Care and Pains,
 Recover his distemper'd Brains,
 And conquer those Knight-Errant Frenzies
 That now deprive him of his Senses,
 Tho' robb'd of all that cursed Store
 Of Books that made him Mad before.*

Should we again but give him leave
 To read what you would now relieve,
 He'd then turn Shepherd, range the Plains
 In search of beauteous Nymphs and Swains,
 And wander thro' the Woods and Groves,
 Where Turtles moan their absent Loves:
 Nay, Poet turn, run mad in Meter,
 To make the Mischief still the greater,
 And fill his Head with foolish Dreams
 Of murm'ring Brooks and purling Streams;
 A Madness which so strangely pleases
 The jingling Brains of him it seizes,
 That 'tis incurable, they say,
 And never will be chas'd away;
 Therefore, dear Doctor, for the sake
 Of us whose Welfare lies at Stake,
 And in Compassion to your Friend,
 Postpone the Mercy you intend.

‘ Why truly, Madam, (cries the Priest)

‘ ’Tis but a reasonable Request,

‘ What

' What you have ask'd I must allow,
 ' Is really to the purpose now ;
 ' Care shall be taken to remove
 ' Those Stumbling-Blocks you disapprove ;
 ' Not that a Volume that does bear
 ' The worthy Name of *Montemayor*,
 ' Shall perish in the Flames among
 ' So worthless a Romantick Throng ;
 ' Therefore, Friend *Nich'las*, I desire,
 ' Rather than doom him to the Fire,
 ' That you'll tear out, by my Commission,
 ' *Felicia*, *Montemayr's* Magician,
 ' With that dull part that follows a'ter,
 ' Concerning the Inchar'd Water :
 ' Also those tedious Poems where
 ' Great length, but little Wit appear,
 ' And let the rest escape the Flame,
 ' In Honour to its Author's Name,
 ' Because we Men of Reading find,
 ' 'Tis the best Book of all its kind.

Doctor,

*Doctor, (quoth Nich'las) your Commands
 Shall be obey'd with both my hands:
 But here are two Dianas more,
 Which make up three, with that before;
 One by Salmantino, whose Name,
 I doubt, will scarce preserve the same:
 The other by Gill Polo writ,
 He was, I think, a Man of Wit.
 What say you, Sir, shall we dispose
 Of these as worthy Friends, or Foes?*

' Salmantino (reply'd the Priest)

- ' Is a dull Rogue, without a Jest;*
- ' I'm sure 'tis worth no Mortal's while*
- ' To save his Rubbish from the Pile.*
- ' But (good Friend Nich'las) as for t'other,*
- ' Which claims Gill Polo for its Author,*
- ' Pray take him home, and lay him by,*
- ' Tend'r him as th' Apple of your Eye;*
- ' For scarce Apollo ever writ*
- ' With finer Thought or keener Wit.*

Saye

Sa'ye so, (quoth Nick'las) by my Life,
I'll bug him as I do my Wife. —

Here are Ten Books upon Love's Fortune,
Yet all bound up in one, for certain,
Written by him (if you would ask who)
Whose Name was Tony de Lafrasco,
A merry Wag, who was (some say)
A Poet of Sardinia.

' Now, by my Function (cries the Guide)
' And all my holy Robes beside,
' I do not think since Poets first
' With pensive Poverty were curst
' Or since that sublunary Time,
' When Madmen first began to Rhime,
' That e'er a more diverting Fool,
' So silly, yet so Comical,
' Appear'd before in Print, to make
' His Reader's Sides with Laughing shake.
' Pray, Neighbour Nick'las, give it me,
(Continu'd Father Domine)

' For

' For I am much more pleas'd to find
 ' So quaint a Darling of its kind,
 ' Than if some Penitent, to shew
 ' The last good Office they could do
 ' Within my Parish-Bounds, had dy'd,
 ' And left new Mourning to their Guide:
 ' But, prithee, Neighbour, make more haste,
 ' This is hard Labour, I protest.

*(Cries Tonfor, I am tired too
 Of this confounded Rhiming Crew:
 What say you, Doctor, now you're weary,
 To the fam'd Shepherd of Iberia,
 Also the Nymphs of Enares,
 Those witty pritty Baggages;
 And with those two, to make up three,
 Here comes the Cure of Jealousie.*

' Take 'em good Jaylor, (quoth the Priest)
 ' For burning they deserve at least;
 ' But pray forbear to ask their Crime,
 ' Impertinence prolongs the Time;
 ' Judges,

- ‘ Judges, you know, when tir’d with sitting,
- ‘ Or faint for want of Ease or Eating,
- ‘ Have never patience with Debates
- ‘ When Gout torments or Dinner waits,
- ‘ But by a Figure in the Laws,
- ‘ Apostrophe the tedious Cause.

*The next (cries Tonsor) in my way,
Is call’d the Swain of Filida,
Or Shepherd I should stile him rather,
I think ’tis no great matter whether.*

- ‘ He was no Shepherd, I aver it,
- ‘ But a wise Courtier, (cries the Curate)
- ‘ He shall not be condemn’d for Fuel,
- ‘ Pray save him, he’s a precious Jewel.

*Now (cries Friend Nich’las) here comes
The Treasury of divers Poems;
If Bulk or Greatness is a Sign
That Goodness is contain’d therein,
Then this, methinks, should be the best,
Because it’s bigger than the rest.*

‘ Had there been less of em (replies
The Judge) ‘ the Poet had been wife!

‘ But that which has his Weakness shew’d

‘ Is, they’re too numerous to be good!

‘ However we’ll their Doom suspend,

‘ Because the Author is my Friend.

‘ For Kissing does by Favour go,

‘ The Wise by old Experience know,

‘ In ev’ry Court it will be so.

Then Tonfor taking in his Hand

The next, cry’d, *What art thou, my Friend?*

Ha! a rare merry Fa-la-lado

Of Songs, by Lapez Maldonado.

‘ He’s a rare Lyrist (cries the Guide)

‘ Sings well, and is my Friend beside;

‘ His Lyrick Poems too we find

‘ Are well approv’d of in their kind,

‘ And better when he does repeat

‘ The chearful Strains himself has writ;

‘ But

' But when he sings 'em, then he warms,
 ' The Fancy with a thousand Charms.
 ' As for his Eclogues, I confess
 ' They're tedious, tho' I like their Dress;
 ' As if he thought no Reader cou'd
 ' Have too much of a thing that's good.

Cries Tonfor also, *I pretend*
To claim this Lapez as my Friend;
For Barbers and Musicians chime
Together, just like Tune and Rhime;
Therefore I find we both agree
To save this Book from Jeopardy.
Now, Doctor, pray prepare to be a
Kind Advocate for Galatea;
For here among the rest I've found
Her Ladyship most neatly Bound:
You'll spare her, I suppose, the rather
'Cause your Friend Miguel was her Father;
For he that does so well approve
The Parent, must the Daughter love.

' Truly, good *Nicholas* (reply'd
 The grave, judicious, partial Guide)
 ' That *Miguel de Cervantes* is
 ' My Friend, I own, and what is his
 ' I'm bound not only to respect,
 ' But at this Juncture to protect.
 ' Judges, you know, will strain the Laws
 ' In favour of a friendly Cause,
 ' And run the hazard of Repentance,
 ' To serve an honest old Acquaintance;
 ' Therefore, tho' *Miguel* has, for certain,
 ' Been more Conversant with Misfortune,
 ' Than with those nice Poetick Rules
 ' Observ'd and taught us in the Schools;
 ' And that, as yet, we scarce can find,
 ' In his first Volume, what's design'd;
 ' Yet since he aims and does pretend
 ' To something Noble in the End,
 ' We'll wave our Judgment of its worth,
 ' Until his Second Part comes forth;

' Be-

' Because in that we find his Friends
 ' Expect he'll make the World amends;
 ' Therefore were I myself *Astrea*,
 ' I'd not condemn his *Galatea*;
 ' But take her Home, from Danger skreen her,
 ' Till the next shews us what is in her.

Now, Doctor, that we may go on, Sir,
The faster, (quoth the weary Tonfor)
Here are three Volumes all together,
I suppose, Birds of the same Feather:
First Don Alonso's Auricana,
This far excels your fine Diana;
Next Juan Ruffo's Austriada,
This Book has giv'n me many a Play-day;
I've left my Victuals oftentimes
To feast upon his dainty Rhimes:
Thirdly, I give unto your view,
The famous Monferrato too;
A Book much valu'd for its Wit,
By Christopher de Virves writ;

*For these transcendant Poets sure
 You must have Mercy still in store;
 These merit not alone Compassion,
 But claim respect and veneration.*

‘ I must allow (replies the Priest)
 ‘ You’ve brought me now the very best
 ‘ Heroicks in the *Spanish* Tongue,
 ‘ We therefore must not do ’em wrong;
 ‘ For these melodious happy three
 ‘ Are th’ only Beauties, I agree,
 ‘ That *Spain* can boast in Poetry.
 ‘ These precious Works, as wealthy Jems,
 ‘ I’ll save not only from the Flames,
 ‘ But keep ’em safe from Female Fury,
 ‘ Lest they destroy ’em in the hurry.

Now Priest and Barber both were grown
 So weary with the Work they’d done,
 That they resolv’d to damn the rest,
 Without enquiring which was best;

And

And turn 'em down into the Yard,
 Unview'd, unpity'd, and unheard;
 But just as they had thus agreed
 To give the rest no time to plead,
 There chanc'd to fall in Tonfor's way,
The Tears of fair Angelica,
 Which Book unto the Priest was handed,
 And's Judgment of the same demanded.

Had this dear Book (reply'd the Guide)
With its ill Neighbours been destroy'd,
And after I, by chance, had known
The fatal Wrong I'd rashly done,
I should have curs'd the Evil time
I'd been so great a Foe to Rhime,
Because its Author, all agree,
Did so excel in Poetry,
That he's not only justly thought
One of the best that ever wrote
In Spain, but all the World can scarce
Produce a greater King of Verse.

As

As *Nick'las* and the Holy Father
 Were ord'ring Matters thus together,
 The *Seignior*, who had long been dreaming,
 Of Gyants, Knights, and pretty Women,
 Awak'd i'th' middle of a deep
 Engagement he had had in's Sleep,
 And was as raving Mad as if
 His Rest had giv'n him no Relief:
 So that the Roaring and the Noise
 He made did the Cabal surprize,
 And cause them to condemn the rest,
 Without a view, in fear and haste.

Thus we may see how Servants reign
 When they the upper-hand can gain;
 And when our Rulers once run Mad,
 How the Good suffer for the Bad.

The End of the Third Part.

CANTO XIII.

*The Knight's Deportment in his Pains,
Till Sleep had reconcil'd his Brains;
The Priest, the Niece, and t'other Dowdy,
Contrive to cheat him of his Study.*

THe waking Don, whose Bedlam Skull
Of Tilts and Turnaments was full,
As climbing fancy grew the Prouder,
Thus to himself he rav'd the louder:
*Come all ye brave Puissant Knights,
Expert in Arms and Bloody Fights,
Now is the only Time to shew
Your Discipline and Valour too:
For lo the Courtiers bear away
The Fame and Honour of the Day.*

These mad Excursions of the *Don*
 Soon scar'd the Priest from going on,
 And also eas'd his trimming Neighbour,
 As well as self from further Labour,
 Who giving over their Survey,
 To the *Don's* Chamber made their way;
 Where at the Door they stood unseen
 Some time before they enter'd in,
 That by his mad Ejaculations,
 His frantick Whims and raving Passions,
 The cause that so disturb'd his Brain
 Might in his Talk appear more plain,
 Leaving the Lasses to compleat
 The Work themselves were glad to quit;
 Who being thus both Judge and Jury,
 And in the height of Female fury,
 Tumbl'd the rest unto the Pile,
 Fav'ring no Author with a Smile,
 But quick did their Revenge pursue,
 As angry Women always do,

By whose rash Judgment many far'd
 The worse, that merited Regard,
 And Wits and Fools without debate
 Were doom'd to share an equal Fate:
 Just so when Subjects have ingross'd
 The Pow'r their Prince hath madly lost,
 The Innocent too oft partake
 Of Ruin, for the Guilty's sake.

The Priest by this time, and the Shaver,
 Who'd listen'd to their Friends Behaviour,
 Hearing him rise from out his Bed
 With Fifty Meagrim's in his Head,
 Raving and ranting like a Bully
 Inflam'd with Drunken Rage and Folly;
 Now grinning forth a blust'ring Word,
 Then Brandishing his Trusty Sword,
 Laying about him here and there,
 Stabbing the Wainscot, then a Chair,
 As if beset with Twenty Ruffins
 Imploy'd to fill Church-yards and Coffins;

So that the Barber and the Priest,
 Finding the Signior thus posselt,
 Like Bailiffs, bolted in upon him,
 Fearing some Inj'ry might be done him
 By his own Hand, in these mad Freaks,
 'Less manag'd in his Bedlam Tricks,
 And running of a sudden tow'rd
 The *Don*, caught hold of Man and Sword;
 Then wresting from his stubborn Arm
 The Weapon, to prevent all harm,
 They forc'd him to his Bed again,
 That Rest might ease his crazy Brain;
 Where first he rattl'd, rav'd and swore,
 And whilst they held him, kick'd and tore
 Like Horn-mad Cuckold, by the Jade
 His Wife, to Bedlam just betray'd;
 But finding after all his bust ling,
 That Two to One were odds at wrestling,
 And that the Gyants had most Strength,
 He grew discreetly Mad at length,

And

And turning tow'rd's the Parish Guide,
Most gravely thus *Don Quixote* cry'd:

My Lord *Archbishop* Turpin, sure
We the Twelve Peers must not endure,
To see the Honour of the Day
By the Knights Courtiers born away,
And all sneak off in this Condition,
Without a further Opposition;
When we the Twelve Puissant Peers
Of France, the Knights Adventurers,
Obtain'd, to our Immortal Praise,
The better for the first Three Days.

My Noble Valiant Lord, reply'd
The Curate, pray be pacify'd,
Bad luck to Day, may be to morrow
Turn'd into Good, to ease your Sorrow;
Let not vain Honour as you lye,
But your own Health your Thoughts employ;
For both your Speech and Aspect shew,
You're weary, if not wounded too.

Wounded

Wounded I am not, crys the Signior,
 But bruise'd in an ignoble Manner,
 A huge Gygantic base-born Knight,
 Full of unmanly Rage and Spite;
 That Don Orlando Furioso,
 Has us'd me I confess but so-so,
 For envying that Immortal Fame
 My bold Atchievements justly claim,
 And in his Travels meeting me,
 His Rival mounted Cap-a-pe,
 With Pride and Malice, Mad and Drunk,
 He tore up by the Roots the Trunk
 Of a tall Oak, that long had stood
 The Guard and wonder of the Wood,
 And coming unawares upon me,
 Had like at once to've over run me;
 Gave me such mighty Thwacks and Stroaks,
 Sufficient to have fell'd an Ox,
 For every blow I'm sure I bore
 Ten load of solid Wood or more;

But

But finding I despis'd his Club,
 And stood the force of every Drub,
 At last he clap'd the Trunk between
 His Legs, then gave a snarling grin,
 And o'er the Mountains steer'd his Course,
 Upon his huge long Hobby Horse ;
 Then coolling, I began to find
 Each Blow had left a Bruise behind ;
 But since he has so basely maul'd
 My Ribs, may I no more be call'd
 Rinaldo, if I e'er forget him,
 Or not revenge it when I meet him :
 First bring me a Supply of Food,
 And Wine that's relishing and good,
 Then shall the vile Orlando feel
 The force of my revengeful Steel.

Accordingly they now proceeded
 To what the Signior chiefly needed,
 And brought him a voluptuous Meal
 That did his craving Stomach heal,

Who

Who Eat like any famish'd Horse,
 Or Grey-hound sharpen'd by a Course,
 Till active Jaws had conquer'd quite
 The fury of his Appetite ;
 Which when he'd done, like pamper'd Beast,
 He soon compos'd himself to rest,
 Leaving the Lasses, Priest and Shaver,
 Once more unto their good Behaviour,
 Who now began in woeful Sadness
 To Convas his uncommon Madness,
 And to lament with flowing Eyes,
 His and their own Calamities ;
 Which Sorrow made their Malice grow
 So great against the common Foe,
 The Books they had condemn'd to Flames,
 That the two weeping furious Dames
 Set Fire unto the Learned Pile,
 Shedding their spiteful Tears the while ;
 And as the Flames encreas'd and spread,
 The Gypies wept as Nero plaid.

Thus

Thus Women ripe to perpetrate
 Revenge, with Tears their Malice wet,
 As Smiths on Cynders sprinkle Water,
 To make 'em burn the fiercer a'ter.
 No sooner had the She Controller
 Oth' Household, full of Spleen and Choler,
 With Madam Niece, by help of Lights,
 Giv'n Fire to all the Errant Knights,
 And to the Guiltless Poets too
 That lay condemn'd among the Crew,
 But they began to dry their Eyes,
 And turn their Sorrows into Joys,
 Still nimbly fetching new Supplies
 To make the Flames the higher rise:
 Till many worthy Volumes, writ
 By Men of Learning, Fame and Wit,
 When Female Passion grew too warm,
 Were Martyr'd in the fiery Storm:
 So when the hair-brain'd Rabble feel
 The mad Effects of Dogstar Zeal,

The Righteous for the Wicked's sake
Are often injur'd thro' mistake.

The Priest and Barber, who had staid
To see the *Dox* compose his Head,
Now left him Snoaring, when they found
His Sleep not Counterfeit but sound,
And came just time enough to see
The Study's sad Catastrophe;
Where, like great School-boys by the Fire,
They stood to see the Flames expire,
Commending Female Resolution
For so expert an Execution,
Pursuant to the rigid Sentence
Themselves had given without Repentance,
On such Enchanting Books, that had
Made their Wise Friend so wondrous Mad.
So partial Judges, when they strain
A Point to serve a Wicked Reign,
And to confirm some Plot, condemn,
With worthless Wretches, Men of Fame,

They

They flatter those that dare presume
To execute the sinful Doom.

The Learned Pile which long had burn'd,
B'ing now to Dust and Ashes turn'd,
The Lasses next were at the Pains
To carry off the burnt Remains,
That should the *Don* by chance herea'ter
Cast Eye upon the place of Slaughter,
He should have no just Grounds to guess
That fatal spot to be the place,
Where all his Valiant Knights were slain,
And sturdy Gyants met their Bane;
Where Princes fell, and mighty Lords,
In spite of Shields and trusty Swords,
And fair Enchantresses of Hearts,
With all their Spells and Magick Arts,
Were burnt for Witches till they smoak'd,
To pleasure those they had provok'd.
So she that carries Corn to Mill,
And lets Young Roger kiss his fill,

As soon as e'er she'as plaid the Jilt,
 Brushes her Cloaths to hide her Guilt,
 Because the Meal from off his Jacket
 Should not be seen upon her Placket.

No sooner had they nicely done
 This private Execution,
 But the Wife Curate had projected
 What further ought to be effected,
 That doubtless might conducive be
 To his Dear Friend's Recovery,
 And be a means of ever hiding
 The Business they had been employ'd in,
 Which was, that they should now go stop
 The Study Door so nicely up,
 That when his Friend should be inclin'd
 To gratify his Studious Mind,
 He never more should find the way,
 To th' Room where once his Volumes lay,
 And that in case he ask'd concerning
 The Darling Fountain of his Learning,

In Answer to his Inquisition,
They then should tell him some Magician,
Conjur'd the Books away together,
Study and all, the Lord knows whither.

This Stratagem as soon as mov'd,
By all the rest was well approv'd;
So that to work they jointly run,
That 'twas no sooner said than done,
With so much Art it could no less
Than be attended with Success.
If therefore Priests can pass their Cheats,
On Madmen who have lost their Wits,
How easly may the same impole
On Fools, who have no Wit to lose.

When they had thus remov'd with gladness
The Causes of the Seignior's Madness,
And by their Marring and their making
Had fitted all things for his waking,
The weary Barber, and the Priest,
Took Leave, and so went home to rest,

Leaving

Leaving the Lasses to bemoan
 The loss of two such Friends, when gone,
 Who both however were so kind
 To leave fair Promises behind,
 That they their Visits would renew,
 At farthest in a Day or two.
 Thus Friends when parted have no prop,
 But hopes to keep their Friendship up.

The *Don*, who had been sore oppress'd,
 With Blows upon his Back and Breast,
 Also fatigu'd with tedious Watching,
 And many harms he had been catching,
 In spite of Bruises, and of beating,
 Slept very soundly after Eating;
 Like merry Toapers who for Ease
 Had tak'n a Dose against the Fleas.
 Next Day he wak'd, tho' scarce so soon
 As the Church Clock proclaim'd it Noon,
 And having by his Rest reliev'd
 His Senses, found his Sides aggriev'd;

His Arms so stiff, his Legs and Thighs
 So sore, he had no mind to rise,
 But like a Wiseman had the Grace
 To think his Bed the safest Place :
 So that his Bruises, Sleep and Lameness,
 Having thus brought him to a Tameness,
 He now began to only crave
 Such things as Sickmen ought to have,
 And taking Counsel, fed his Chops
 With Caudles, and with Sugar-sops,
 Which so compos'd him, that he lay
 Till almost Noon the second Day :
 Then rising from his Downy Bed,
 Which greatly had reliev'd his Head,
 And finding his exalted Mind
 To Feats of Chivalry inclin'd,
 He wanted now to feast his Senses
 With fighting Tales in Old Romances ;
 So walking tow'rds the Room which he
 Had turn'd into a Library,

He

He groap'd and gaz'd, and search'd about,
 But could not find his Study out,
 Or in the Wainfoot see the Door
 Which he had enter'd oft before.
 This made him pause, stare, fret and fume,
 Grin, bite his Lip, and then his Thumb,
 Like careless Harry, who has lost
 Her Wedding Ring the valued most.
 Under this great Dissatisfaction,
 Which he express'd in Word and Action,
 He rang'd about from place to place,
 But found out neither Door nor Case;
 Mov'd up and down from Room to Room,
 Search'd every Wall about his Home;
 Till at length put into a Passion,
 By fruitless long Examination,
 And then he call'd in Words morose
 For the She-Ruler of his House,
 Asking of her the ready way
 To's Study where his Volumes lay.

Lord,

Lord, Sir, reply'd the Jilting Quean,
 I can't imagine what you mean;
 You have no Books or Study left,
 But have been long of both bereft;
 When you were gone the Lord knows whither,
 Some Wizard, or the Devil rather,
 One Ev'ning to our mighty Wonder,
 Came in a Storm of Wind and Thunder,
 And carr'd 'em off upon his Back,
 Just as a Pedlar does his Pack.

No Uncle, crys the pretty Niece,
 'Twas not the Devil, but I guess
 Some spiteful Conj'ring Politician,
 Call'd an Enchanter, or Magician,
 Half Witch, and to'other half Physician;
 For he came mounted on the Back
 Of a huge Dragon, Red and Black,
 Cloath'd with a Sable Morning Gown,
 Embroider'd with the Sun and Moon,

*A Mountheer Cap beset with Stars,
 Hung flapping o'er his Leather Ears;
 A Bag of Female Fern-feed, ty'd
 With Crabs Guts, to his Dexter Side:
 Thus in a Stormy Cloud he came,
 Compos'd of sooty Smoak and Flame,
 Making his Entrance with a fierce
 Tremendous Whirl-wind at his A—se,
 And when he'ad forc'd your Study Door,
 And look'd your Learned Volumes o'er,
 He tore it down in half a Minute,
 With all your Books and Writings in it;
 Which, tho' enough to fill a Waggon,
 He clap'd behind him on his Dragon,
 And carr'd them off upon my Life,
 Just as a Bumkin does his Wife,
 Leaving so strong a choaking Scent
 Of melted Brimstone when he went
 As if the Wizard Stern and Dreaa
 Had like a Helborn Fury fed*

Upon

*Upon Sulphureous Smoak and Flame,
 And backward fix'd out the same,
 That he more Spitefully might shew
 His foul Revenge to us and you :
 For as he flew away in haste,
 Upon his frightful winged Beast,
 He cry'd aloud, I am the Sage
 Muniaton, who in my Rage
 Have nobly Gratify'd my spight,
 In tricking the pretended Knight.*

*I tell thee Cozen, quoth the Don,
 His Name was not Muniaton,
 It must be Freston, that Old Gransir,
 A famous cunning Necromancer.*

*I am not certain, I protest,
 Whether 'twas Freston, quoth the Niece,
 Or Friston, 'cause the Wizard broke
 His Silence in a Cloud of Smoke ;
 But whatso'er he call'd his Name,
 Ton was the ending of the same.*

I'm sure, reply'd the Don, 'twas he,
 That did me this base Injury;
 I know he bears Ill-Will unto me,
 And was he able would undo me,
 Because he by his Art foresees
 That I shall conquer whom I please,
 And notwithstanding all his Charms,
 Perform such Wonders by my Arms,
 That I shall still Victorious prove
 O'er Knights, for whom he has a Love;
 Crush, Vanquish, bear 'em down, and beat 'em,
 Where e'er it is my Chance to meet 'em:
 'Tis therefore the Revengeful Wizard
 Has such a grumbling in his Gizzard,
 And for that Cause that he has done me
 This Wrong, and put this Trick upon me;
 But I assure that angry Sage,
 That all his Malice and his Rage,
 His Dark Infernal Operations,
 Magical Spells and Conjurations,

*Can neither hinder, thwart, abate,
Or alter the Degrees of Fate.*

*You're in the right, replies the Niece,
All Persons must agree with this ;
But why, Dear Uncle, will you run
Such dang'rous Risques as you have done,
Range Desarts, Woods, and Plains, beyond
Your Knowledge, like a Vagabond ;
To Quarrels pick with Bulls and Bears,
And stake your Precious Life 'gainst theirs ;
Encounter Gyants in your way,
Kill Knights, and Scaly Dragons slay,
And undergo such painful Strife,
For nothing but a starviug Life,
As if you thought no Bread to Eat
Better than what we make of Wheat,
And that a Slumber was as good,
Beneath a Hedge, or in a Wood,
As on an easy Bed of Down,
Whose Comforts you so long have known.*

Besides,

Besides, I pray what Honour is't,
 To Fight a Gyant or a Beast,
 And to come off ill bruis'd with Blows,
 Subdu'd and batter'd by your Foes,
 And then brought home upon an Ass,
 Like Vagabond convey'd by Pass,
 And all perhaps to raise the Fame
 Of some strange distant Beauteous Dame
 You know no more of than her Name.

So Cats who run a Catter waulling,
 In hopes by scratching and by squalling
 To beat their Rivals, oft come Home
 Well feretted from Pole to Bam.

Therefore, Dear Uncle, I assure you,
 I think 'twould be much better for you,
 To lay aside your Thoughts of Rambling,
 Of Fighting, Squabbling and of Scrambling,
 And like a Prudent Man prefer
 Pleasure to Pain, and Peate to War;
 For who that has his Senses right
 Would such engaging B'essings flight,

To lead a Life much worse than they
Who Conquer for a Groat a Day.

Lord help thee, crys the Don, poor Creature,
How ill thou understand'st this Matter,
Know that, before I'd suffer wrong
From Ruffains Arm or Sland'rous Tongue,
I'd take a Thousand Knights and Gyants
Byth' Beard, and bid 'em all Defiance.

But, Sir, consider (crys the Niece)
That many go to seek a Fleece,
Who oft, alas ! at their return,
Appear themselves most basely shorn.

Nouns, quoth the Signior in a fume,
Should any Knight or Knights presume,
To touch the tip but of one Hair
Of these Mustachoes that I wear,
I'd rend their Beards from off their Faces,
And beat 'em into Slaves and Asses.

The Niece and House-keeper not daring
To Answer when they heard him swearing,

Drew

Drew wisely off; and left the *Don*
To cool his Heat when they were gone.

Thus good Advice against the Grain,
Provokes misjudging wilful Men.
And seldom works those good effects
The Giver wishes or expects.

C A N T O XIV.

*How fam'd Don Quixote de la Mancha,
Chose for his 'Squire poor Sancho Panca :
How they stole out by Night together,
And Rode away they knew not whither.*

FULL Fifteen Days our Doubty Knight
Remain'd at Home in Peace and Quiet,
Shewing for's loss of Books no Sadness,
Nor any freakish Signs of Madness;

But

But in his Actions seem'd to be
 A Man of decent Gravity,
 As if he'ad re-assumed his Wits,
 And laid aside his rambling Fits;
 All which was but a meer Disguise,
 To seem less Frolick and more Wise,
 A subtle force he put on Nature,
 To carr' on his Designs the better.
 Thus as all sober Men have Passions,
 So Lunaticks have their Cessations,
 And both their Shams and Politicks
 T' accomplish their intended Freaks;
 For the fly *Seignior* during this
 His Residence at Home in Peace,
 Was fully bent to still pursue
 Those Honours which he thought his due;
 But recollecting that a Knight
 Was not Equipp'd or fitted Right,
 Till furnish'd with a Trusty 'Squire,
 According to his Heart's Desire,

And having fix'd his Eyes upon
 A lusty Neighb'ring Country Clown,
 Nam'd *Sancho Panca*, bred to Plow,
 Sow, Harrow, Reap, and thrash the Mow,
 A downright Honest lab'ring Fellow,
 His Purse but low, and Brains but Shallow,
 Plagu'd with a Wife and Beards good store,
 Whose craving Mouths still kept him poor;
 And this was he the Knight pick'd out
 From all the Bumkins thereabout,
 To win by private Applications,
 Fair Words and kind Solicitations,
 And all his soothing fine Preambles
 T' attend him in his fighting Rambles,
 Telling the poor unthinking Lout,
 That in a little time no doubt,
 But they should Conquer wealthy Isles,
 And Castles full of Golden Spoils,
 O'er which he surely should be made
 Chief Governor, or Great Alcay'd,

And

And that he then might hope to see
 A Time of such Prosperity,
 That might not only be Enjoy'd
 By him, but Wife and Bearn's beside.

This frantick wild alluring Stuff,
 With artful Gravity set off,
 Was to poor *Sancho* so bewitching,
 Above his Hedging and his Ditching,
 That he consented soon to be
 The Knight's Esquire in Errantry,
 And to renounce the Scythe and Flayl,
 Those Arms he understood so well,
 For the broad Sword, that he might learn
 To Mow down Men, instead of Corn,
 And Thrash those Foes he could o'erpow'r,
 As he had done his Grain before.
 Thus Men are oft decoy'd to quit,
 Their scanty Meals for ne'er a bit,
 Just as the Mastiff was betray'd,
 To drop the Substance for the Shade.

The Knight most highly pleas'd to find,
 He'ad got a Sword-Mate to his Mind,
 A lusty Looby, who was able
 To scuffle stoutly in a Squabble,
 And bear in any desp'rate Case
 A baiſting with a Manly Grace,
 Began to think of Ways and Means
 To raise that useful Friend the Pence,
 Remembring that upon his Knighting,
 His Host who had been us'd to fighting,
 Enjoin'd him never more to ride
 Without his Pockets well supply'd;
 Therefore to keep the Vow he'ad made
 When dub'd by dint of Trusty Blade,
 He now convey'd away by Stealth,
 Substantial Lands for Pocket Wealth,
 Mortgag'd one part, another sold,
 Thus turn'd his Acres into Gold,
 That *Sancho Panca* and himself
 Might fight and fool away the Pelf:

But

But why at *Quixote* should we wonder,
 Since other Madmen daily squander
 Estates away, that they may be
 Much more Ridiculous than he.

When thus the Knight was flush of Money,
 He walks unto his Trusty Crony,
 Consults him, and appoints the Day
 On which they were to steal away,
 Biding him make all due Provision,
 For their intended Expedition,
 And that he should be sure to take
 A good large Wallet at his Back,
 Sufficient to contain their Luggage,
 And carry off their Bag and Baggage:

Poor *Sancho* who was glad at Heart,
 To hear the Knight such News impart,
 Reply'd, his Will should be obey'd

In each Commandment he had said:

But hark ye me, Sir Knight, I pray,

There's one thing I have more to say,

I've

*I've Corns upon my Feet and Toes,
 And cannot Trot on Foot, God knows;
 But I have got a sturdy Ass,
 Who, tho' not fit to run a Race,
 Yet is he Good to an Extream,
 And truly sound both Wind and Limb;
 Well built before, and strong behind,
 A perfect Beauty in his kind;
 And as for Weight, his Strength and Force,
 Will make an Ass of any Horse;
 Besides, I'm sure he'll never tire,
 Therefore since I am made your Squire,
 I'll freely venture Life and Limb
 Upon no other Beast but him.*

At this the Knight began to pause,
 And mumbl'd many Hums and Haws,
 Wracking his busy Brains to find
 A Precedent of such a kind,
 But could not recollect that e'er
 A Knight permitted his Esquire

To mount his Fundamental Twiss
 On such a dull disgraceful Beast,
 Whose pricked Ears he fear'd might be
 A Scandal to Knight Errantry:

However, he at length comply'd
 That *Sancho* should his Afs bestride,
 Till he could purchase for his 'Squire
 A mettld Courser that was higher,
 Or put him into better plight
 By 'nhorsing some Discourteous Knight.

Thus having fix'd the Time and Place,
 And got their Arms in readiness,
 New vamp'd and mended whatso'er
 Had suffer'd by the Muliteer,
 And carefully supply'd their Bags
 With Salves, clean Shirts, fine Lint and Rags,
 And all things fit and necessary
 For Doubty Knight and 'Squire to carry:
 According to the Midnight Hour
 They had prefix'd not long before,

To

Both

Both stole from Home when dark and late,
 And at the Place appointed met,
Don Quixote Hors'd in Armour Clad,
 And *Sancho* on his prick-ear'd Pad,
 With Waller at his Crupper ty'd,
 And Leathern Bottle by his Side,
 To ballance which a mighty Weapon
 Hung down, whose Scabbord had no Chape
 (on;

So that the threat'ing point where Death
 Was seated, hung below the Sheath,
 And serv'd him now and then, in case
 Of speed, to spur his sluggish Afs :
 So have I seen a Highland Clown,
 On puny Tit Trot thro' a Town,
 With a huge Bag of Oatmeal ty'd
 To's Girdle, on his Dexter Side,
 And on the Left a Sword, whose Blade
 Thro' unstitcht gaping Scaboard made,
 Ill favour'd grins to e'ery Eye
 That view'd him as he travel'd by.

When

When thus they had began together,
 Their Midnight Ramble, God knows whe-
 (ther,
 And from their Homes, with equal Art,
 Had made an unsuspected Start,
 Both jointly fearing a pursuit,
 Each spur'd on his unwilling Brute,
 That they might make such speedy way,
 And gain such Ground by break of Day,
 As to be past all doubt of Danger
 From those they'd left at Rack and Manger,
 The Knight, tho' stout, b'ing much afraid,
 Of the Priest, Barber, Niece and Maid ;
 And his 'Squire tim'rous of the Clamour
 Of crying Brats and scolding Gammar,
 Both knowing should they be o'ertaken,
 By means of those they had forsaken,
 That it must frustate or postpone
 The great Designs they were upon,

M m

And

And stop their Journey made by Stealth,
 Tow'rds endless Honour, Fame and Wealth;
 Poor *Sancho* thinking now of nothing
 But dainty Bits and costly Clothing,
 And larger Pockets in his Breeches,
 As big as Sacks, to hold his Riches,
 Expecting soon to be a King,
 Or some such mighty pompous thing.
 Thus those who enter upon Arms,
 Ne'er think of Hardships or of Harms,
 But Dream of rising to be Great,
 Till Want or Wounds compleat their Fate.

The Knight and 'Squire alike possess
 With vain Conceits of being blest,
 By some strange accidental Fortune
 As yet conceal'd behind the Curtain,
 Jog'd on repleat with mutual Joy,
 Altho' beneath a fullen Sky,
 Which neither shone with Moon or Stars
 To guide the wand'ring Travellers;

But

But Resolution knows no fear,
 And in the dark its Course can steer,
 Makes Night as pleasant as the Day,
 When hope of Int'rest paves the way.

Yet, tho' the Heavens were as Cloudy
 As ill-look'd *Aethiopian* Dowdy,
 Poor *Rosinant*, whose doubtful Sight
 Was not exceeding Young or Bright,
 Made shift to keep the very Road
 Which he before had often trod,
 In which his worthy Knight and Master
 Had met with such a fore Disaster;
 So that by th' time the Morning Goddess
 Began to fumble for her Bodice,
 And with her charming *Eastern* Blushes,
 To gild the Meadows and the Bushes,
 They found themselves upon the Plains
 Of *Montiel*, where the early Swains
 Were moving from their Rural Huts,
 To Milk their Kine and tend their Goats,

And to Enjoy, exempt from Pride,
 Those Blessings unto Kings deny'd.
 As thus they beat the Heathy Ground,
 Which Eccho'd back their Steps in sound,
 Quoth *Sancho*, ' What your Knightship said
 ' I vow runs strangely in my Head,
 ' I hope your Worship won't forget
 ' The Island, tho' unconquer'd yet ;
 ' I question not but I've Discretion
 ' To govern any Land or Nation,
 ' Altho' as big as all *La Mancha* ;
 ' Besides, methinks, Duke *Sancho Panca*
 ' Would sound as nobly in the Ear
 ' As any Title one should hear.

Friend Sancho, quoth the doubty Knight,
Ne'er fear but I will do thee right ;
'T'as always been and still must be
The Custom in Knight Errantry,
For Knights who fight for Honours sake,
By way of recompence, to make

Their Trusty Squires the Governors
 Of Kingdoms, they have won in Wars;
 For he who with a Valiant Heart,
 In Conquest bears a noble part,
 In Justice ought to do no less,
 Than share the Fruits of the Success:
 'Tis true, I must confess, we're told
 In Hist'ry, that the Knights of old,
 Their Bounties and Rewards delay'd
 Till their poor Squires were quite decay'd,
 By the hard Service they had done,
 And Wounds receiv'd in risques they'd run:
 But I, Friend Sancho, thou shalt find,
 Will prove more generous and kind;
 For the first Empire I subdue,
 A Kingdom will I give to you,
 Add Royal Honours to your Name,
 And Crown thee Monarch of the same;
 All which I'll do thou need'st not doubt,
 Before six Days are gone about,

For

*For mighty Things, if well projected,
May be in little time effected.*

*Sancho transported with Delight,
Reply'd unto his Master Knight,
' And shall I be a King d'ye say,
' I wish to see that happy Day ;
' It makes me laugh to think how Joan
' My Wife, would look upon a Throne ;
' For if I rise to Kingly Pow'r,
' Then Joan must be a Queen besure,
' And all our Bears, who now are Clad
' In Rags and Tatters, and are glad
' To run upop their naked Tentoes,
' Be made rich Princes and Infanta's.*

*You need not fear, reply'd the Knight,
But all these Things will happen right ;
How oft have Rural Nymphs and Clowns,
Been rais'd from Shepherds Crooks to Crowns,
And climb'd by Fortunes Smiles from nothing
To dainty Bits and costly Clothing ;*

There

Therefore ne'er doubt but by my Sword,
 Or Lance, I'll soon make good my Word,
 And honest Joan and you shall share
 A Kingdom, tho' I know not where,
 And your fair Progeny shall be
 Successors in the Monarchy.

' Master, quoth Sancho, all I fear
 Is, that if Joan should come to wear
 A Crown, 'twould sit I know not how,
 Just like a Saddle on a Sow ;
 For tho' she carries, I confess,
 The Milk-pail with a wondrous Grace,
 Yet such a Golden Badge of Honour
 Would hang so awkwardly upon her,
 That I dare swear she'd look therein
 Like a coarse Tapstry hanging Queen,
 Who by her stiffness seems to be
 Unworthy of her Dignity ;
 Therefore on second thoughts poor Joan
 Will never well become a Throne,

' Her

- ‘ Her Bulk, her Breeding, and her Stature,
- ‘ Her Ruddy Face and homely Feature,
- ‘ May, if she strains a Point, agree
- ‘ With Countess, but not Majesty :
- ‘ So that indeed I don’t desire
- ‘ She ever should be rais’d much higher,
- ‘ ’Cause she’s too headstrong, loud and little,
- ‘ In short for any Royal Title.

*Quoth Quixote, never Entertain
 A Thought so scandalous and mean,
 I can foresee that Thou and She
 Are Born to Sovereignty,
 And must e’erlong, in spite of Fate,
 Be both Majestically Great.*

- ‘ Nay, replies Sancho, if our Stars
- ‘ Will force such Favours unawares
- ‘ Upon us, we must be Content,
- ‘ And manage well our Government ;

' But I'd be glad methinks to know
 ' In what strange World those Kingdoms
 (grow,
 ' O'er which your Worship, as you say,
 ' Intends to bear Imperial Sway,
 ' And under whom, my Dame and I
 ' Are jointly doom'd to Majesty.

Thus as they jog'd along the Plains,
 The one infected t'other's Brains,
 Till the poor trusty Squire was quite
 Deluded by the frantick Knight.

Since groundless hopes of Gain we find
 Sometimes will Humane Reason blind,
 How far must real Int'rest sway
 The Mind, and lead the World astray.

N n

CANT:

CANTO XV.

Don Quixote thro' mistake, attacks
A Windmill, and his Lance he breaks ;
 Poor Sancho, at a distance, prays
That Heaven may give the Knight Success.

' **A** S o'er the Plains by break of Day
 The Knight and Sancho made their way,
Don Quixote happen'd to e'spy
 A Row of working Windmills nigh,
 On which he fix'd his Eyes with dread,
 And thus unto his Squire he said :

This Day, Friend Säncho, shall we be
Crown'd with a glorious Victory,
And by our Arms and Valour raise
Our selves, above the reach of Praise ;

Behold

Behold those mighty Gyants yonder,
 Didst ever see so great a wonder?
 Mind how they brandish in the Air
 Their nimble Arms that stretch so far,
 As if they cuff'd the peaceful Winds
 To ease the Malice of their Minds:
 In Times of Yore such monstrous Brutes,
 Who fought with Trees pull'd up byth' Roots,
 And made Barn Doors and Waggon Wheels
 Their pondrous Bucklers and their Shields,
 Thought it a Scandal and Disgrace
 To shew above one murd'ring Face
 At ouce, but here there comes a Troop
 To meet us, and to Eat us up.

' I doubt, quoth Sancho to the Knight,
 The Haify Morn confounds your Sight;
 Those Monsters you mistake to be
 So full of Rage and Cruelty,
 Are only Wind-mills, I'll be sworn
 That eat up nothing else but Corn,

‘ And those long Arms in your Conceit,
Are Sails by which they grind their Wheat.

Poh, poh, thou silly Wretch, replies
The Knight, *do's think I have no Eyes,*
I find thou art a perfect Stranger
To brave Adventures and to Danger ;
I tell thee, they are monstrous Gyants,
Huge Cow'rdly Lubbers, whose Reliance
Is on their Number, and their Strength
Of Arms, of such a wondrous length
And bigness, that one angry Grasp
Would give a Foe his dying Gasps,
Except a Vall'rous Knight like me,
Expert in Feats of Chivalry.

Poor *Sancho* in a Fume replies,
‘ Why sure your Worship is more Wise
‘ Than fancy, as you seem to do,
‘ You've any Monsters here in view ;
‘ The Dev'l a Gyant's there before you,
‘ They're Wind-Mills all I can assure you ;

‘ Or you’re a Dragon, and no Knight,

‘ My self an Owl, my Cap a Kite.

Poh, quoth the Don, *thou hast not Skill*

To know a Gyant from a Mill;

Thy fear I find has Rob’d thee quite

Of Reason, or at least of Sight,

Since I conceive thou art affear’d

To take a Gyant by the Beard:

E’en go aside, Kneel down and Pray,

Whilst I prepare to Fight and Slay,

Or to disperse that monstrous Race,

So daring cruel and so base.

‘ Strange ways crys *Sancho* to himself,

‘ Of winning Kingdoms full of Pelf;

‘ Nouns does his Worship mean, I wonder,

‘ To Ride o’er all those Wind-Mills yonder,

‘ Let him Conceit whate’er he will,

‘ And make a Monster of a Mill,

‘ If they are Gyants, by the Mafs

‘ I dare be bound to eat my As;

‘ How-

- ‘ However, let him take his Freak,
 ‘ I’ll pray the while and save my Neck.

No sooner had the Valiant Knight
 Made all things for the Combat fit,
 Couch’d his bright Lance, and fix’d his Bum
 In his War Saddle, close and plumb,
 But he cry’d, *Stand ye Cowards all,*
So Big, so Mighty, and so Tall,
That I a single Knight may try
Your Strength and Valour e’er you fly ;
What, tho’ your Whiskers are so long,
Your Looks so fierce, your Arms so strong,
Your Number Thirty Three or Four,
Know that I’d fight ye were you more.
 Then making a Concise Oration
 To his Dear *Dulci* in a Passion,
 Imploring her prevailing Charms
 To give a Blessing to his Arms,
 He rais’d his spacious Target over
 His Head, and did his Body cover ;

Then

Then spurring his Dim-sighted Horse,
 He boldly Rid with all his force,
 T' attack that Mill which nearest stood,
 That sturdy Gyant made of Wood,
 And hitting with his Lance the Sail,
 Blown round with a refreshing Gale,
 The Wings, which were in so much haste,
 And whirl'd about so wondrous fast,
 Shiver'd the Handle from the Spear,
 And tost the pieces here and there;
 Giving the Knight so sad a Cant
 From off the Back of *Rozinant*,
 That he was forc'd sometime to dwell
 'Twixt Heaven and Earth before he fell;
 Where twice or thrice, if not more oft,
 He turn'd the *Somerſet* aloft,
 Then nicely pitching headlong down,
 Stood bolt upright upon his Crown,
 Whilst *Rozinant*, his Aged Horse,
 Far'd e'ery Jot as bad, or worse,

And

And by a spiteful Sail that crost
 His stubborn Sides, was fairly tost
 Three times his length, from off the Hill
 Where stood this Gyant of a Mill.
 Thus those who blindly will engage
 With Boes they know not, in their Rage,
 Come off sometimes, tho' ne'er so Stout,
 With broken Bones and batter'd Snout.

Poor *Saicho* seeing Horse and Master
 In this unhappy sore Disaster,
 Left Pray'rs, and, with his utmost speed,
 Spur'd on his long-ear'd braying Steed,
 That he might help the groaning Knight,
 Who lay in very doleful plight,
 As if he fear'd, in case he stir'd,
 A rising Blow with Fist or Sword.

How faxes it Master, quoth the Squire,
I hope you've found me now no Lyer,

Did not I, o'er and over, tell you,
 Before this sad Mischance besel you,
 That all those huge gygantic Blades,
 With monstrous Arms and mighty Heads,
 Were nothing else but Mills that grind
 Our Wheat and Barly Corn by Wind :
 Why therefore would you madly go
 To Combat such a wooden Foe,
 Whose grumbling Guts are Stones and Cogs,
 And Ribs made up of Planks and Logs,
 When you beforehand knew full well,
 There was no Fence against a Flail ?

' Peace, prithee Sancho (cry'd the Knight)
 ' These things you understand not right,
 ' War, ev'ry Wiseman must agree,
 ' Is full of great Uncertainty,
 ' None know which Side will be befriended
 ' With Vict'ry till the Battle's ended,
 ' Tho' I, too late, can make appear
 ' The Cause of my Misfortune here,

O o

' And

- ‘ And know full well to whom I owe
- ‘ This unexpected Overthrow ;
- ‘ *Freston*, that cunning old Magician,
- ‘ Has brought me into this Condition,
- ‘ That subtle Knave, who stole away
- ‘ My Books and Study, t’other Day,
- ‘ Has now transform’d, by Magic Charms,
- ‘ Those Gyants that appear’d in Arms,
- ‘ Into base Windmils, to confound
- ‘ My Strength, and cast me to the Ground.
- ‘ Curse of his Malice and his Spite,
- ‘ That ruin’d such a brave Exploit,
- ‘ And hinder’d me from hacking down
- ‘ Those monstrous Brutes who now are flown.
- ‘ But still I’ll make him know, that all
- ‘ His Wiles shall never work my Fall;
- ‘ For by my Sword and Lance, tho’ broke,
- ‘ I’ll make the spiteful Wizard smoke.

*Amen, (quoth Sancho) I could wish
The Devil had him in his Dish.*

I fear

*I fear the Rogue has disappointed
 My being made the Lord's Anointed.
 But pray recover your surprize,
 And try if you have strength to rise :
 I wish you find, when off the Ground,
 That all your Bones are safe and sound ;
 For you have had, I must declare,
 An ugly Tumble thro' the Air.*

With that Squire *Sancho* lent the Knight
 His Hand, and set him bolt upright,
 Who faintly without Motion stood,
 Like Image made of Stone or Wood,
 Till, by degrees, his Limbs began
 To lose their Numbness and their Pain.
 Then *Sancho* led him to his Steed,
 Who, in the Fray, had spoil'd his speed,
 And was become, by his Disaster,
 A far worse Cripple than his Master ;
 However, *Sancho*, by main force,
 Mounted the Knight upon his Horse,

Who, when he once was got a **Straddle**,
 Could make a shift to keep his **Saddle**;
 Then striding his obsequious **Ass**,
 Away they jogg'd a gentle **Pace**,
 Making the fatal **Windmill Battle**
 The Subject of their **Tittle-tattle**.
 So **Rakes**, when they've a **Brothel storm'd**,
 And come off beaten and disarm'd,
 Their greater **Pleasure** is, at last,
 To prattle of the **Danger past**.

Thus on they travel'd tow'rds the **Pass**
 Of *Lapice*, a noted **Place**.

The **Valiant Don** b'ing still inclin'd
 To **Fight**, tho' beat by **Wood and Wind**,
 And therefore chose that publick **Way**
 To meet with some advent'rous **Fray**,
 Wherein he might, by dint of **Steel**,
 Repair his **Honour** which the **Mill**
 Had forely wounded with the **Blow**
 That prov'd his fatal **Overthrow**;

So valiant Generals, when they're beat,
 And forc'd to Fly or to Retreat,
 Strive by new Hazards to restore
 The Honour they had lost before.

The only Sorrow now that hung
 Upon the Knight's complaining Tongue,
 Was the Ill-fortune and Mischance
 He had to lose his trusty Lance,
 Which at his first bold manly Stroke,
 Th' enchanted Mill to shivers broke.
 This sad Affliction almost gravel'd
 His working Fancy as he travel'd.
 At length he was resolv'd to try
 The following Method of supply:
 And having thought a while upon it,
 He cry'd to *Sancho*, *Now I've done it,*
I've read, says he, *a Spanish Knight*
Who broke his Sword, by chance, in Fight,
In this Distress with Fury ran
To an Oak growing on the Plain,

And

*And rending from the sturdy Trunk
 A mighty Limb, full siz'd for Plank,
 Return'd again unto his Foes,
 And ground whole Legions with his Blows,
 Slaughter'd such Numbers that he trod
 Full Ankle deep in Moorish Blood;
 From whence, 'tis said, he was surnam'd
 The Grinder, and for ever fam'd;
 Therefore do I intend, like him,
 From the next Oak to tear a Limb,
 That I, Don Quixote, may surpass
 Don Diego Perez de Vargas,
 For that's the Name of that bold Knight
 Who kill'd so many Moors in Fight;
 But yet, Friend Sancho, thou shalt see
 I'll do much braver Deeds than he,
 That thou may'st bless thyself, and warm
 Thy Soul with Wonders I perform.*

' I wish I may, (replies the Squire)
 ' For your Success is my Desire,

' I must

I must allow, an Oaken-Club
 Will give a Foe a dev'lish Drub;
 'Tis true, a Lance might spill more Blood,
 Or else a Cudgel is as good.
 But pray don't fiddle so and waddle,
 But sit more upright in your Saddle,
 That plaguy Mill has been no Friend
 To your poor Worship's fizling End;
 I have some cause to fear, an't please ye,
 Your Bruises make you sit uneasy.

'Tis true, Friend Sancho, (quoth the Don)
My Rump is disoblig'd I own,
But Knights, altho' they're almost slain,
Must never of their Wounds complain,
Or pine, like other dastard Wretches,
Tho' their Guts drop into their Breeches.

'Nay then (quoth Sancho) 'tis no wonder
 Your Worship is so patient under
 The Danger you so lately past,
 With a damn'd break-neck Fall at last,

' A

' A trifling Blow that made you fly
 ' Twelve Yards, at least, 'twixt Air and Sky;
 ' And yet, if I the truth could know,
 ' 'Tas only broke a Rib, or so;
 ' But such small puny Hurts, I'll warrant,
 ' Can never move a brave Knight-Errant:
 ' However, if your Worship's Back,
 ' Or Sides, are maim'd in your Attack,
 ' Or that you find you've broke a Bone,
 ' I should be glad to hear you Hone,
 ' Or I shall never have the Skill
 ' To know when you are Well or Ill.

The Laws of Knighthood (quoth the Don)
To thee, I find, are quite unknown,
I tell thee, Knights must not complain,
Or make Wry-faces when in Pain,
But, by their Patience, Chance defeat,
And, tho' o'erpowered, ne'er submit;
For he who, when he's overthrown,
To Foes will no Subjection own,

Tho' worsted, can't be truly said

Sky; *To be subdu'd, unless he's dead.*

'Enough of this, (replies the Squire)

'I'm glad I am advanc'd no high'r;

t, *'For tho' I fancy I could fight,*

t: *'With any of my Bulk or Hight,*

'Yet should I make a forry Knight;

'For were I to be beaten soundly,

'I'm sure that I should Hone most woundly;

'Nay, without Wounding, truly Master,

'My Guts are grumbling for a Plaster,

'They wamble much, as I'm a Sinner,

on) *'I hope it's time to go to Dinner.*

Whene'er you please (replies the Knight)

Stuff you your craving Appetite;

But I am not dispos'd, as yet,

Like common Slaves, to drink or eat;

My Mind's Intent on something greater

Than the dull drudgeries of Nature;

But you that are my trusty Squire,
May feed as oft as you desire.

No sooner had poor *Sancho* won
 This pleasing License from the Don,
 But the Squire lugs from out his Wallet,
 A luncheon suited to his Palate,
 And fixing rightly on his Ass,
 Fell-to without one thought of Grace,
 Grinding some Morsels of his Food,
 And swallow'ing others quite unchew'd,
 With horny Claws supplying still
 His Mouth, as Miller does his Mill;
 Sometimes committing to his use
 The Bottle fill'd with noble Juice,
 Taking such hearty Swigs thereof
 Till almost choak'd 'twixt Wine and Cough,
 Conceiting, like his Master Don,
 The Life he now had enter'd on
 Was the most happy, and the best
 That ever mortal Man possess.

So the fresh Soldier that receives
 The Premium that his Captain gives,
 With his new Choice is well content,
 Till all his Bounty-Money's spent.

Sancho of Drowth and Hunger eas'd,
 Now jogg'd along extreamly pleas'd,
 Fearing as little as his Master,
 Knight, Gyant, Combat, or Disaster,
 Pratling and Jesting with the Don,
 Till Darknefs unawares came on,
 So that Chance throwing in their way
 A Hedge-row at the close of Day,
 Wherein were planted Oak and Ash,
 Sloes, Wildings, Crabs, and other Trash;
 Twas here they stop'd from further trudging,
 And chose this Umbrage for their Lodging,
 Where *Rozinant* found Weeds and Grass,
 And Thistles grew for *Sancho's* Ass.
 Thus, tho' unhappy Man forsakes,
 His Welfare to pursue his Freaks,

Yet Providence, altho' we stray,
Flings needful Blessings in our Way.

The Knight, who had no Pow'r to bridle
His active Thoughts, which ne'er were Idle,
Instead of praying to the God
Of Sleep that he might take a Nod,
Began to make his lovely fair
Dulcinea now his only Care,
So fam'd for Butter and for Cheese,
Hogs-puddings, Tripe, and Sausages,
That now 'twas Gluttony or Sloth
To think of Hunger, Sleep, or Drowth,
Since pond'ring on the Charms possess'd
By *Dulci* was both Food and Rest.
But *Sancho* having much more Wit,
To the Hedge-bottom ty'd his Tit,
And making of his Arms his Pillow,
Slept all the Night beneath a Willow;
For having stufft, but just before,
His Guts with Food and Wine Galloure,

He did his weary Limbs requite
 With one sound Nap of all the Night,
 Whilst thoughtful *Quixote* waking sat,
 Brim-full of Love, and God knows what.

So the poor Slave that's doom'd to wait
 At the proud Elbows of the Great,
 With Pleasure takes his peaceful Rest;
 Whilst Cares disturb his Master's Breast.

CANTO

C A N T O XVI.

*How the two Champions spent the Night,
Beneath a Hedge-row, 'till 'twas Light.
The Contest with the Monks in Vizards,
Whom the Don fanfy'd to be Wizards.*

THE Day appear'd and Sun arose,
E're Sancho did his Eyes disclose ;
Nor could the Birds, whose chearful Strains
Welcom'd the Morn and rais'd the Swains,
Awake or Charm him from the Ground,
He slept so easy and so sound :
But soon as e'er the watchful Knight
With pleasing Eyes beheld the Light,
B'ing thoughtful of the great Mischance
He'd had so lately with his Lance,
He rang'd the Hedge from End to End,
In hopes some Tree might stand his Friend,

And

And yield him, in Distress, but one
 Strait Branch to mount his Spear upon,
 Which useful part he had the luck
 To save, altho' the rest was broke:
 At length a proper Bough he found,
 But so far distant from the Ground,
 That on his Horse's Back, the Knight,
 With much ado, stood bolt upright,
 Then catching hold o'th' taper end,
 Did with his utmost weight descend,
 Which caus'd the slender Bough to yield,
 That Thump came Don into the Field;
 His Armour rattling, when he fell,
 Like a Brass-Pot with Iron-Bale,
 Which hasty drop was near as bad,
 As that he at the Windmil had:
 However, tho' he hurt his Haunch
 And Huckle, down he brought the Branch,
 Which pleas'd him more than Bruise cou'd vex
 Or any broken Bone perplex him. (him,

So

So have I seen a Noddy climb
 Aloft and hazard Life and Limb,
 Encourag'd by no other Gains
 Than a poor Crows-Nest for his Pains.

The Don thus fitted to his Mind,
 Repair'd his Lance as he design'd,
 Then gave his drowsy Squire a Jog,
 Who snoaring lay like any Hog.
 No sooner had poor *Sancho* rais'd
 His Head, and star'd as if amaz'd,
 Shrug'd, scratch'd his Ears, gap'd twice or thrice
 And rub'd the Gum from out his Eyes.
 But turning from the Knight he slips
 The Leathern-Bottle to his Lips,
 And does by hearty Swigs prepare
 His Stomach 'gainst the Morning Air,
 But griev'd, when he had clear'd his Sight,
 To find the Vessel grown so light,
 Shrewdly mistrusting, when the Juice
 Was gone, of which he'd been profuse,

That

That he must live some time without,
 By smelling to the Bottle snout,
 Took therefore t'other Swig, to drown
 The present Fears that teas'd his Crown.
 So Spend-thrifts live at large and borrow
 To Day's Expences of to Morrow.

But the grave Don, who all the Night
 Had feasted, with unknown Delight,
 Upon *Dulcinea's* Charms and Graces,
 And all the sweets of her Embraces,
 So far as Fancy could supply
 The want of more substantial Joy,
 Would not be tempted to forsake
 His lusheous Thoughts, his Fast to break,
 Preferring Beauty so divine,
 To grosser Food, and Love, to Wine.
 So wise Philosophers, we find,
 Are so far of *Don Quixote's* Mind,
 That on Ideas they can Feast,
 And stile the happier Man a Beast,

Qq

Who

Who on the real Substance feeds,
 And ne'er denies what Nature needs.
 The Sun by this time having flown
 Some Leagues above the Horizon,
 And drank up all the Dews and Fogs
 That rose from Rivers, Fens and Bogs,
 The Knight, with *Sancho* at his Breech,
 Their Farewel took of Hedge and Ditch;
 And, like two stroling Gypsies budg'd
 From off the Ground where they had lodg'd,
 Having no half-dry'd Sheets to pay for,
 Nor Landlord's saucy Bill to stay for,
 But unmolested bent their speed
 Tow'rds *Lapice*, as they'd agreed,
 Hoping its *Pass* would soon afford
 Adventures worthy of the Sword,
 Wherein *Don Quixote* and his Horse
 Might shew their Valour and their Force,
 That *Sancho* might be made an ample
 Bravado by the Knight's Example,

And

And also boldly try how far
His Courser was an Ass of War.

Thus on they travel'd, Man and Master,
A Milk-maid's Pace, and {not much faster,
Till near the Publick Place they came,
Where both were to advance their Fame.

The Knight then turning to his Squire,
Bid him advance a little nigher.

Sancho (quoth he) *thou art, I see,*

Unread i'th' Laws of Chivalry;

I therefore charge you, whilst I live,

To mind these Cautions I shall give.

Whene'er thou seest me draw my Sword

'Gainst Knight or Knights say not a Word;

And tho' I'm ne'er so much oppress

With Numbers let your Whinyard rest;

For 'tis against the ancient Law

Of Knighthood for a Squire to draw,

Or shew his Valour and his Rage,

When any Knight with Knights engage,

Or at such times t'assist his Master,
 Tho' fallen beneath the worst disaster;
 None, except Knighted, must defend
 A worsted Knight, when Knights contend;
 For he that suffers, in a Fight,
 His Squire to draw upon a Knight,
 Shall be unhors'd, the Gauntlet run,
 And lose all Honours he has won.
 But should I chance to have a squabble
 With Ruffians, or a scoundrel Rabble,
 There you may draw, if you are willing,
 And kill till you are tir'd with killing,
 Without restraint your Valour show,
 And chine a Slave at ev'ry Blow.
 But once more let me set you right,
 Be sure ne'er draw 'twixt Knight and Knight.
 ' If this is all that you require,
 (Quoth Sancho) ' never doubt your Squire,
 ' Such easy Laws a Man may keep,
 ' Not only waking, but asleep;

' I ne'er

' I ne'er was fond to run my Nose
 ' Into a Quarrel 'twixt two Foes;
 ' Or to affront or fight a Stranger:
 ' I always hang-on-Arse in Danger.

Just as poor *Sancho* and the Don
 Were talking thus, and jogging on,
 Two well-fed *Benedictine* Monks,
 With brawny Limbs and burly Trunks,
 And Blubber-Cheeks blown roundly up,
 Between the Kitchen and the Cup,
 They chanc'd t'espy approaching near'em,
 Mounted on Strammels fit to bear'em,
 Strong pamper'd Mules, as full and fat
 As those who cross their Shoulders fat,
 Whilst their stretch'd Bellies aud cram'd Guts
 Hung o'er the Withers of their Brutes.
 Half Masks their Faces did disguise,
 To save the Dust from out their Eyes,
 By Glasses which were fix'd therein,
 To keep their rowling Eye-balls clean.

Um-

Umbrellas in their Hands they bore,
 Against the Sun's oppressive Pow'r,
 For fear his painful scorching Heat
 Should melt their Blubber into Sweat.
 Behind 'em came a Coach full trot,
 Where, with her Maid, there lolling fat
 A fair *Biscayan* tempting Devil,
 Flying with all her Charms to *Sevil*,
 To give her Spouse a parting Night
 Of Sorrow, mingl'd with Delight,
 Who stood consign'd to th' *Spanish Indies*,
 But had lain Wind-bound eight or nine Days.
 Behind came four or five, some riding
 On Mules, some Gennet-Pads bestriding,
 Two nimble Muleteers on Foot,
 Who, to keep Pace, were hard put to't.

No sooner had the Knight set Eyes
 Upon the Monks, but in surprise
 He check'd his *Rozinante's* Head,
 And thus unto his Squire he said :

Sancho

Sancho behold the monstrous Statures
 Of these approaching frightful Creatures,
 In black infernal Gowns and Vizards,
 These, by their Habits, must be Wizards,
 Who, by the Art of Necromancy,
 Are basely Conjuring, I fancy,
 Some Princess in that Coach behind,
 To some dark Cave against her Mind,
 That they may ravish and deflow'r her,
 Then set their Devils to devour her;
 Therefore it is my Duty here
 To stop 'em in their full Career,
 And rescue from their bellish Clutches
 The poor distressed beauteous Dutches.

Quoth Sancho, 'Sure your Worship dreams,
 'Or Sol half blinds you with his Beams;
 'They're *Benedictin* Fryars both,
 'Nowns, you may know 'em by their Cloth,
 'Nor will you find the Coach to wait
 'Upon the Monks, or they on that,
 'They

- ‘ They only formost do advance,
- ‘ As others follow them, by chance,
- ‘ By reason, as a Man may say,
- ‘ Their Bus’ness lies the self-same way.

*Thou’rt blind (replies the Don) and wilful,
As yet in Arms and Arts unskilful,
Thou know’st not how to judge or enter
Upon so prosp’rous an Adventure;
I’ve told thee Truth, and to thy sight,
I’ll prove what I have said is right.*

Then spurring on his limping Horse,
Much giv’n, poor Jade, to hang on Arse:
Into the middle of the Road
He rid, and there he boldly stood,
With his broad Shield upon his Arm,
To face the Monks, who meant no harm,
But on their Mules came jogging on,
Till pretty near the furious Don,
Who, in a posture of Defence,
Let fly this rude Impertinence.

Stand

*Stand, ye curs'd Implements of Hell,
 By your Glass-Eyes I know ye well,
 Release that Princess in the Coach,
 Whose Virgin-Charms you would debauch;
 And from your base Enchantments free
 Such high-born Worth and Quality,
 Whom you are carrying to some Cave,
 Or Gyant's Castle to enslave,
 Else will I instantly advance,
 And pierce your Bodies with my Lance,
 That all your magic Spells may be
 Dissolv'd in your Catastrophe.*

*The Monks surpriz'd at such a Figure,
 And frighted with the Champion's Rigour,
 Whose Threatnings seem'd an Introduction
 To sudden subsequent Destruction,
 Soon stop'd at such a dreadful sight,
 And humbly cry'd, Pray good Sir Knight,
 With-hold your Fury, we implore,
 We're not the Men you take us for,*

R r

But

But Monks, in verbo Sacerdotis,
As these our Habits give you notice,
No Conjurors, but honest Fryars,
Or else chastize us both for Lyars:
We're utter Strangers to the Coach
Behind, that's making its approach;
Nor do we know what beauteous Lady
Is coming in't, by him that made ye,
Whether a Virgin or a Matron,
A lovely Princess or a Slattern;
Therefore pray cool your Indignation,
And give no further Molestation,
But drop your Weapon, move your Steed,
And grant us freedom to proceed.

- ‘False Caitiffs (cries the Champion grining)
- ‘Fair Words shall not disguise your Meaning,
- ‘What I have said I'm sure is true,
- ‘I know your base Designs and you;
- ‘But I'll prevent your wicked End,
- ‘And stand the Captive Lady's Friend.

With

With that he couch'd his Lance, and rid
 Full-tilt, at one poor Fryar's side,
 And in his Guts had made a hole,
 But that he drop'd from off his Mule;
 And by his falling in the Dust,
 Happ'ly escap'd the fatal Thrust,
 Whilst t'other Monk, who, in a fright,
 Beheld the Fury of the Knight,
 Thinking his Brother had been Slain,
 Spur'd on his Mule and cross'd the Plain,
 Signing as many Christian Types
 Upon his Breast, with Finger-wipes,
 Making such speed from Death and Slaughter,
 As if the Dev'l was posting a'ter,
 Or that some old fanatick Witch
 Had been behind him at his Breech.
 Thus Monks grow Pious when they find
 Danger pursuing close behind;
 Tho' with their Nuns, the Holy Brothers,
 Some say, will be as loose as others.

Sancho, as soon as he beheld
 One Fryar scowring o'er the Field,
 And t'other scrambling on the Ground,
 Half dead with either Fright or Wound;
 Away he runs to him that lay
 Dismounted in the dusty Way,
 And strips him with such Art, as if
 He had been born and bred a Thief:
 At sight of which the Muleteers
 On Foot, that waited on the Fryars,
 Came running up with all their speed,
 To serve the Monk in time of need,
 And ask'd poor *Sancho*, what the Devil
 He meant by being so uncivil;
 Who told them, that whene'er a Knight
 Had vanquish'd any Foe in fight,
 That 'twas his Squire's undoubted Fee
 To strip the conquer'd Enemy;
 And that his Master, who was yonder,
 Allow'd it him as lawful Plunder.

The

The rugged Grooms not well content
 With *Sancho's* selfish Argument,
 Fell foul upon him, whilst the Don
 To th' Coach was at a distance gone,
 To tell the Princess she was free,
 And rescu'd out of Jeopardy:
 In the meantime the Muleteers
 Half tore off *Sancho's* Beard and Ears,
 Thump'd him and kick'd him up and down,
 Rent his Apparel, crack'd his Crown,
 Not only bled him at the Nose,
 But also purg'd him with their Blows,
 That something worse than rotten Eggs
 Flow'd down his painful Thighs and Legs;
 Whilst the poor Fryar stole away,
 Thro' Fear, from out the dang'rous Fray,
 And mounting his prepost'rous Steed,
 Rid after t'other Monk full speed;
 Who, at a distance, staid to see
 The Fight, and what th' event might be.

But

But when one frighted Holy Brother
 Had gladly overtaken t'other,
 The safest way, they both agreed,
 Was not to tarry, but proceed,
 For fear that when the Knight had found
 His Servant sprawling on the Ground,
 It should provoke him to pursue 'em,
 And do some further Mischief to 'em:
 Therefore they rid away pell-mell,
 Both pleas'd they had escap'd so well!

Thus Men of Prudence never stay
 To see the upshot of a Fray,
 Nor into Danger run, but when
 Spur'd on by Glory or by Gain.

Poor *Sancho* being flun'd and laid,
 With Knocks and Blows, three quarters dead,
 Was left in such a bad Condition,
 That needed Surgeon and Physician,
 Not being in sufficient plight,
 At present, to attend the Knight;

Still

Still rowling, as he gather'd strength,
 From Clod to Cart-rut, till, at length,
 His Senses by degrees returning,
 Upon his Back he thus lay Mourning.

*Where am I, O this batter'd Noddle!
 Adsheartly wounds t'as bled a Puddle!
 How my confounded Shoulders Ach!
 Let's try to rise: Nowns, O my Back!
 I scarce can feel my Legs: a Pox
 Of all these plaguy Thumps and Knocks.
 How my numb'd Arms begin to prickle!
 I'll swear a very pritty Pickle!
 I maun't lie here this scorching Weather:
 I can't get up a Tip-toe neither!
 I find there's little in this Squiring,
 As yet, that's worth a Man's admiring.
 Should such hard Fare be oft my Doom,
 I soon should wish myself at Home;
 For one had better bear with Joan's
 Damn'd Rattle, than with broken Bones.*

Thus

Thus the poor Squire a while lay honing,
 His Bruises and his Kicks bemoaning,
 Till he had strength to rise and mount
 His Ass, who had escap'd the Brunt,
 That he might seek his doubty Master,
 Who'd left him in this sad Disaster.

He that will join with, or attend
 A fighting Master, or a Friend,
 Must share each ill Event that waits
 On all their Quarrels and Debates.

The End of the Fourth Part.

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PART V.

C A N T O XVII.

*Don Quixote's Speech to th' beauteous Daughter
Of some Great Monarch, as he thought her,
The fiery Threats and dreadful Fight
Twixt the Biscayan and the Knight.*

DON Quixote having overthrown
One Monk, the other being flown,
And routed those who, in his Fancy,
Profess'd the Art of Necromancy,
The Lady next he did approach,
And boldly stop'd her Fly-ing-Coach,
Paying this Compliment unto her,
As if he'd been about to wooe her.

*Most High-born Princess, for I guess,
Your awful Self can be no less,*

Know that I've set your Beauty free
 From magical Captivity,
 And, by my Valour and my Arms,
 Dissolv'd those Necromantick Charms,
 Which forc'd your Royal Person hither,
 And would have carr'd you God knows whither;
 But I have vanquish'd both the Wizards
 Who rid before you in their Vizards,
 Pronouncing Spells that might enslave you,
 And draw you where they meant to have you;
 Therefore that you may ken my Name,
 The better to enlarge my Fame,
 Know that I am the val'rous Knight
 Don Quixote, who has done you right,
 And sav'd your Innocence and Vertue
 From hellish Fierds design'd to hurt ye:
 Nor shall I, for the Service done you,
 Impose the least return upon you,
 Only that you with speed, this day,
 Will to Tobosa make your way,

And

And seek out the Illustrious Fair
Dulcinea who inhabits there,
And thank her, prostrate on the Ground,
For this deliverance you have found
By me, her Captive Slave, whose Hand
And Heart are both at her Command,
And at whose charming Feet I lay
The Honours I have won this Day.

The Lady frighted at the sight
 Of the strange Figure of the Knight,
 And more astonish'd still to hear
 The Nonsense that alarm'd her Ear,
 For a Reply was quite to seek,
 And knew not what to think or speak:
 But Madam having, to attend her,
 A Servant able to defend her,
 A lusty Lout in *Biscay* born,
 Well built to serve a Lady's turn,
 Tho' mounted on a hireling Mule,
 That was but a decrepit Tool;

However taking great Offence
 At the Don's rude Impertinence,
 And hearing him about to send
 The Coach to his *Tobosa* Friend,
 The bold *Biscayan* spurr'd his Tit,
 Aud bore up briskly to the Knight,
 Laying a rugged Hand upon
 The new-vamp'd Weapon of the Don,
 Expressing in a manly Passion,
 The following Words of Indignation.

Thou daring Bugbear of a Knight,
Why thus do you my Lady fright,
Draw back thy mangy Scrub and ride
This Instant from the Coach's side,
Or by my Beard, with all my force,
I'll knock thee down from off thy Horse.

Tho' this was spoke 'twixt bad *Biscaynish*,
 And worse adult'rate broken *Spanish*,
 Yet *Quixote* understood his Meaning,
 By's mode of speaking and his grinning,

And gravely, full of Scorn and Pride,
To the *Biscayan* thus reply'd :

*Wert thou a Gentleman or Knight,
A proper Match for me to fight,
This Arm should punish, thou should'st see,
Thy Insolent Temerity ;
But thou, poor Wretch, escap'st the danger,
Because unworthy of my Anger ;
For 'tis Ignoble for the Brave
To Combat with a servile Slave.*

The stout *Biscayan's* Fury rising,
To hear Expressions so despising,
Proud as a Shentleman of *Wales*,
Let fly worse Oaths than *Splutteranails*,
Replying, full of Rage and Fire,
Tho' thou'rt a Knight thou art a Lyar,
I'll make thee know that a *Biscayan*
Can shew himself a Gentleman,
Throw by thy Hop-Pole of a Lance,
And draw thy Sword in thy defence,

That

*That I may let thy Knightsbip see,
 Thou'rt not a Man, but Mouse to me;
 I'll make thee know by this my Hand,
 I'm Gentleman by Sea and Land,
 A Gentleman who scorns to fear
 Those rusty Ironsides you wear,
 A Gentleman that dares to fight
 Thief, Ruffian, Devil, Rogue or Knight,
 And he's a Coward that's so free
 To question my Gentility.*

' Say you me so (replies the Knight)
 ' I'll try your Courage by this Light,
 ' And wave my Honour for this once,
 ' To cool the heat of such a Bounce.
 With that he throws aside his Lance,
 And does his naked Sword advance;
 Then grasping of his Shield prepares
 Himself and Horse for bloody Wars.

The bold *Biscayan*, when he found
 The Knight resolv'd to stand his Ground,

Now

Now entertain'd some Thoughts of quitting
 His Jadish Mule, too weak for fighting,
 Conceiting he might Combat better
 On Foot, than on so dull a Creature;
 But the Don spurring *Roxinant*,
 Came on so like a *Jahn of Gaunt*,
 That's Foe had just but time to snatch
 A well-stuff'd Cusheon out the Coach,
 Which useful Furniture he made
 A Target to secure his Head.
 No sooner was the poor *Biscayan*
 Thus arm'd, but both began to lay on
 With so much Vigour, Heat, and Passion
 That none could give determination
 Which made the most courageous push on,
 The Sword and Shield, or Sword and Cusheon,
 The Lady frighted at the sight
 Of such a dang'rous dreadful Fight,
 Scream'd out aloud, O *Murder, Murder!*
 Giving her flogging Driver order

To

To turn a little out o'th' Way
 Lest she shou'd suffer in the Fray,
 And that some spiteful Stroke awry,
 Should make her Chariot-Windows fly;
 For Blows sometimes in Quarrels light
 On those they ne'er design to hit,
 And Standers-by receive, by chance,
 More Mischief than the Combatants.

By this time some that lag'd behind
 The Coach came up, amaz'd to find
 So fierce and terrible a Fight,
 'Twixt the *Biscayan* and the Knight,
 And caring not for Blood and Slaughter,
 Endeavour'd to compose the Matter;
 But still the bold outrageous Foes
 So follow'd their malicious Blows,
 That neither would with-hold their Arms
 To listen to pacifick Terms;
 For when engag'd it is no season
 For Peace to be enforc'd by Reason.

When

When thus the Standers-by beheld
 The Cushion work against the Shield,
 And that no Measures would assuage
 Their mutual Envy and their Rage,
 They stood aside to see fair play,
 And to their Pastime turn'd the Fray,
 Some crying out, *Now Cavalier.*
 Others, *Well fought brave Cushioneer.*
Now Horse, now Mule, now Hog in Armour;
Have at him Boy, Now Country Farmer;
 For so the Gazers, who were three,
 Took the *Biscayan* Lout to be.
 At length the Lady's bold Defender
 Did o'er *Don Quixote's* Target tender,
 A Blow so spiteful on his Shoulder,
 That twang'd and startl'd each Beholder,
 And would have cleft him sure enough,
 Had not his Armour been Sword-proof.
 The Knight b'ing much enrag'd to feel
 The weighty Stroke quite thro' his Steel,

T t

Cry'd,

Cry'd, O! Dulcinea, let thy Charms
 Inspire my Breast and guide my Arms,
 That this discurteous daring Knight,
 With whom, for thee alone, I fight,
 May own thy Pow'r, or not outlive
 The next tremendous Blow I give.
 Then binding Knees unto his Horse,
 And grasping with a strenuous force
 The Handle of his trusty Blade,
 And cov'ring with his Shield his Head,
 With angry Heels he spurs the Sides
 Of foaming Rozinant, and rides
 Full tilt, to cleave and overthrow
 His hardy and presumptuous Foe,
 That fiercely charging, without Mercy,
 One Blow might end the Controversy.
 But the Biscayan taking Caution,
 From the Knight's Posture and his Motion,
 With equal Bravery prepar'd
 To stand undaunted on his Guard,

Resolving to sustain the Brunt,
 Or furious Stroke, what e'er came on't;
 So covering, with Cushion large,
 His Head and Breast against the Charge,
 He sat well fix'd upon his Mule,
 Who stood immovable and dull,
 His passive Strength being fitter far
 To stand the Shock than fly the War;
 For Work and Age had so decay'd
 The Sinews of the fullen Jade,
 That neither Whip or pointed Spur
 Would make the Hobby care to stir;
 So that the Rider and his Steed,
 As things fell out, were well agreed,
 For neither were for basely shunning
 The Danger by their hasty running.
 No sooner had the furious Knight
 Began his Charge, with all his Might,
 But the *Biscayan* nimbly shew'd
 His Strength, and the Attack withstood,

Giving no Ground unto his Foe,
 But bravely answer'd Blow with Blow,
 Whilst those that stay'd to see the Fight
 With Terror trembl'd at the sight,
 Expecting ev'ry Stroke would Lop
 A Head, or that a Limb would drop,
 The Lady gazing from her Coach,
 As pale as Death, her Fear was such,
 Praying to all the Saints of *Spain*,
 That they'd assist her poor *Biscayan*,
 And from the loss of Life or Limb
 Deliver safe herself and him,
 Thus Women, who can Smile to please,
 And Frown to interrupt our Ease,
 Oft set their Lovers by the Ears,
 Then crown the Fray with Pray'rs and Tears.

The brave *Biscayan* now grew warm
 With struggling in this ugly Storm,
 In which a show'r of Blows, as well
 Upon the Shield as Cushion fell,

That

That both were almost out of Breath,
 By bravely disappointing Death;
 Nor could the Combatants foresee
 Which Side should gain the Victory;
 So that the bold *Biscayan* Foe,
 Now watch'd for a deciding Blow,
 And finding that the Knight, at length,
 Lay open, he renew'd his Strength,
 And gave so smart a Stroke upon
 The crazy Head-piece of the Don,
 That from the left-side of his Crown
 He cleft it to his Shoulder down,
 Dividing with his stubborn Blade,
 His Ear from his astonish'd Head,
 Which fell toth' Ground, by great mishap,
 With a large Sliver of his Cap,
 And there lay bury'd in the Dust,
 O'erwhelm'd with monumental Rust.

Don Quixote much enrag'd to find
 His Stars so spitefully unkind,

Began

Began again aloud to pray
 Unto his dear *Dulcinea*,
 That she'd enable him to perform
 Some Wonder with his strenuous Arm,
 And to revenge the fatal Blow
 That had debas'd his Knighthood so,
 And so defac'd his Ear as if
 He'd been some Pill'ry cheating Thief,
 Or taken that unthankful labour
 To bear False-witness 'gainst his Neighbour;
 Therefore when he had clos'd his Prayer
 Unto his dearest charming Fair,
 He briskly summon'd all his Force,
 And spur'd new Life into his Horse,
 Then looking fierce and grasping hard
 The Handle of his nut-brown Sword,
 He rais'd himself upon his Stirrups,
 And gave his Steed some heart'ning Cherups,
 Then pushing close upon his Foe,
 He lent his Noddle such a Blow,

Which

Which if the Edge had been but true,
 Must needs have cleft his Trunk in two,
 And made him fall with cloven Twist,
 On both sides of his scrubby Beast;
 However the revengeful Stroke
 Surpris'd him both with Cut and Knock,
 And tho' the Wound was not o'erbig,
 It made him bleed like any Pig,
 And fell'd him down, with drooping Head,
 Upon the Withers of his Jade;
 Which Posture so provok'd the Mule,
 That tho' in Fight he prov'd so dull,
 Yet now he ran about the Field
 Like Forest-Colt, and seem'd as wild,
 Till he had shaken off his Load
 Upon a Greensward near the Road,
 Which the Knight seeing spur'd his Steed,
 And rid unto the place with speed,
 Where, lighting from his Horse, he put
 His Sword-point to the Victim's Throat,
 And

And gravely vow'd, unless he'd yield,
 He'd, with his Blood, manure the Field,
 And cut his Head from off his Shoulders,
 In sight and spight of the Beholders,
 Whilst the poor Foe, beneath his Sword,
 Lay stun'd, and could not speak a Word.
 The frighted Lady, with her Maid,
 Came running, and beseech'd and pray'd,
 That for her sake he would not slay
 Her Servant, who at Mercy lay,
 But spare his Life, and what he wanted
 Should instantly by them be granted.

*Ladies, (reply'd the Don) 'tis true,
 I shall be glad to pleasure you,
 Provided you will pass your Word,
 That he who lies beneath my Sword,
 Shall on this very Day bestride
 His Mule, and to Tobosa ride,
 There prostrate on the Ground submit
 Himself at fair Dulcinea's Feet,*

And

*And let her know that I the Brave
 Don Quixote send him as her Slave,
 A Victim conquer'd by my Arms,
 And made a Captive to her Charms.*

The Lady, full of Fear and Trembling,
 Scrupl'd no Soothing or Dissembling,
 But gave her Word that ev'ry Task
 The Victor could demand or ask,
 Should be perform'd, altho' she made
 But small Account of what he said:
 Nor did sh' enquire about his Fair
Dulcinea, who she was, or where
 The Noble Lady's Palace stood,
 Near what Town, River, Plain, or Wood,
 That the poor Victim might the better
 Know how or which way to come at her:
 However, Madam pawn'd her Honour,
 His conquer'd Foe should wait upon her,
 And that th' Injunctions he had laid,
 Should all be punctually obey'd.

Un

Then

*Then let him live (reply'd the Don,
 With all the State he could put on)
 Upon your Honour and your Word,
 Great Princess, I withdraw my Sword,
 And at your gen'rous Intercession,
 Pardon his Life and his Transgression;
 But still expect your vanquish'd Knight
 Should do the Fair Dulcinea Right.*

The Lady wanting not the Grace
 Of a true Woman in Distress,
 Vow'd once more what she ne'er intended,
 And so the mighty Contest ended.

Success on rash Attempts bestow'd
 Make Fools grow Insolent and Proud,
 And Fear will cause the Fair to make
 Those very Vows they mean to break.

C A N T O XVIII.

*Poor Sancho, in a woful plight,
Returns to the victorious Knight.
The Squire's Petition to the Don,
And the coarse Fare they fed upon.*

P OOR beaten *Sancho*, e're the Knight
Had ended his successful Fight,
In spite of all his Kicks and Drubs,
With clumsy Shoes and Oaken Clubs,
Had rais'd his Corps, made black and blue,
From out the Dust, with much ado,
And by some easy Steps had found,
Tho's Flesh was bruis'd, his Bones were found,
So crawl'd to mount his passive Brute,
And seek his stragling Master out:
But looking round him saw the Don
With naked Trusty laying on,

As if he meant to cleave his Foe,
 From Head to Rump at ev'ry Blow,
 Poor *Sancho* having had so lately
 More basting than he fancy'd greatly,
 Conceiv'd the best and safest way
 Was not to go too near the Pray,
 For fear fresh Drubs should be his Lot,
 Before the last were quite forgot :
 He therefore at a distance stay'd,
 Kneel down and very wisely pray'd,
 That the kind Saints would give his Master
 Success, and save him from Disaster;
 But when he saw the worthy Knight,
 Had got the better of the Fight,
 And that the Foe, who'd lost the Day,
 Upon the Ground at Mercy lay,
 Then up he leap'd from Pray'rs, and took
 His Ass, and all his Saints forlook,
 Posting with haste unto the Den,
 To wish him Joy of what he'd won,

Begging

Begging that he might share the Spoils,
 That crown'd the Days victorious Toils,
 And that his Worship would bestow
 An Island, or a Town, or so,
 That he might now become a Lord,
 According to his Worship's Word;
 And his Wife *Joan* and he command
 Some pretty little wealthy Land,
 For that no two could manage Pow'r,
 Or Govern better he was sure.

*Truly, Friend Sancho, (quoth the Knight)
 Thou art beside the Cusheon quite;
 For these Adventures never tend
 To Islands, or to Wealth, but end
 Alone, as here your Eyes may see,
 In Blood, and glorious Victory.
 These are Rencounters by the bye,
 In which we Knights our Valour try;
 Nor do the Combatants propose,
 At such times, any Gain, but Blows.*

Quoth

Quoth *Sancho*, ' Much good do 'em all,
 ' On whom those plaguy Profits fall,
 ' I hope such Fees and Perquisites
 ' Belong not to the Squires but Knights;
 ' Let 'em be theirs who fight about 'em,
 ' I own I'd rather go without 'em.

Thou talk'st at random, honest Sancho,
 (Reply'd the Champion of *La Mancha*)
Be patient and thou soon shalt find,
I'll Conquer and be largely kind;
You shall have Kingdoms to command,
E're you're much older; (Here's my Hand)
We've round us now such fine Dominions,
And Thrones and Crowns for our Convenience,
That some, ere long, shall call me Lord,
Or I'm unworthy of my Sword.
And then, Friend Sancho, from the rest,
I'll give thee leave to chuse the best,
Such a sweet Country that may be
Pleasant to Joan as well as thee.

Sancho

Sancho b'ing highly pleas'd with all
 The gen'rous Words the Knight let fall,
 Return'd due Thanks and humbly bow'd
 In the best manner that he cou'd,
 Kissing his Glove and Armour-Skirt,
 As if bred up to cringe at Court ;
 Then help'd his Worship to remount
 His Steed, who'd bravely stood the Brunt,
 And, tho' so old, was forc'd to take
 Many short Blows for's Rider's sake.

No sooner had the Don clap'd Arse,
 And fix'd himself upon his Horse,
 But, silent as a Thief, he spur'd
 His Courser, dropping not a Word
 To Foe or Lady at his parting,
 But rid away with Prancer, farting,
 As if the stinking Brute, instead
 Of Oats, made Cabbage-stalks his Feed ;
 Away the Don thus jog'd apace,
 And *Sancho* after, on his Ass,

Whose

Whose fullen Tit would make no way,
 That he was forc'd to call and pray
 The hasty Knight to slack his speed,
 Which the complacent Champion did,
 Till with much thrashing *Sancho's* Foal
 And *Quixote's* Horse came Cheek by Jowl,
 One, looking on his monstrous Beast,
 Who was full sixteen Hands at least,
 More like a Vision than a Warriery,
 The other like a Country-Carrier.

They now being got into a Wood,
 Where Nature's tall Umbrella's stood,
 Fit to defend them from the Pain
 Of scorching Sun or chilly Rain;
 So that the Knight seem'd well inclin'd
 To tarry here till they had Din'd;
 But *Sancho* soon made this reply,
Suppose the wounded Knight should dye,
Whom you have left with bleeding Head
Upon yon Mole-hill Pillow laid,

*The Brotherhood would surely grant
 Their Warrant upon such Complaint;
 And should the Country Apprehend us
 The Gallows then would surely end us,
 Unless some Miracle defend us.* }

‘Poh! (quoth the Don) thou silly Wretch,
 ‘Didst ever know a Champion stretch,
 ‘Or read of any Errant-Knight,
 ‘Who tho’ he’s kill’d a Score in Fight,
 ‘That e’er was try’d for a Defaulter,
 ‘Or made his *Exit* in a Halter?
 ‘No, no, we fear no crabbed Judges,
 ‘We kill not to revenge old Grudges,
 ‘But for the sake of Fame and Glory,
 ‘That we, like Kings, may live in Story.
 ‘No Knight was e’er so much as try’d
 ‘For Riot or for Homicide,
 ‘The very Laws of Arms forbid. }

*Quoth Sancho, Say what e’er you please,
 About your Rites and Homilies,*

*What are those odd-nam'd things, I trow?
 They may be Monsters f'rought I know.
 But he, I say, that runs the danger
 Of murd'ring either Friend or Stranger,
 Whether he be a Knight or Squire,
 Or lower in Degree, or higher,
 If out of Sanctuary taken,
 I doubt would hardly save his Bacon;
 Therefore I think 'tis best to fly
 For safety to some Church that's nigh.*

*'Poor worthless Mortal (quoth the Knight)
 'To put thyself in such a fright,
 We Knights, by precedent, have long
 Had Pow'r to Judge of Right and Wrong,
 And when we spare, or when we kill,
 It always goes for Justice still.*

*But tho' you are a Knight (reply'd
 Friend Sancho) and a Judge beside;
 Yet if your Worship chance to save
 From Punishment the guilty Knave,*

*And when provok'd extend your Wrath
To oppress the Innocent, i' faith,
I think you ought to shew good reason,
Why you do things so out of Season.*

*'Thou silly Caitiff (quoth the Don)
'How wrong thou art! Is't ever known
'That any partial Judge, who favours
'The Guilty, try'd for Misbehaviours,
'Or dooms the Innocent to Slaughter,
'Give Reasons for his Judgment a'ter?
'I tell thee no, his Sentence must
'At all times be accounted just;
'For the Law's ever on the side
'Of him by whom the Cause is try'd.*

*Quoth Sancho, Now your Worship strains
A Point beyond my shallow Brains,
You're a far better Argusier
Than I, that am but a poor Squire;
But all your Worship yet has said
Won't beat it into my weak Head,*

*That Knights or Judges, at their pleasure,
 May do such wicked things as these are;
 And that their say so, and no more,
 Still warrants the Mistakes of Pow'r;
 If so, then all is just and right,
 That's said or done by Men of Might.*

*' True, (quoth the Knight) I must allow
 ' Thou hast improv'd thy Notions now;
 ' But let's suspend this knotty Matter,
 ' To talk more fully on't hereafter;
 ' And be assur'd my strenuous Arm
 ' Has Pow'r to save us both from harm,
 ' That should an Army here attend us,
 ' This Sword is able to defend us.*

*Quoth Sancho, When you're vex'd, I know,
 Your Worship is all Fire and Tow;
 But yet, methinks, if Constable,
 Attended by a Country-Rabble,
 Well arm'd with Prong and Flayl, should come
 To seize us here, so far from home,*

Your

*Your Worship, were you ne'er so stout,
Could never Conquer such a Rout:*

*As for my part, their very looks
Would put my Courage off the Hooks,*

*And make me think, I know full well,
Of nothing else but Bayl or Jayl.*

Quoth Quixote, 'Thou shouldst see that I
'Alone would make the Scoundrels fly;
'The Eagle can, with little Pains,
'Destroy a thousand Tits and Wrens;
'And such a cow'rdly Crew would be
'No more than little Birds to me.
'Dost think the World (thou'lt seen me fight)
'Can boast of such another Knight,
'A Champion who has equal Valour,
'Altho' he's bigger made and taller?
'No Knight can be more Resolute
'To undertake or prosecute;
'None can attack with greater Vigour,
'Or shew more Mercy or more Rigour;
'None

- ‘ None has more Pow’r and active Strength,
- ‘ Or Breath to fight it out at length;
- ‘ Nor can the most experienc’d he
- ‘ Strike home with more dexterity,
- ‘ Or shew more Judgment in his Blows,
- ‘ To conquer or defeat his Foes.

*Quoth Sancho, What your Worship says,
I must acknowledge in your Praise;*

*No Squire can serve a bolder Master,
Or one that seeks out Quarrels faster;*

*Nor does the best Game-Cock in Nature,
I dare to swear, love fighting better;*

*But, after all, I wish this Brav’ry
Don’t bring us into Prison-Slav’ry.*

- ‘ No Knight (reply’d the Don) has cause
- ‘ To dread a Jayl, or fear the Laws,
- ‘ No Bars or Fetters can detain him,
- ‘ Or stern imperious Judge arraign him;
- ‘ We never want old wise Magicians
- ‘ To give us Aid in such Conditions,

‘ Men

' Men who, i'th twinkling of an Eye,
 ' Can make Bolts, Bars, and Fetters fly,
 ' And in a Minute free their Friends,
 ' In spite of Iron-Grates or Chains.

Quoth Sancho, *This is News indeed,*
I'm glad to hear, against we've need,
You have such cunning Friends in store,
That can unlock a Prison-Door;
For if you fight as you begin,
It can't be long before we're in;
And if a starving Jayl, God wot,
Should chance to be our scurvy Lot,
Your What-d'ye-call-'em Friends, I doubt,
Must conjure hard to fetch us out;
For even Lawyers are a kind
Of Wizards, and the Law we find
Such a strange piece of Conjurat'ion,
'Twill cheat the Devil upon occasion.

But, Sir, you quite forget your Ear,
 It bleeds, and pains you much, I fear,

I've

*I've Lint and Salve too in my Wallet,
Which in a day or two may heal it ;
'Tis a dishonourable Scar,
But Wounds will be the Fate of War.*

‘ Bless me! (quoth *Quixote*) I've a noble
‘ Receipt that would have sav'd this trouble,
‘ By which I might have made a Balsam,
‘ So very Sanative and wholesome,
‘ That one salubrious Drop would cure
‘ The biggest Wound in half an Hour ;
‘ Nay, raise a Champion or a Knight,
‘ Who has been kill'd a Week in Fight,
‘ Provided down his Throat they pour
‘ A Spoonful, or a little more.

Pray Sir (quoth Sancho) what d'ye call it?
I wish I'd some on't in my Wallet,
I'd make it bear our whole Expences
By raising dead Folks to their Senses.

‘ 'Tas a hard Name, (reply'd the Knight)
‘ I think, if I remember't right,

'Tis

'Tis call'd *Balsamm Fierbrassum*,
 And in a little time we'll ha' some;
 For he that carries it about him,
 Should any Foe in pieces cut him,
 May command Health, prolong his Breath,
 And live in spite of Wounds or Death;
 Therefore, when I have made a Quart
 For thee to carry'n case of Hurt,
 And thou should'st see me cut afunder,
 By a back-stroke, which is no wonder,
 Because it happens oft, when Knights
 Engage in desp'rate bloody Fights,
 Then take that part which falls from off
 The Saddle, down to th' Horse's Hooff,
 And clap it nimbly on again,
 With all th' exactness that you can,
 Then gently pour a little draught
 Of this same Balsam down my Throat,
 And in an Instant it will glue
 My Trunk, which was before in two,

‘ And make me full as strong and sound
 ‘ As any Man that walks the Ground.

If this be true, (replies the Squire)

*No Recompence will I desire,
 No other Perquisites or Gains,
 For all my Service and my Pains,
 Than true Directions how to make
 This Stuff for wounded Knights to take.
 Adsbear, had I but this Receipt,
 How richly would I drink and eat,
 I’d soon with Balsam stuff my Wallet,
 Turn Riding-Mountebank and sell it;
 A Business better worth desiring,
 Than this Drub-Jacket Trade of Squirring,
 I’d quit you of those promis’d thingdoms,
 Rich Islands, Castles, Towns, and Kingdoms,
 And be most heartily content
 With only this Medicament.*

*But, pray, Sir, what Expence must you
 Be at, to make a Quart or two.*

‘ Pohl! (quoth the Don) the Cost is little,
 ‘ I’ll make a Gallon for a Trifle.

*Nouns, Sir, (quoth Sancho) I declare it,
 You’re much to blame you don’t prepare it;
 Or else teach me the way, that I
 May do it for you, by and by;
 For I protest your Worship’s Ear
 Looks bad, and will be worse, I fear,
 And this same What-d’ye-call’t, you say,
 Would make it well in half a Day.*

‘ Ay, that it would, (reply’d the Knight)
 ‘ In half an Hour, if manag’d right :
 ‘ And since ’twill be of Service to thee,
 ‘ The way to make it will I shew thee;
 ‘ But I design thee many more
 ‘ Such Secrets, which I have in store,
 ‘ And other Favours that are greater,
 ‘ As soon as e’er I know thee better.
 ‘ But, prithee, *Sancho*, clap a Plaster
 ‘ On this unfortunate Disaster;

' For tho' we Knights must ne'er complain,
 ' Yet, as a Friend, I tell thee plain,
 ' This Remnant of an Ear's in pain.

Faith, Master, 'twas a shaving Stroke,
 (Reply'd the Squire, by way of Joke)

A Man by t'other Ear might guess,
Its Fellow once stood in this place :

But it's quite gone, for, by my Soul,
Here's no remains but just the Hole ;

Besides, 't'as cut your Head-piece thro',
And carr'd away a Sliver too.

' How ! (quoth the Don) stark staring wild,
 ' And is my good old Helmet spoil'd ?
 Then claping Hand upon his Sword,
 And turning up his Ogles tow'rd
 The shining Heavens, in a Passion,
 He made this Oath of Abjuration.

' By both their sacred Dufts that got me,
 ' And by the Blood of him that fought me ;

By

' By Fair *Dulcinea's* awful Charms,
 ' And by my Armour and my Arms;
 ' By *Roxinant*, my trusty Steed,
 ' By all the Living and the Dead,
 ' I'll lead a Life like the Great Duke
 ' Of *Mantua*, when he forsook
 ' His Wife, his Children, and his All,
 ' T' revenge his Cousin *Baldwin's* Fall.
 ' Like him I take a solemn Oath,
 ' To dine without a Table-cloth,
 ' To wipe no Fingers when they're foul,
 ' On Linen-Napkin or on Towel;
 ' Nor will I evermore embrace
 ' *Dulcinea's* Charms, or see her Face,
 ' Till I revenge myself on him
 ' Who put my Helmet out of trim,
 ' And with his Weapon made so wide
 ' A Breach on the sinister side.

Pray, good your Worship, (quoth the Squire)
Don't be thus hasty in your Ire,

I think

*I think your Worship's wrong in taking
 So rash an Oath, not worth the making;
 For if the vanquish'd Knight, whom you
 Had the good Fortune to subdue,
 Recovers and performs his Duty,
 In kissing your Dulcinea's Shoe-tye,
 I think that you and he are even,
 Until some new Affront be given;
 And that it is not fair or right
 You should revenge what past in Fight;
 For Blows the consequence must be,
 When two contend for Victory,
 And either side may chance to lose
 An Ear i'th Battle, or a Nose.*

' As for my Ear (reply'd the Don)

*' I do not value't, since 'tis gone,
 ' 'Tis only for my Helmet's sake
 ' That I these Protestations make,
 ' However, right is right, I must
 ' Confess, what thou observ'st is just.*

' I there-

' I therefore my Revenge revoke,
 ' As to the Foe that gave the Stroke;
 ' But all the rest that I have vow'd
 ' Is sacred, and shall stand for good,
 ' Protesting solemnly to lead
 ' That very Life the Marquis did,
 ' Till I, by force of Arms in Fight
 ' Dispoil the Helmet of some Knight,
 ' That's temper'd well of Metal fine,
 ' And is, at least, as good as mine:
 ' Nor would I have it thought or said,
 ' The Vow is rash that I have made,
 ' Since other Knights of ancient Fame,
 ' In the like case, have done the same;
 ' We know the Judges of the Laws,
 ' By Precedents, decide the Cause:
 ' Examples therefore ought to be
 ' Of equal force in Errantry.
 ' *Mambrino* made a solemn Vow,
 ' On this Account, as I do now,
 ' And

‘ And ne’er dissolv’d his sacred Oath
 ‘ Till *Sacrapante* felt his Wrath.

Quoth *Sancho*, Pray renounce this Evil,
 Let Oaths and Curses go to th’ Devil ;
 If broke, your Soul must suffer for’t,
 If kept, your Body’s Health be hurt ;
 Therefore ’tis madness first to make ’em,
 And wickedness, in short, to break ’em :
 Besides, Suppose no armed Knight
 Should chance to come within your sight
 These three Months, that in all that while
 You meet no Helmet to dispoil,
 Would you lie rough so long, and feed
 On Acrons, as the Marquis did ;
 Like Vagrant range the dusty Roads
 All day, and sleep at Night in Woods,
 Only because your Helmet’s broke
 In fight, by an unlucky Stroke.
 Frougt I know you may wander o’er
 These Plains for half a Year or more,

And

And never meet, I dare to say,
 A Knight or Helmet in your way;
 For few but Waggoners and Pedlars,
 Swains, Gypsies, Rogues, and Country Fiddlers,
 Frequent these Roads who are so far
 From bearing Arms, like Men of War,
 That they ne'er saw an Iron bright-Cap,
 Or know a Helmet from a Night-Cap.

‘Poh! (quoth the Champion of *La Mancha*)
 ‘Thou’rt much mistaken *Sancho Pancha*,
 ‘We cannot cross this spacious Plain,
 ‘But we shall meet more armed Men,
 ‘And val’rous Knights than e’er were known
 ‘To lie before *Albraca* Town,
 ‘When they besieg’d it Foot and Horse,
 ‘And storm’d it with their utmost Force,
 ‘That they might win and bear away
 ‘The lovely Fair *Angelica*.

If so (quoth *Sancho*) Heaven send us
 Good Fortune, and the Lord defend us.

*Those plaguy Grooms have made my Hide
 So tender, and so sore beside,
 That I'm not able, without Fasting,
 To bear with such another basting.
 However, I can do no less
 Than wish and pray for your Success,
 That you may win some wealthy Sou'reign
 Dominion for your Squire to govern,
 Such a kind Plaster soon would heal
 The smarting Drubs and Blows I feel;
 For were I once to be a King,
 'Twould make me quite another thing.*

*' A King thou shalt be (quoth the Don)
 ' This Sword of mine shall make thee one.
 ' But should we miss of Islands, then
 ' Thou may'st be sure e'rlong to reign
 ' O'er Cimbrica or Sobradisa,
 ' Or never more believe what I say.
 ' But first, Friend Sancho, loose thy Wallet,
 ' I'm now inclin'd to please my Pallat,*

' This

' This shady Wood, and Air so sweet

' Gives me an Appetite to eat.

I've nothing left (reply'd the Squire)

But two or three hard Onions here,

And a few Crusts, just fit to try

Your Worship's Jaws, they are so dry,

With a small modicum of Cheese,

Enough to smell to, if you please.

And this is all, upon my Word,

My Bag, at present, does afford;

Therefore I hope your Worship's Birth,

Your Knighthood Quality and Worth,

Can never condescend to share

The Fragments of such homely Fare;

Tho' I can eat, I must declare it,

The mouldiest bit, if you can spare it.

' Thou'rt out (reply'd the Champion) might'ly

' For want of knowing Matters rightly.

' Were you but better read in Story,

' You'd find Knight-Errants always glory

‘ In living, for a Month or two,
 ‘ Without an Ounce of Food to chew ;
 ‘ Nor do they quarrel with their Meat,
 ‘ Whene’er they are dispos’d to eat ;
 ‘ But fall on any homely Food
 ‘ They meet with, whether bad or good,
 ‘ And wisely shew themselves content,
 ‘ Without Reflection or Complaint :
 ‘ Nor do they e’er pursue their Lusts,
 ‘ Or heed their Appetites or Gusts,
 ‘ Like Mortals of the common sort,
 ‘ But Nature’s noble Parts support,
 ‘ By thinking of their great Designs,
 ‘ Filling their Bodies with their Minds,
 ‘ Except, when some fam’d Prince is Knighted,
 ‘ ’Mong Kings and Queens they are invited,
 ‘ As worthy and as welcome Guests,
 ‘ To Royal Banquets and to Feasts ;
 ‘ But otherwise they never think
 ‘ So meanly as of Meat or Drink.

‘ Only

‘ Only, perhaps, sometimes they may,
‘ With a short Meal their Stomachs stay,
‘ When Fortune flings it in their way;
‘ Because, as they are mortal Men,
‘ They must have Victuals now and then.

Quoth *Sancho* to the Knight, *I wish*

Your Worship had a better Dish:

But such poor Fare as I have got,

Here 'tis, and you are welcome to't,

But if you'd rather fast than feed

On mouldy Cheese and hoary Bread,

My Teeth are sound, and not a Crust,

I can assure you, shall be lost.

With that they lovingly fell-too,

And strove each other to out-chew;

As if both fear'd, when this was spent,

Their Guts must keep a tedious Lent.

When Scarcity and Hunger meet,

The meanest Cupboard-scrap is sweet.

The

The Proud grow Humble when they've lost
That Plenty which they once could boast.

C A N T O XIX.

*Don Quixote and his Squire conclude
Their homely Dinner in the Wood ;
At Night, Chance leads them to the Huts
Of Goatherds, where they feast their Guts.*

THE Knight and Squire, by eating fast,
And grinding *Crusts* with too much haste
For fear that one should chance to chew
A greater Share than was his due,
Had sooner tir'd their working Jaws
Than satisfy'd their hungry Maws ;
So that they chatted now and then
A while, and so fell to't again.

Quoth

Quoth Quixote, *How divinely sweet*
The Linets cherup, whilst we eat;
The Robin-Red-breast joins, and bark
How both are answer'd by the Lark:
No Monarch sure had ever finer
Melodious Musick to his Dinner:
Or ever fed on dainty Chear
With more Content than we do here.
Thus liv'd the Errant-Knights of old,
Who were so valorous and bold,
That Plenty they despis'd and Ease,
For Primrose-Beds and Bread and Cheese;
And left the Worthless to be Great
In Riches, and to live in State.
So the wise Ancients oft withdrew
From Cities into Woods, to shew
The World how much they did deride
All humane Vanity and Pride.

‘ Truly, (quoth Sancho to the Don)

‘ I am no Scholard, but a Clown;

‘ By

- ‘ By reading, therefore, ne’er could tell
- ‘ How Knights or Ancients us’d to dwell:
- ‘ But if they did from Plenty fly,
- ‘ And Ease, to fare like you and I,
- ‘ I scarce can think their Wit the greater
- ‘ For punishing poor harmless Nature
- ‘ With Ill-fare, when they might have better.

I tell thee, Sancho, (quoth the Knight)
They found more Relish, Peace, and Quiet,
In salutary Herbs and Roots,
Nuts, Acrons, and in such like Fruits,
Than in a vain expensive Meal,
Of costly Capon, Duck, or Teal.

- ‘ Then (quoth the Squire) I’ll fit your Pallat
- ‘ The next time that I fill my Wallet,
- ‘ I’ll stuff it well with Garden-Ware,
- ‘ Since Roots and Herbs are proper Fare
- ‘ For you brave Men that ride a Knighting,
- ‘ And take so much delight in fighting.

‘ But

But as for me that am your Squire,
 My Gutts do Groffer food require ;
 My Stomachs not so nice or Sullen,
 But I could make a shift with Pullen,
 I'd be content to pick the Wings
 And Legs, of such Substantial Things,
 And Liquor my Mustachus a'ter
 With Wine much rather than with Water ;
 But what your worship Says is right,
 Thin dyet best becomes a Knight.

*But hold friend, Sancho, Quoth the Don,
 We are not bound to feed Upon
 Roots, Herbs and Akorns altogether,
 We're not ty'd up so strictly neither ;
 But that for Change we now and then
 May pick a Capon or a Hen :
 I only mean, we Cherish Nature
 With Herbs, when we have nothing better,
 Bing Skillful, and profoundly Knowing,
 In all such products that are growing,*

A a a

Which

*Which useful Learning I'll impart,
And make thee master of the Art,
As well as teach thee how to make
That Balsam, which I want to take.*

‘ Truly the Knowledge, quoth the Squire,
‘ Of Herbs, I very much Desire,
‘ For I am apt to think in stead,
‘ E’rlong ’twill stand us much in stead;
‘ I fear ’twill be my wofull Case,
‘ To mumble Thistles with my As; ;
‘ And when we’ve Spent our Little Riches,
‘ To weed the Meadows, Banks and Ditches.

Thus o’er their Fragments did they Sit,
Prattl’d sometimes, and sometimes Eat,
Till the long Shadows gave ’em warning,
That *Sol* to *Thetis* was returning;
And that ’twas time they Should be budging
In Search of some Convenient Lodging,
Where One or ’tother might prepare
The Balsam, for the Champions Ear;

The poor remaining injur'd part
 Beginning now to Throb and Smart,
 So that they Sprung from off the Grass,
 And Nimble mounted Horse and Ass,
 Riding, and wandering up and down,
 In Search of Castle or of Town,
 Or rural Village, where they might,
 With Ease and Comfort, spend the Night;
 But Daylight, and their wishes failing,
 And Darkness suddenly prevailing,
 The Champions had not time to find,
 A Noble Palace to their Mind,
 But falling, in their Evening travells,
 Among some Goat-herds Huts and Hovels,
 The *Don* who oft had read in Story,
 That Knights would in their hardship^s
 (Glory,
 Thought fit to Chuse this homely place
 Instead of Better, and to Grace
 The Cottages, of those poor Peasants
 With *Sancho's*, and his worships presence,

Well Knowing that Contentment Dwells
 With Swains, in rural Cots and Cells.
 This the Knight's Suddain Resolution,
 Toth' Squire was downright persecution,
 Who, tir'd with Scanty Meals, was Mad
 To be where plenty might be had:
 However, Since his hopes were Crost,
 And baulk'd by him, who rul'd the Roast
 The Squire in Complaisance thought fit,
 Without much Grumbling, to Submit;
 So riding to a little Dwelling,
 Where Swains their merry Tales were tel-
 (ling)
 The Squire did from his Ass alight
 And ask'd Reception for the Knight:
 The Goat-herds, much Surpris'd to See
 An Armed Champion Cap-a-pee,
 Betwixt Humanity and Fear,
 Reply'd, they very welcome were;
 After which words, the *Dan* in Course,
 Dismounted from his Lofty Horse,

And

And in a Doors his Corps he Show'd,
 His armour rattling as he mov'd,
 Like Skillets mix'd with Saufs-pans ty'd
 Round Tinker Tom, on E'ery Side,
 Whilst *Sancho* Carry'd Horse and Ass
 Into a Neighb'ring Croft to Grass;
 Which needfull Business being done,
 Among the merry Swains he run,
 Attracted by the Sav'ry Smell
 Of Kids Flesh, which he Lov'd full well,
 Which by kind Providence was Boiling,
 To Sup the Goat-herds after Toiling.
 The Hungry Squire, whose Heart was glad
 Of such Good fare, no Patience had,
 Could Scarce forbear, tho' Scalding hot,
 To dip his Fingers in the Pot;
 That he might please his Liq'rish Tooth
 By tasting of the wholesome Broth;
 But, as it Chanc'd, the Meat was Stew'd
 Enough, and fitting to be Chew'd,

The

The Courteous Swains, to please the Squire
 Remov'd the Kettle off the Fire:
 And on the Ground some Sheep-skins laid
 Which as a Table-Cloth were Spread,
 I'th' middle Set a Homely Platter,
 And Turn'd the Victuals into't a'ter ;
 Then, like true Christians, Saying Grace,
 They beg'd Sir Knight to take his Place;
 Upon a Hogt-rough which a Clown
 Officiously turn'd up-side down,
 The Hungry Goat-herds Sitting round,
 With their hard Buttocks on the Ground,
 Whilst the poor Squire was forc'd to wait,
 With Trenchard Brown instead of Plate,
 At's Master's Back, and do the pennance
 Of giving Lacquey boy's attendance;
 Till his Kind Master well Observ'd,
 It was unjust, as well as hard,
 That one Should Eat while tother Starv'd,

So turning tow'rds the Squire, his Head,

Thus to his Man the Master Said ;

Sancho, *tho' waiting's but good Manners,*
Which Knights Expect from their retainers,

Yet tis a privilege we grant

Unto our Squires, in Case of want,

That they partake of Day by Day,

What E'er we meet with in our Way,

Therefore, at present 'tis my will

That you Sit down, and take your fill ;

For tis not fair that I should Eat,

And thou complain for want of Meat :

From this time forward I allow

The Liberties I grant thee now ;

Which are, that you Sit down at Table

With me, and guttle whilst you are able ;

Drink in the same Cup, Horn or Vessel,

And oft as I do wet your Whistle,

Refresh at all times when you See,

Those needful duties done by me ;

Except

Except it be at Royal feast,
 Where Kings and Knights are only guests,
 Then your best manners you must Shew,
 And wait, as Squires are wont to do;
 Bow Low at Every word I Speak,
 And like Court Flatterers, Cringe and Sneak,
 For, Sancho, you must know the Great
 Can ne'er Enlarge their pomp and State,
 But by their humble Slaves that wait;
 Yet Since there's none but Peasants here
 Sit down and be as free as we are.

' Quoth Sancho, I am no such Noddy
 ' But I can Eat with any Body;
 ' Yet had much Rather have a Luncheon
 ' Of Victuals, by my Self to munch on,
 ' Tho' but poor fare yet I could make,
 ' A better Meal behind your Back,
 ' Than when your worship Smiles, perhaps,
 ' To see how fast I Stuff my Chaps,
 ' I hate to Sit where I must piddle,
 ' And Eat as if my Jaws were Idle;

' I never care to Sup or Dine,
 ' With Knights or Folks that are so fine,
 ' Where one must mincing Sit as they do,
 ' And wait for, *Help your Self I pray do* ;
 ' Spend half one's precious time Forsooth,
 ' In wiping clean ones Hands and Mouth,
 ' And beaffraid to Cough or Sneese,
 ' Alltho' one wants to do't for Ease :
 ' I'd rather Stand by half and Eat
 ' Alone, as I my Self think fit,
 ' Than for your worship's Eyes to follow
 ' Each Gob and Morfel that I Swallow.

Once more I bid thee, Quoth the Knight,
Sit down or you my Kindness Slight ;
Make no more words about the Matter,
But Share the meat that's in the Platter ;
Or by thy Looks I plainly See,
Thou'lt Soon repent thy Modesty.

Sancho Observing that the Flesh
 Was Snatch'd apace from out the Dish,

Obey'd his Master thro the Dread
 Of going Supperless to Bed ;
 Seating himself upon the Ground,
 In the first Vacant place he found,
 Then Crying *By your Leave, good Friends,*
 He quickly made himself Amends
 For the lost time that he had Spent
 In waiting and in Compliment ;
 And without Chewing Swallow'd down
 Two Mouthfulls to Each Goat-herds one ;
 Who star'd to see their hungry Guest
 Out eat the Knight and all the rest ;
 Exchanging Hands from Dish to Mouth
 Most notably imploying both,
 For whilst one Fed his Craving Nature,
 The other travel'd to the Platter,
 That not a Finger Idle stood
 But nimble work'd 'twixt Teeth and Food,
 Thus E'ery Member, in regard
 Of Nature's wants, will Labour hard,

And

And like kind faithfull friends agree
To Serve her in necessity.

The Gazing Goat-herds, when they found
The Squire Lay on so like a Hound,
Began to mend their Sluggish pace,
And fall more warmly on their Mefs,
Lest *Quixote* and his understrapper
Should disappoint them of their Supper ;
So that by striving who should Eat
Most fast, they soon dispatch'd the Meat ;
Then half a Hatchet Cheese was brought,
And in an Earthen pan or Pot,
Dry'd Acorns to be Eat instead
Of better, and more costly bread ;
But all had made so good a Meal
Of the first Course, and Supp'd so well,
That this poor fare would not go down,
With Knight, Friend *Sancho*, or with Clown,
But stood neglected, whilst the Horn,
Full charg'd with Wine, went round in

Which *Sancho* Swallow'd like a Fish
 And gap'd for a Succeeding Dish,
 That came as quick as he could wish.
 Thus the kind Juice was dealt about,
 Till they had drank one Hogskin out,
 Which out of Two was very Fair,
 They having but another there;
 Which *Sancho* viewing, Sat perplext
 To see no Foffset in the next;
 For when the one was gone, he reckon'd
 Upon the broaching of the Second;
 Thus greedy Sots are ne'er Content
 To move untill the Bowl be spent;
 Nay, when it's Empty, look awry;
 And fret for want of a Supply.

The Knight who now had warm'd his
 Veins
 And with the Wine Enrich'd his Brains
 With many Noble Thoughts concerning
 His valour, happy State, and Learning,

Had

Had Cull'd a Parcel of the Best
 And Yellow'ft Acorns from the Rest,
 With which his Worship playing fat,
 Toffing up this and catching that,
 As Lovers do when dinners over,
 To Steal a Squint at One another,
 When Jealous Governant fits by
 To Watch Each Motion of the Eye ;
 At length the *Don* in Pensive Mood
 His Golden Pignuts gravely view'd,
 And when sometime he had admir'd
 Their Beauty, then, as if inspir'd,
 He hem'd by way of Exaltation,
 And thus began a Long Oration.

O happy Golden Age, long since,
When each Man was a free-born Prince,
And had a Right to chuse his Food,
Where e'er he found twas Sweet and Good ;
Before the Pride and Boundless Rage
Of Tyrants curb'd this worldly Stage

Or

Or Men by Strife were taught to Coin
 Those Spiteful terms of Mine and Thine ;
 When none were other's Slaves for pay,
 But the Whole Earth in Common lay,
 That all alike Enjoy'd its Fruits
 'Thout envious Cavils or Disputes,
 And might their wants supply as oft
 As they would lift their Hands aloft,
 And from the Sturdy Oak at leisure,
 Gather such Golden food as these are.
 Then to the Christal Spring repair,
 And cool'd their droughty Intrails there,
 Or pull, when e'er they needed Wine,
 Ripe pulpy Grapes from off the Vine ;
 Ransack the Rich industrious Bees,
 In clefts of Rocks and hollow Trees,
 And reap beneath Kind Nature's Smiles
 The fruitful Harvest of their Toils.

How happy then were humane Race
 In those pacifick pious daies ;

How silent, undisturb'd and blest,
 When Men were Just, and Women Chast,
 Sweet flowry banks their Beds of Ease,
 And Rosy Bow'rs their Palaces,
 Then Love and Friendship crown'd the Day,
 And e'ry thing look'd Kind and Gay,
 All Lying down at Night to rest
 Unarm'd, unenvy'd, unopprest,
 As yet no Rural Slave had found
 The painful Art to Till the Ground,
 Or to his care and Sorrow made
 The Plow-share, Harrow, or the Spade,
 To rip and skin his Mother Earth,
 Who gave to humane Race their birth,
 And without Labour still had nurs'd
 Her Sons, who make themselves accurs'd,
 And from her Bosome would have granted
 What toiling Millions since have wanted.
 Then was the time, when comely Swains
 And Beauteous Nymphs, enjoy'd the plains,

And

*And when 'twas Night retir'd in peace
 To shady Bow'rs and Cottages,
 Where all alike so happy were
 They'd nought to wish for, or to fear,
 But e'ery Lover knew his Mate,
 And hug'd and kiss'd without deceit,
 Till the Curs'd Furies and the Fates
 Unbar'd their old Infernal Gates,
 An Envy'ing humane Race, let fly
 That hellish Monster, Tyranny,
 Attended with those fatal three
 Ambition, Lust, and Cruelty ;
 From whose Contagious wombs, e'erlong,
 Pride, Avarice, and Malice Sprung,
 And many more destructive Foes
 To humane Peace, in time arose ;
 Then Justice did her self withdraw,
 And left the Rule to bastard Law,
 Hypocrisy, with Artfull Face,
 Invaded Charming Verine's place,*

And truth and Innocence were made
 The Scoff of Knaves whom Fools obey'd;
 'Twas in that wicked Age of Man,
 That old Knight Errantry began,
 And Worthy Champions form'd that Order
 To save the fair from Rape and Murder;
 Also to Rescue the Distress'd,
 Defend the weak, and the Oppress'd;
 And boldly fight in the defence
 Of Justice, Truth, and Innocence.
 Of this fam'd Order I am one,
 My Strength and prowess both are known,
 And tho the Laws of Nature bind
 All men to be to Knighthood Kind,
 Yet as a gratefull Civil Guest,
 I thank you for your noble Feast,
 And shall at all times far and near
 Well arm'd in your defence appear,
 For this your Entertainment, here.

C c c

Thus

Thus many, tho' like *Quixote*, Mad,
 Or Foolish, yet you'll find 'em Glad,
 If Complements will pass upon ye,
 To Spend their Breath, to Save their Money.

CANTO XX.

*Antonio Sings to please the Knight,
 Who gravely listens with delight.*

*The Goat-herds broach their Second Wine
 Which Sancho Guzzles like a Swine.*

WHen *Quixote*, sitting on his Crupper
 Had Ended both his Speech and Sup-
 (per ;

And puzzl'd Ev'ry Rural Swain,
 Who listen'd, tho' alas in vain ;
 Because his words were some degrees,
 Above their Low Capacities

Yet

Yet all the present Country herd
 Were pleas'd to see him wag his Beard,
 And hear his accents Smoothly flow
 From his Enchanting tongue, altho,
 They could not by his worship's grinning,
 Or gaping, understand his meaning:
 So Fools admire those things the most
 Wherein their Shallow reason's lost,
 And think the Guide most fit to teach,
 Who cants and prates beyond their reach;
 However up the Goat-herds got,
 And thank'd him for they knew not what
 Telling the Knight and Squire, to shew 'em
 That they were kindly welcome to 'em,
 They'd Cause a pretty Youth they had,
 Well skill'd in musick for a Lad,
 To entertain 'em with a Song,
 Who, tho' as yet he was but young,
 Could write and read like any Friar,
 And tune the Fiddle or the Lyre;

Excelling far the best musician,
 In all that Parish or division,
 But was so Smitten with a Maid,
 A little pebble wasted Jade,
 A Shepherds Daughter in the Town,
 A Tidy Huswife they must own,
 That he was staring mad to obtain her,
 But She's so Coy he could not gain her,
 That in few Minutes he'd be there,
 Was sent for, and he liv'd but near.

No sooner had the Swain set forth
Antonio's Character and worth,
 But in he came, Surpris'd to see
 The Knight in Armour Cap-a-pee,
 And such a strange Rapsallion fellow,
 As *Sancho*, very brisk and Mellow,
 With a huge Sword and sorry Cloths
 Sitting on's Rump with horn at Nose,
 For by this time thro' *Sancho's* Cunning,
 The Second Skin was set a Running;

That

That the Rich Juice contain'd within
Might put them on a merry pin.

The Goat-herds Glad to see *Antonio*
Ask'd him to Eat, *He answer'd No, No;*
Alledging that he Just was come
From Supper with his Friends at Home.
Now mirth on ev'ry Brow was Seated,
And Horn was after Horn repeated;
To tune *Antonio's* Pipes the better,
That he might play and sing the sweeter;
For wine to Songsters may be said
To be like Spur to fullen Jade,
One gives the youth a bolder Face,
The other mends the Gennets pace.

No sooner did the Goat-herds find,
Antonio by his Hum inclin'd
To sing a Song, and that the horn
Had made him fit to serve their turn,
But one and all desir'd the youngster
To shew himself an able Songster,

As they'd reported him to be
 Before he came in Company ;
 And that he'd sing the Charming ditty
 Upon *Olalia's* want of pity,
 Whose Lovely Looks and killing Eyes
 Had made his own kind Heart her Prize ;
 For whom he long had suffer'd pain,
 By her Ill-Nature and disdain.

*The Song you ask, reply'd the Lad,
 Was by my Learned Unkle made ;
 Who now has (God be thanked) Got
 A good fat Prebend to his Lot ;
 Yet tho' he's in his Fifty'th Year,
 The Jolly priest delights to hear
 A pleasant ditty o'er the Bowl ;
 Or merry Tale, with all his Soul.*

This said, the Youth began to place,
 An am'rous air upon his Face ;
 Giving a prelude undigested,
 To try his voice, and then he rested ;

Till

Till he'd adapted to his Sonnet,
 His Looks, his Posture, and his Bonnet,
 That his whole Body might agree
 With the approaching Harmony;
 Then turning up his Eyes towards Heaven,
 And beating time with Hand most even,
 The Songster Lyrick'd o'er with all
 His Skill the following Madrigal.

*Antonio's Amorous Complaint,
 Against Olalia that fair Saint;
 Be'ng a Choice Ballad newly writ
 To shew his Folly and her Wit.*

My Bowels Burn with am'rous fire,
 My passion's so sincerely true
 That I am Swallow'd in desire,
 And o'er my Liquor thirst for you.
 By Day, alas, I never Drink,
 But in the Bowl I see your Charms,
 And when in Bed, all Night I think,
 I hug *Olalia* in my Arms.

Why

Why then should you be nice and Coy,
 And treat your Lover with disdain,
 Who only seeks to give you Joy,
 Whilst you requite his Love with pain?
 Sometimes I only think you try
 My Heart as silly Nymphs will do,
 In hopes when you my passion fly,
 The faster I should still pursue.
 As thus I do my self amuse
 My am'rous flame the fiercer burns;
 But still in vain, since you refuse
 All kind and suitable returns.
 I sing and play to Charm your Ears
 And dress and dance to please your Eyes,
 Yet daily you Encrease my fears,
 That I shall lose the happy Prize.
 Teresa did your Fame impair,
 I fought her Swain on that account,
 And made him own you were more fair
 Than she that did your Charms affront,
 How

How then can you be Coy, and proud,
 To him him so Loving Just and true,
 Who has your greatest Foe subdu'd,

Yet knows not how to Conquer you.
 But why, fair Nymph, will you refuse

What both might mutually possess,
 And thro' ill nature daily lose

A Thousand Joys we might Embrace,
 What tho you still disturb my rest,

'Tis all in vain, you must be kind,
 For I shall teaze your Sullen Breast,

Till I have made you Change your mind ;

The Knight, who was himself a play'r

Upon the Cittern, and Gittar ;

And, therefore, did presume to be

A skillfull Judge of Harmony ;

Was highly pleas'd to hear a Song,

So very Charming, tho so long ;

D d d

And

And listen'd to both Words and Tune,
 With all his Ears, which was but one,
 Astonish'd at the Strains he heard
 From a young Swain without a Beard,
 Bred up in Mountains far remote,
 Where none but feather'd Songsters taught,
 The happy youth to tune his Throat :
 Nor was the Knights harmonious Soul,
 As yet of satisfaction full ;
 But mov'd with his prevailing Tongue,
 That t'other ditty might be Sung.

Good Sir, *Quoth* Sancho, *who was* Maud-
 (ling,

And tir'd with Eating and with fuddling ;

'Tis time your worship should be thinking

Of Bed, Consider, we've been drinking

Besides, our honest Friends, per Lady,

Begin to wink and nod already :

Nay one or two to sleep are gone,

The rest can not forbear to yawn ;

And

And I my self am forc'd to gape,
Hoy ho, I'm ripe to take a nap.
To tell you truly, I'm so drowsy,
And faith and troth so very Boozy,
That Singing after all this horning,
Would lull me fast a sleep till Morning,
' Truly reply'd the Knight, I fear'd,
' By often Liquoring thy beard,
' The horn e'er long would make thee fitter
' For Chimney Nook, or Stable Litter,
' Than to delight thy Stupid Senses
' With Musick's Charming Excellencies :
' Rest therefore may be best for thee,
' Since sleep and dullness well agree ;
' But Knighthood, to prevent Surprise,
' Must have Minerva's watchful Eyes ;
' Strict vigilance, without Cessation,
' Becomes a man of my Profession ;
' But thou mayst snore like Swinish Brute,
' As oft as nature calls thee to't :

' However, Dress my Ear before
 ' You stretch your Limbs upon the floor ;
 ' Because I find the pain Encreases,
 ' As if 'twould tear that side in pieces.

Sancho, now Rising off the Ground,
 Made a round stagger to the wound,
 And clumsily took off the Plaister,
 In order to obey his Master ;
 So that a Goat-herd standing by,
 And Casting on the wound an Eye,
 Assur'd the Knight he soon could heal
 His Ear, and make it sound and well ;
 So clapping on the Rag again,
 Left Air should aggravate the Pain,
 He did some leaves of Rosm'ry bruise,
 And casting Salt among the Juice,
 Apply'd the same unto the part
 Aggriev'd, which tho' it caus'd some smart,
 Was very speedy, safe, and sure,
 Performing a mirac'lous cure,

And

And of all Balfams is the best
 For a Sore Ear, *probatum est*,
 Prime good for those who swear at Random,
 To always keep, that it may stand'em
 In stead, in Case the Law should brand'em.

No sooner had the Swain apply'd,
 His *Nostrum* to the painful Side,
 And bound up the afflicted part,
 From whence the Ear had made a start,
 But in there came a Jolly Clown,
 Belonging to a Neighb'ring Town,
 Who Twice, or Thrice a Week took pains
 To bring provisions to the Swains ;
 Fast had he trip'd it o'er the Grass,
 To Shew that ill News flys apace.
 A while he panted e'er he spoke,
 But told bad tidings in his look ;
 At length in tears he fainty said,
 The gen'rous *Chrysostome* is Dead,

This

This Ev'ning he resign'd his Breath,
 And all the Country mourn his Death,
 Occasion'd by that peevish Quean,
Marcella, whom he lov'd in vain,
Rich William, that old miser's Daughter,
 She was, they say, his bane and slaughter :
 For her he lov'd so very greatly,
 And she behav'd herself so stately ;
 That he took pet at her proud Carriage,
 And Dy'd, cause she refus'd him Marriage
 Poor *Chrysofome*, reply'd all those,
 Who heard the fatal piercing news ;
 And is he gone, the best of Swains,
 That ever blest these Neighbouring plains :
 Curse on her Charms, who had the pow'r,
 To wound and to refuse a Cure :
 May she lament him now he's Dead,
 Live Slighted, Scorn'd, and die a Maid.

But that which has amaz'd us more,
 Added the Weeping Country Boor ;

Is that before he dy'd he made
 The strangest will that e'er was read,
 Desiring that he might be carry'd,
 When dead, into the fields and bury'd
 Byth' Cork-tree Fountain near a Rock,
 Where first *Marcella's* beauty struck
 That fatal blow, of which he dy'd
 A Martyr to her cruel Pride :
 Besides, some other things, they say,
 He's order'd in the Pagan way,
 As if design'd in Imitation
 Of the *Moors* ancient Heath'nish fashion:
 Which cause some folk to think egad,
 The Gypsy's flights had made him mad,
 So that the Parish Heads contend,
 With *Ambrose* his intrusted friend :
 And will not suff'r 'im to fullfill
 His Brother Shepherd's dying Will ;
 So that the Village now are all
 In arms about the funeral,

Tho'

Tho' tis thought *Ambrose* and his party,
Must gain the better if they're hearty.

Thus Beauty, tho' it charms the sight,
And Entertains us with Delight ;
It fills the World with cares and fears
And often sets us by the Ears.

FINIS.

PART VI.

C A N T O XXI.

The News of Chrysofome who dy'd

By Fair Marcella's cruel Pride.

The Goatherd's Story to the Knight,

Who gravely listen'd with delight.

THE Goatherds being much amus'd,
 And all their Jollity confus'd,
 At the hard Suff'rings and the Doom
 Of kind and gen'rous *Chrysofome*,
 Now rais'd their Rumps from off the Floor,
 Where they had been so blithe before,
 And ask'd the neighb'ring Clown that brought
 The mournful Tidings, when he thought
 The Contest in the Town would end,
 That *Ambrose* might interr his Friend.

E e e

The

The Messenger reply'd, in Sorrow,
 The Day appointed was the Morrow;
 And that for certain there wou'd be
 A pompous great Solemnity.

This Answer made the Goatherds all
 Resolve t'attend the Funeral,
 Except poor *Petro*, who had got
 A Thorny Ailment in his Foot;
 And therefore rather chose to stay
 At home, than limp so long a way:
 Which Resolution pleas'd the rest,
 Since one must be oblig'd at least,
 By drawing Cuts or Casting Lots,
 To tarry and attend the Goats.
 Thus *Petro* wisely was i'th' right,
 To chuse the pref'erable Delight
 Of Ease, before a pompous Sight.

Don *Quixote* who had silent sat,
 And listen'd unto all their Chat,

En-

Enquir'd of *Petro* if he knew
 This *Christome*, what he was, and who,
 That such Contention should arise,
 When dead, about his *Obsequies*.

Petro reply'd unto the Knight,
Such crabbed Words confound me quite,
But as for Chrisostome that's dead,
He was a Scholard, all Folk said,
One who had taken his Degree,
At Salamanca 'Versity;
And after sev'ral Tears return'd
From College home so deeply Learn'd,
That he by Night could read and tell
The meaning of the Stars, as well
As if he did the Heavens know,
As truly as his Christ-cross-Row;
The Sun could neither set or rise,
Or the Moon wander thro' the Skies,
But he could guess what they were doing,
From whence they came, and whither going;

*And would appoint the very Minute
O'th' Clip, and when they wou'd be in it.*

*' Th' Eclipse you mean, (the Don replies
To shew himself more learn'd and wise.)*

*Truly, (quoth Petro to the Knight)
For ought I know you may be right,
I ne'er was taught the learned Rules
Of speaking fine, observ'd in Schools:
But all that I have said to you,
For certain, Chrysostome could do.
Nay more, for he would tell us when
We should have Sunshine, Wind, or Rain,
When cause to hope for, or to fear
A plentiful or Estil Year.*

*' Steril, not Estil, Friend, you mean,
(Replies the Knight unto the Swain.)*

*Steril and Estil (quoth the Clown)
To us poor Goatherds are as one.
But this I know, that the Deceas'd
Was learn'd and wise as any Priest;*

And

And that his Friends, in little time,
 Grew Rich, by being rul'd by him,
 And fill'd their Barns in Drought or Flood,
 Let Seasons happen as they wou'd.
 One Year he'd cry, your Uplands plow,
 The next, come Till your Valleys now.
 Here sow your Rye, and there your Wheat.
 This Soil will Oats and Barley fit.
 And that Inclosure best agrees,
 This Year, with Turnips or with Peas.
 The next will scarce reward your Toil,
 The following will abound with Oil.
 Thus whatsoe'er he did foretel,
 Would come to pass, and never fail:
 As if he in the Stars could see
 Whatever should hereafter be.

' That noble Science, (quoth the Knight)
 ' By which he guess'd so very right,
 ' Is call'd Astrology, whereby
 ' We into Nature's Secrets pry,
 ' That at a distance hidden ly.

Quoth

Quoth Petro, 'tis a wondrous Art,
 Whatever crabb'd Name you've for't;
 I wish my self bred up in College,
 For nothing but this sort of Knowledge,
 Which Chrysostome was so Expert in,
 That he foreknew all things for certain;
 However tho' his Bookish Learning,
 Made him so skilful and discerning,
 That he could name the Stars and Meteors,
 As well as he could do his Letters;
 Yet he forsook his Scholard's Gown,
 And of a sudden laid it down,
 To lead his Life upon the Plains,
 Among the Rural Maids and Swains;
 Would in no other Dress appear,
 But such as Country Shepherds wear,
 And took as much delight in driving
 His Flocks, as if 't'ad been his Living;
 But what amaz'd his Friends the more,
 His Father dy'd but just before,

And

And left him, as some Neighbours say,
 Besides Land, Cattle, Corn, and Hay,
 More Money were it in a Sack,
 Then he could carry at his Back;
 Yet all these Riches would not keep
 This Learned Youth from tending Sheep.
 I'm sure were I as Rich as he,
 Old Nick might feed my Goats for me;
 But Chrisostome, in hopes to spend,
 His Hours more happ'ly with a Friend,
 Took with him one young Ambrose, who,
 They say, was a rare Scholard too,
 That they might Logick chop together,
 Beneath a Hedge in pleasant Weather.
 Thus did they lead a Shepherd's Life,
 And Lov'd like any Man and Wife,
 Feeding the Poor, and doing Good
 To all that wanted Cloaths or Food.
 At length the bidden cause came out,
 Why Chrisostome thus rang'd about,
 Which

*Which was, that he was so besmitten,
 With Beauty, and with Love so bitten,
 That his poor tortur'd sighing Breast,
 Amidst his Riches, could not rest,
 But he must run Sheep-driving after
 Rich Williams fair and only Daughter;
 A Skittish Lass that overlooks
 And tends her own and Uncles Flocks,
 A puny thing, that, I may say,
 Was a meer Brat but t'other Day,
 Yet now She's taller grown and older,
 She's mir'd by all that do behold her.*

' Admir'd you mean, (replies the Knight)

' Pray mind your Words, pronounce 'em right.

Nouns, Master, (quoth the homebred Clown)

Without Corruption let's go on.

For if you will not bear me speak

My way, I shan't have done this Week;

Therefore pray mind me what I say,

Don't thwart, but give my Tongue fair play.

Which

That

That my whole Tale may hang together.
 This William, fair Marcella's Father,
 Was, by the by, a wealthy Yeoman,
 A Grasier Shepherd and a Ploughman;
 By the good management of which,
 He made himself most woundy Rich;
 Then dy'd, bequeathing all he had
 To this young pistail puny Fade,
 Before her Body was a Span,
 Some Tears e're she was Meat for Man,
 Leaving the little Lady Fair
 Beneath a tender Uncle's Care,
 Our Parish-Priest, and tho' I say't,
 A good Man, notwithstanding that,
 Who did so love her, that he rather
 Discharg'd the Duty of a Father,
 Because she had no Parent left,
 But was of Mother too bereft,
 Who dy'd in Childbed, and is blest,
 For certain, with eternal Rest.

*'Tis true it often was her way,
 To take a Cup, as People say;
 What then, there's not another Dame,
 All round, who had so good a Name;
 For she not only bug'd the Bowl,
 But Lov'd her Neighbour with her Soul;
 And had a Face, that shone as bright
 As Sun by Day or Moon by Night;
 And many think her handsom Daughter,
 When once she grows a little fatter,
 Will be so very like her Mother,
 That in the one you'll see the other.
 Yet is Marcella now she's fit
 For Wedlock, such a pretty Tit,
 That 'tis agreed by all the Swains,
 There's not her Fellow on the Plains;
 Her Beauty makes all Youth pursue her,
 And tempts Great Persons Sons to wooe her.
 There's not a Tree but bears her Name,
 Or Shepherd but he sings her Fame:*

*All Men that see her seek her Favour
 And many run stark Mad to have her;
 Nay, Months, before she took the Dress
 Upon her, of a Shepherdes,
 Fine Youth from distant Places came,
 To view the Beauty of the Dame:
 And all the Neighbour's Sons of Note
 Paid Hom'lies to her Petticoat.*

*'Homage, (quoth Quixote in a Passion)
 'I hate this mispronunciation.*

*Adsheart, Sir Knight, (quoth angry Peter)
 Mayhap you'd ha'me speak in Meter:
 Een hear my Tale, or you know what,
 I've told you, I'm not learn'd a jot.
 Give my Tongue therefore leave to run
 As usual, or my Story's done.*

*'Nay, nay, good Friend, (reply'd the Don)
 'Don't let me spoil your going on,
 'And rob my own desirous Ear
 'Of that Account I long to hear.*

‘ Proceed, I’ll pardon all Abruption,
 ‘ And give thee no more Interruption.

*Well then, (cries Petro) you must know,
 This Maiden did so handsome grow,
 That all Men who beheld her Feature,
 Bless’d Heaven for so fine a Creature.
 Some to herself made wealthy Proffers,
 Others to’r Uncle made great Offers;
 In hopes, by gaining his Good-Will,
 They should into her Favour steal;
 Yet the old Parson, tho’ he might
 Have got, it’s thought, some Hundreds by’t,
 Would never shew the least intent
 To wed her ’gainst her own consent;
 But always gave her good Advice,
 To chuse a Husband she could prize;
 Still telling her, from time to time,
 What Suiters had apply’d to him;
 Their Worth, their Family, their Name,
 The Terms propos’d, and whence they came,*

And

*And who himself approv'd on best,
 As more deserving than the rest;
 But still she kept her wonted Carriage,
 And by no means would hear of Marriage,
 But always made it her endeavour,
 To shun all those that sought her Favour.
 I've heard indeed, the more we Love,
 The more perverse the Women prove.*

*As thus Marcella older grew
 Her Beauty made the brighter shew,
 And drew such Crowds of Lovers to her,
 That all the Youth laid wait to wooe her;
 And fought and squabbl'd so about her,
 The Town had better been without her.
 'Twas then she chang'd her flanting Dress,
 And for her Ease turn'd Shepherdess,
 To avoid the Teaze and mournful Sighs
 Of those she'd conquer'd with her Eyes;
 Nor could her Uncle cause her stay,
 By all that he could do or say;*

But

*But to the Fields and Plains she vow'd
 She'd go, ay marry that she would;
 There lead a peaceful happy Life,
 Resolving ne'er to be a Wife.
 No sooner had she thus beto'en
 Herself unto the spacious Plain,
 But then there was a greater Rout,
 For all the Youngsters round about
 Turn'd Shepherds too, with an intent
 To worship her where'er she went.
 Among the rest poor Chrisostome
 Was one of those who left his Home,
 On purpose to pursue the Lass,
 So Beauteous, and so well to pass,
 More for her Wealth than what was in her,
 Because, as yet, he ne'er had seen her,
 Believing that his Wit might win her.*

*Marcella's Care was all along
 To live so Chaste that none might wrong*

Her

*Her good Repute, and out of spight,
 Report those things that were not right;
 For she was Free, altho' so Fair,
 With Swains, as other Maidens were;
 But if they once began to talk
 Of Love, in scorn away she'd walk,
 And would have nothing more to say
 To him who bent his Tongue that way.*

*Thus Coy and Froward she remains,
 And as the Queen of Beauty reigns,
 Doing the Country Youth more harms,
 With what you Scholards call her Charms,
 Than any Witch, by Satan's Pow'r,
 Has done this Forty Years before.
 For her fair Looks and curteous 'Haviours,
 Which the young Shepherds take for Favours,
 Engage 'em all to dearly love her;
 And when they do their Pain discover,
 From out their Company she starts,
 And leaves the Fools to break their Hearts,
 Giving*

Giving no Comfort but a Frown,
 Not caring if they hang or drown,
 And what Relief they find poor Souls,
 Is only in their Sighs and Howls,
 Complaining to some shady Tree,
 Of Fair Marcella's Cruelty.
 And to the deaf regardless Wind,
 Call her ungrateful and unkind.
 Here one despairing Lover Lies,
 And there another Shephard dies;
 Beneath this Hedge complaining Sits
 An am'rous Youth besides his Wits;
 At foot of yonder Rock a Swain,
 Cursing his Stars for her Disdain;
 By such a Murm'ring Brook there Lolls
 A Brace or Two of Whining Fools,
 Who 'mong the Willows sigh and groan,
 And Eccho to each others Moan.
 Thus the fair Tyrant Reigns and Kills
 And with her bleeding Captives fills
 The Plains, the Valleys, and the Hills.

Now we who unconcern'd look on
 These Mischiefs which her Eyes have done,
 Are at a heavy loss to guess
 The End of all her Frowardness ;
 What her Pride, Coyness, and Disdain
 Will at last come to, in the main ;
 And who of all the Swains will prove
 So happy as to win her Love ;
 Therefore since she has slain and wounded
 So many, and their Wits confounded,
 I am perswaded in my Thought,
 The News is true our Friend has brought ;
 That she has struck her Darts too home,
 And been the bane of Chrifostome :
 If so, his Funeral, to Morrow,
 Will be a pompous Shew of Sorrow ;
 For he had many Friends, 'tis said,
 Who wont forsake him now he's dead,
 Till they have seen him safe, where he
 Desir'd his resting-place should be ;

G g g

There-

*Therefore if you so please, Sir Knight,
 Methinks I'd have you see the Sight;
 It is not much above a Mile
 From hence, and 'twill be worth your while.*

*Quoth the grave Don, ' I mean to see
 ' The Funeral-Solemnity;
 ' And for the Story you have told,
 ' My Friend, I thank you doublefold.*

*Alas, Sir Knight, (reply'd the Boor)
 Sh'as made a thousand Mischiefs more.
 I have not told you half the Wrongs
 Her scornful Pride has done among's;
 But at the Funeral there you'll hear
 Marcella's Life and Character;
 For her ill Fame the loudest rings
 At Burials, Wakes, and Christenings.*

*Yet, after all her stubborn Nature,
 She's a most lovely luscious Creature;
 Her Eyes at ev'ry glance or squint,
 Strike fire like any Steel and Flint,*

That you may see 'em shine and sparkle,
 For all the World like lighted Charcoal;
 Her pouting Lips appear so red,
 That one would think they always bled;
 And her soft Cheeks are like two Posies,
 Made up of Pinks and Damask-Roses.
 When she draws Breath she does so heave,
 That 'tis a pleasure to perceive
 Her snowy Breasts pop in and out;
 Like Dumplings boiling o'er the Pot.
 And when along the Plain she trips,
 She's as such a Motion with her Hips,
 That any mortal Man must love her,
 Tho' ne'er so much in Birth above her.
 Could I believe that she would grace
 The Fun'ral with her handsome Face,
 I'd thither Limp for all my Thorn,
 If but to see the Gypsie mourn.

Here Petro finding that 'twas late,
 Made a full stop, and ceas'd to prate

About *Marcella's* further Charms,
 Pursu'd by such admiring Swarms,
 Advising his attentive Guest
 To think it time to go to rest
 Within a little Hut, for fear
 The Air should hurt his wounded Ear,

Sancho, who did not relish well,
 The Goatherd's dull longwinded Tale,
 Back'd the good Counsel of the Clown,
 And beg'd his Master to lie down ;
 Who took their kind Advice, and laid
 Himself upon his Stubble-Bed ;
 Whilst *Sancho* found another Cabbin,
 And for his Pillow took a Babbins.

No sooner did the Knight withdraw
 Into his Hut, well stuff'd with Straw,
 But the fair Goddess of the Plains,
Marcella, brought into his Brains
 His dear *Dulcinea*, that he spent
 The Night in Sighs and Discontent,

As if his Case had been the same
 With theirs who lov'd the scornful Dame,
 Moaning her Slights, in imitation,
 To pleasure his fictitious Passion,
 Which had but little other ground
 Than Tales he'd in Romances found.

Thus Men too often stand in fear of
 Those Dangers which they only hear of;
 And by the strength of Fancy share
 The Torments others really bear.

CANTO

C A N T O XXII.

The Don and Sancho ride to see

The Funeral Solemnity:

The Croud they meet with by the way,

Their Chat, and how they spend the Day.

SCARCE had the dawning of the Morn
 Proclaim'd *Aurora's* kind return,
 In th' Eastern Quarters of the Skies,
 Where the bright God delights to rise,
 E're th'early Goatherds left their Sheep,
 And from their Huts began to creep,
 Left they should miss the pompous Sight
 They'd thought and dream'd of all the Night.
 Or lose some Rural Recreation,
 That might forerun the grand Procession.
 So that as soon as each had bolted
 From out his Straw, and scratch'd his Dolthead,
 They

They in a Body call'd upon
 Their armed Guest, the doubty Don,
 To ask if he was still inclin'd
 To do what he o'er Night design'd.
Quixote with Love and Valour fir'd,
 Reply'd, *He nothing more desir'd.*
 So rowling with a wakeful Brain,
 Like a fierce Lyon from his Den,
 He gap'd and fizzl'd twice or thrice,
 And then was ready in a trice;
 Ord'ring the Squire to fetch his Steed,
 And his own As from Grass, with speed,
 That both in readiness might be,
 To bear the Goatherds Company.

Sancho ill fuddl'd over Night,
 Could scarce look up against the Light,
 But scratch'd his Ears and rub'd his Eyes,
 Like one just wak'd in a surprise.
 However, when he'd paus'd a little,
 He did his Errand to a tittle.

So up they mounted, and away
 They jog'd, soon after break of Day;
 But had not travel'd, Horse and Foot,
 A Mile from whence they first set out,
 E're they met coming from a Cross-way,
 Six mourning Shepherds on the Cofs-way,
 Clad all in long black Lambskin Gowns,
 And on their Noddles Cypress Crowns,
 Adorn'd, to make the better shew,
 With sprigs of Rosemary and Ewe,
 Each bearing upright in his hand
 A Holly Staff, or rather Wand.
 And after these two Gallant Blades,
 Came on well mounted on their Pads;
 On Foot three Lacquies running by,
 To shew their Masters Quality.
 These choping on the Don by chance,
 They join'd, and did one way advance.
 All Sides, with civil Carriage, greeting
 Each other at the place of meeting;

A Passage wonderfully rare,
 Confid'ring that the Knight was there.

No sooner had they been so free,
 To Quere, *Which way travel ye?*
 But each by t'others Answer found,
 They all were to the Funeral bound.
 So Cheek by Jowl along they went,
 Like *Old Nick* and the Earl of *Kent*.
 As they jog'd on, from place to place,
 Familiar Chat sprang up apace.
 So that the Horsemen all began
 To be as great as Cup and Kan;
 And mutual Questions pass'd between
Don Quixote and the Gentlemen.
 At length they talk'd about the Death
 Of him who had resign'd his Breath,
 And curs'd the Charms of poor *Marcella*,
 For killing such an honest Fellow;
 And for the Cruelty and Pride
 She'd us'd to many more beside.

H h h

The

The Knight desirous not a little,
 To know the Matter to a tittle,
 Was very prying to discover
 Whate'er had pass'd 'twixt Lads and Lover;
 But could not be inform'd much more,
 Than what the Clown had told before.
 At length a pert young jolly Blade,
 Who had the armed Don survey'd,
 And view'd him round, from Head to Foot,
 His Horse, his Lance, and Man to boot,
 Presum'd to ask him, why in Peace
 He wore so strange a warlike Dress,
 And rid so fiercely arm'd abroad,
 On such an inoffensive Road.

'The Don, affecting much Discretion,
 Reply'd, *I'm bound by my Profession*
To thus go arm'd in ev'ry place,
Where I my Person show, or Face.
Should I without these Arms appear
'Twould shame the Honour that I bear,

*Luxurious Feasts and costly Messes,
Dull downy Ease and sumptuous Dresses
Were first invented to delight
Rich Courtiers, not dispos'd to fight :
But Labour, Vigilance, and Arms,
To save the Innocent from Harms,
Belong to Errant Knights alone,
Of which fam'd Order I am one.*

This crazy Answer was enough
To give the Gentlemen a proof,
That Love or Study had confus'd
His Senses, and his Brains abus'd.
However, to discover wholly,
The nature of the Champion's Folly,
Vivaldo, who was entertaining
Don Quixote, gravely ask'd the meaning
Of these Knight-Errants, whence they came,
And when they first obtain'd that Name?
What was their real Occupation?
And how that Order came in fashion?

H h h 2

The

The Champion not displeas'd to hear
 Such Questions ask'd within his Sphere,
 Reply'd, *I wonder Men of Birth,*
Whose Equipage declare your Worth,
Should, after all your Learning, be
Such Strangers unto Errantry;
Turn but the Brittish Annals o'er,
Which treat of things in times of Tore;
And there at large you may behold,
King Arthur's famous Deeds of old,
Who, by Incantment, long ago,
Was metamorphos'd to a Crow;
And will again, 'tis thought, recover
His former Shape, some time or other,
And reassume that sov'reign Pow'r
He was possess'd of heretofore.
Wherefore the People of that Nation
Are conscious, since his Transformation,
Of killing any Crow, for fear
Their good old Prince, to whom they bear

Such

*Such Rev'rence, should, by chance, be slain,
And never more appear again.*

This warlike King, of ancient Fame,

The only Monarch of that Name,

Vertue and Valour's great Rewarder,

First instituted that brave Order,

Surnam'd the Knights of the Round-Table,

For Ages held so venerable;

Who prov'd, as Learned Heads agree,

The Fathers of Knight-Errantry.

'Twas also then, or I mistake,

The fam'd Sir Lancelot du Lake,

Nobly transacted the Amour,

'Twixt him and fair Queen Guinever;

Quintiniana, by consent

Of both, b'ing made their Confident,

And Manager of all between

The worthy Champion and the Queen;

For Court-Intrigues are ne'er well laid,

Without some cunning Gossip's Aid,

Who

*Who can pray often, look demure,
Lye gracefully, and hold the Door.*

*This fortunate Amour, by chance,
Produc'd that noted old Romance,
Wherein these following Lines are writ,
In Spain so valu'd for their Wit.*

*' On Earth there never was a Knight
' So waited on by Ladies bright,
' As was Sir Lancelot du Lake,
' When he his Country did forsake.*

*In such pathetick Strains as these,
Contriv'd to both instruct and please.*

*His Feats of Arms, Amours, and Worth,
Are well and artfully set forth,
As the Polite and Learn'd may see*

*In the same ancient History.
From thence Knight-Errantry began,*

*And, by degrees, advanc'd in Spain,
As well as in all other Parts,*

Where Men encourag'd Arms and Arts;

Then

Then great Amadis, fil'd de Gaul,
 Made known his Valour unto all;
 And by his Actions so inspir'd
 His Offspring, that his Race acquir'd
 An everlasting Reputation,
 Down to the fourth or fifth Generation.
 Then Felixmart, the bold Hyrcanian,
 By's Feats obtain'd the World's Opinion.
 And Tirante the White became,
 In those blest Times, a Knight of Fame.
 Nay, had we liv'd a little sooner
 We might have had the happy Honour,
 To've seen that modern Champion's Face,
 Don Bellianis, Knight of Greece,
 Who strictly kept to his Profession,
 Rescuing all Sufferers from Oppression.
 These of that ancient Order were,
 According to whose Laws I bear
 These trusty Arms, in the defence
 Of helpless injur'd Innocence.

'Tis

*'Tis for this Cause I thus set forth,
 And range the Desarts of the Earth,
 All Dangers face, and Hardships bear,
 Without Regret, Complaint, or Fear,
 And Night and Day Occasions seek,
 To succour and defend the weak.*

*Vivaldo being much amaz'd,
 To find a Man so strangely craz'd,
 Who, notwithstanding, spoke so well,
 And in a Mode thus Rational,
 Resolv'd, since Quixote was so free,
 T'improve the Opportunity.
 So riding close to t'other's Horse,
 He thus continu'd the Discourse.*

*Metbinks, Sir Knight, your strict Profession
 Must be a strange Mortification.
 O'th' two I should as soon desire
 To be a poor Carthusian Fryer.
 Nay, as your Worship states the Matter,
 The easist Life must be the latter.*

' Our

' Our discipline (replies the Knight)
 ' Is more severe, so far you 're right;
 ' But grant that the *Carthusian* Fryers,
 ' Laid stricter Bonds on their Desires,
 ' Their pious Prayers, which are but Words,
 ' Would never do the work of Swords,
 ' They only sit in Peace and Ease,
 ' And pray no oftner than they please;
 ' Have little to disturb their Heads,
 ' Besides their *Paters* and their *Beads*,
 ' But danger-free enjoy the Light,
 ' And unmolested sleep at Night;
 ' Whilst we, with hazard of our Lives,
 ' Help injur'd Widows, Maids, and Wives,
 ' Lie rough, feed hard, and cut and flay,
 ' For what those Fryers only pray;
 ' We Knights are often forc'd to bleed for
 ' What they, alas! but intercede for:
 ' We travel on without retreat,
 ' From Winter's cold or Summer's heat,

- ‘ And daily do our Lives expose,
- ‘ To Truth and Vertue’s monstrous Foes.
- ‘ Therefore the Justice that we do,
- ‘ In these Adventures we pursue,
- ‘ And Risques we run, most plainly show,
- ‘ We’re Heaven’s Ministers below ;
- ‘ Not that I would be thought profane,
- ‘ So irreligious and so vain,
- ‘ As to condemn a Holy Life,
- ‘ Because it’s free from Care and Strife ;
- ‘ I only would infer from thence
- ‘ We ’ndure more Hardships, take more Pains,
- ‘ And do to humane Race more good,
- ‘ Than all the Convents ever cou’d.

But there’s one thing (reply’d Vivaldo)

*I can’t approve of, which you all do,
I’ve read that when an Errant Knight
Is just preparing for a Fight,
Instead of making his Address
To Heav’n for Safety and Success,*

*As all good Christians ought to do,
 When Life's at stake and Death in view,
 He only dedicates his Pray'r
 To some far distant Lady fair,
 Imploring her deceitful Charms,
 To give the victory to his Arms,
 Tho' his dear Madam's quite a Stranger,
 To his Adventure or the Danger;
 Besides, it is a Pagan Mode,
 To make a God of Flesh and Blood,
 And such preposterous Zeal can be
 No less than base Idolatry:*

' We're bound (quoth *Quixote*) not to vary
 ' From what has been accustomary
 ' In Errantry, our ancient Fashions
 ' Admit no modern Alterations;
 ' Knights always, e'er they fight, implore
 ' The Aid of Beauties they adore,
 ' And in all Dangers and Surprise,
 ' Conceit 'em still before their Eyes,

‘ And strongly fancy, when they fight,
 ‘ They Tilt to do their Ladies Right.
 ‘ This Rule the Knights in ev’ry Age
 ‘ Have kept, when going to engage,
 ‘ That Love and Rage together join’d,
 ‘ Might fire and animate the Mind,
 ‘ And make us rush upon our Foes,
 ‘ With greater Zeal and fiercer Blows;
 ‘ Yet tho’ we pray to those we Love,
 ‘ We’re not forgetful of above,
 ‘ But whilst contending, still apply
 ‘ Our thoughts to Heav’n for Victory,

Vivaldo to the Knight reply’d,
I am not yet well satisfy’d,
For I have often found in reading,
Two Knights, of equal strength and breeding,
Have first saluted one another
With How d’ye do? I thank you Brother,
And the next moment falling out,
Have turn’d their Horses Heads about,

Then

Then Couching their invidious Lances,
 Have made such desperate Advances,
 And at each other rid full Tilt,
 Till one upon the Spot had spilt
 His Adversary's Blood, and brought him
 To th' Ground, whilst t'other Knight that fought
 To keep his Saddle drop'd his Rein, (him,
 And catch'd fast hold of Horse's Mane.
 All this being often done of old
 In half a Minute, as we're told,
 How was there time in such a space,
 For both Idolatry and Grace,
 That they their Love and Zeal could shew
 To th' Peticoat and Heaven too.
 Especially, what room have they
 For Christian Thoughts, who only pray,
 I'th' Onset, to some Beauteous Creature,
 And dye the very moment a'ter,
 But ev'ry Knight who does approve
 This wand'ring Life is not in Love,

Or

*Or have they, I suppose, their Lasses
T' invoke in all such desprate Cases.*

‘ Sir your Conjecture (quoth the Knight)

‘ I can assure you, is not right ;

‘ No Champion can from Love be free,

‘ If he professes Errantry ;

‘ The Starry Orbs that shine so bright

‘ And bless the neather World, with Light,

‘ Can never more essential prove,

‘ To th’ Lofty Skies, wherein they move,

‘ Than Love, and the prevailing Charms

‘ Of Beauty, are to Knights in Arms ;

‘ For ’twould be thought a great Transgression

‘ In any Man of our Profession,

‘ To wander thro’ the World unblest,

‘ Without a Sov’reign of his Breast,

‘ Whose Charms the want of Spite supply,

‘ When e’er he does his Valour try ;

‘ Besides no Hist’ry does discover

‘ One Champion Knight that was no Lover ;

‘ For

' For should we own ourselves to be
 ' From Love, that gen'rous Passion, free,
 ' The World would say we had no Right
 ' To bear the Worthy Name of Knight,
 ' But leap'd the Fence and basely came,
 ' Thief-like, to th' Honour that we claim;
 ' Because we have no Lady fair,
 ' According as our Laws require,
 ' No Beauteous Damsel in our view,
 ' To dedicate our Combats to.
 ' *Mars* had his *Venus* to excite him
 ' To Warlike Deeds, and to delight him;
 ' So ev'ry Knight must have his Lady,
 ' To keep his Resolution steady;
 ' For none are desp'rate, say the Learn'd,
 ' Unless a Woman be concern'd.

But Sir I'm sure (reply'd the other)
I've read of Don Galaor, the Brother
Of Amadis, who ne'er had Wife,
Fair Lads, or Mistress in his Life;

And

And yet he was esteem'd to be

A valliant Knight in Errantry.

- ‘ For Truth we can’t depend upon
- ‘ That single Instance, (quoth the Don)
- ‘ Besides, suppose it no Mistake,
- ‘ One Swallow does no Summer make.
- ‘ ‘Tis true, I’ve read he would be great with,
- ‘ And court all Ladies that he met with;
- ‘ From whence some Readers do infer,
- ‘ He’d no one in particular:
- ‘ But that some Writers do disprove,
- ‘ Affirming that he was in Love,
- ‘ And that he had, behind the Curtain,
- ‘ A fav’rite Lady, of a certain,
- ‘ Whom he admir’d in ev’ry part,
- ‘ And crown’d the Empress of his Heart;
- ‘ Also to whom, in silent thought,
- ‘ He made Oblations e’er he fought;
- ‘ For ’twas his Temper to approve
- ‘ Always of Secresy in Love;

‘ For

' For which Discretion ev'ry Dame
 ' Admir'd him, wheresoe'er he came.
 Just here the stumbling of his Horse,
 At present, broke of their Discourse,
 Wherein *Vivaldo* and the Knight,
 Had such reciprocal Delight.

Mistaken Men with Zeal defend
 The Cause to which they do pretend,
 And, *Quixote* like, divert their Hearers,
 In lab'ring to maintain their Errors.

Kkk

CANTO

C A N T O XXIII.

*Vivaldo's Banter by the way,
Upon the Don's Dulcinea:
The Croud's Deportment round the Dead,
And the Oration Ambrose made.*

VIVALDO having now done whipping
His careless Gennet for his tripping,
Rid up again unto the Don,
And thus he carr'd his Banter on :
*Since you allow, Sir Knight, said he,
That Love's the Soul of Errantry,
I must presume you would not bear
These Arms without some Lady Fair,
For whom you lead this wandring Life,
In hopes to win her for a Wife;
Therefore except, like Don Galaor,
You keep your Mistress and Amour,*

*As Bosom Secrets, that no Lover,
 Without dishonour, can discover,
 I beg you'd let us know the Worth,
 The Name, the Quality, and Birth,
 Of that great Lady, for whose sake
 This dang'rous Course of Life you take;
 That, I suppose, her matchless Charms
 May reap the Glory of your Arms;
 Doubtless she must be young and fine,
 All over Lovely and Divine,
 And in her fancy doubly blest,
 To be by such a Knight Carest.*

*With that the Don, to ease his Passion,
 And vent his Am'rous Perturbation,
 Fetch'd sev'ral Sighs before he spoke,
 And then his Silence thus he broke:*

*I wish that Object of my Flame,
 Whose Charms the Universe proclaim,
 Was but affected with the Pains
 I take to shew the World my Chains;*

Kkk 2

'Twould

Twould be my Pride that all should know,
To whom I do my Passion owe:
Dulcinea is the Lady's Name
Born in La Mancha, to it's Fame.
Toboso is the Town wherein
She Lives, and Reigns as Beauty's Queen.
Her Quality no less can be
Than Princess, since ador'd by me,
And in my Breast the only Fair
That's crown'd and rules as Empress there.
Her Charming Beauty's so transcendent,
No mortal Eye can see the End on't.
She far exceeds all Female Creatures,
As well in Vertue as in Features.
Her Golden Locks outshine the Sun,
Upon a Summers Day at Noon.
Her Forehead looks, when e'er it's seen,
As smooth as Cupid's Bowling-Green;
And to the Sight more Pleasure yields,
Than found in the Elyfian Fields;

Her

*Her Brows, those two Celestial Bows,
 Point at the Beauty of her Nose,
 Which stands admir'd amidst her Face,
 And adds to ev'ry part a Grace.
 Her Eyes like Glorious Stars appear;
 Her Cheeks two Beds of Roses are;
 Her Lips are of a Coral dye;
 Her Teeth with Orient Pearl may vie;
 Her Neck is of the lovely hue
 Of Alabaster, vein'd with blue;
 And her dear Breasts more whiteness boast,
 Than new-par'd Turnips in a Frost;
 And as for those sweet parts that lie
 Conceal'd and veil'd from humane Eye,
 The strength of my Imagination
 Must not break forth into Expression
 But drown in silent Admiration;
 For Lovers ought not to unfold,
 What they're not suffer'd to behold.*

But,

- ' But, Sir, (*Vivaldo* then reply'd)
 ' To what great Prince is She ally'd,
 ' A Lady of her Worth must be
 ' Of some Illustrious Family;
 ' Therefore we beg you'd give your Tongue
 ' The leave to tell us whence she sprung.

This Question puzzl'd and perplex'd
 The Knight, and caus'd him to be vex'd;
 However first he scratch'd his Head,
 And this Evasive Answer made:
*She's not descended of the Gods,
 And drop'd on Earth from blest Abodes.
 Or does she from those Emprors come,
 Who once bore Rule in Greece or Rome,
 She scorns to any Kindred Claim
 With Helen, that fair wanton Dame,
 Who did so many Kings Enjoy,
 And cost so many Lives at Troy;
 Yet is her Pedigree and Blood,
 Tho' not so ancient, full as good,*

*As ever ran within the Veins
 Of Consuls, Tyrants, or their Queens;
 Nor could the greatest Prince on Earth
 Ere boast a more Illustrious Birth,
 From Adam to this very Day,
 Than can the fair Dulcinea;
 For from the fam'd Toboso she
 Derives her Vertuous Pedigree,
 A worthy, tho' a Modern Race,
 That in La Mancha thrive apace;
 From whence the World in time will see
 The most Victorious Progeny,
 And greatest Emp'rors, I'll engage,
 That e'er sprang up in any Age.
 Let therefore none presume so far
 To contradict what I averr,
 Before he hears what Zerbin wrote
 With his own fingers, at the foot
 Of fam'd Orlando's Armonr bright
 In mem'ry of that worthy Knight,*

Let

‘ Let none but he, these Arms displace,
 ‘ Who dares Orlando’s Fury face.

Sir I believe you, (cries Vivaldo)

And so I’m positive we all do.
By skilful Heralds I am told,
Our House is venerably Old,
That we’re descended from the Loins
Of the Laredo Cachopines;
But yet we can’t pretend to show so
Renown’d a Lineage as Toboso;
Tho’ I ne’er read or hear’d, I vow,
Of this Great Family till now;
Nor did I think La Mancha blest
With such a Princess, I protest;
Or that indeed there could be found
In the whole Province, search it round,
A Lady so divinely bright,
Deserving of so Brave a Knight.
 ‘ Tis strange (quoth Quixote) that the Fame,
 ‘ Which spreads abroad *Dulcinea’s* Name
 ‘ Should

- ‘ Should never reach the Ears before
- ‘ Of you that are a Travelour,
- ‘ But what Men hear of and not see
- ‘ Too oft escape the Memory.

The Moving Troop of Foot and Horse,
 All list’ning to the *Don’s* Discourse,
 Were now convinc’d by what he said
 Some Frenzy had confus’d his Head,
 That Love, or some Mishap more scurvy,
 Had turn’d his Senses topsy turvy,
 Except Poor *Sancho*, who for Truth
 Took all that fell from *Quixote’s* Mouth,
 Because he’d known him long to be
 A Man of great Sincerity,
 And fam’d throughout the Neighbourhood
 For being Pious, Learn’d and Good;
 Yet the Knights Frantick Talk about,
Dulcinea left him in some doubt
 Because *La Mancha* was his Place
 Of Birth, where he had spent his Days,

But ne'er had heard in all his Life
 Of such a Princess, Maid or Wife,
 Or such a Family within,
Toboso where he oft had been;
 However, like a Trusty Friend
 He wisely Conquer'd in the end,
 His Doubts, kept all his Scruples close
 And willfully believ'd in gross;
 Thus we may see how Men will smother
 Conscience to Credit one another.

As they Jog'd on an easy Trot,
 On Horseback some, and some on Foot,
 In a Low Valley that was nigh,
 Between the Hills, they chanc'd to spy,
 Six Bearers with a Bier upon
 Their Shoulders moving slowly on;
 Strew'd o'er with Flowers and with Greens
 An Ancient Custom with the Swains,
 Attended with a num'rous Train
 Of Shepherds from the Neighbouring Plain
 Each

Each with a Garland on his Head
 Of Solemn *Ewe* and *Cyprus* made,
 Cloth'd in Black Skins which they had Fleec'd
 From Lambs to Honour the Deceas'd ;
 There goes the Ghoast, the *Goatherd* cry'd,
 That Sacrafice to Female Pride,
 They're carry'ng Faithful *Chrisostome*
 To his Long, Last, and Silent Home,
 For near to yonder Rock he Pray'd
 His Heart, when broken might be laid,
 For in that very fatal Place
 He first beheld *Marcella's* Face,

This sudden, solemn mournful sight,
 Broke off *Vivaldo* and the Knight,
 And caus'd at once both Foot and Horse
 To mend their Pace and cease Discourse,
 That they might come in time to see
 And join in the Solemnity ;
 The Knight with Fury spur'd his Steed,
 Who had at best no other speed,

Than Higlers Hobby on the Road
 To Market makes beneath his Load,
 Whilst Trusty *Sancho's* Stubborn Ass
 Unwilling to improve his Pace,
 Endur'd more thrashing very fairly
 Than a large Sheaf of Wheat or Barly;
 However, by the Painful Strength,
 Of Armed Heel and Hand at length,
 The Spurring Knight and Whipping Squire
 Most Manfully brought up the Rear,
 And tho Postpon'd, they yet came in
 To see what e'er was to be seen.

When to the Burying Place they came
 The Bier was grounded near the same,
 Where Shepherds four by Dint of Spade
 The silent Habitation made;
 Whilst Champion *Quixote* and his Squire
 With others crouded round the Bier,
 Whereon a comely Corps was laid,
 Whose graceful Mein appear'd tho' Dead;

Nor

Nor was he wrap'd in Winding Sheet
 Ty'd ghastly close at Head and Feet,
 But at his own Request instead
 Of Shroud, was clad in Shepherds Weed,
 Strew'd o'er with Flowers, as he lay,
 That look'd and smelt both Sweet and Gay,
 Adorn'd by Rural Wits, to please
 His Friends, with Past'ral Elegies,
 Which in Pathettick Strains set forth
 His Love, his Learning and his Worth,
 Amongst 'em Verses of his own
 Which in Dispair he Wrote upon
Marcella's Beauty and Disdain
 Who did both Bless and Curse the Plain ;
 Whilst Lifeless Youth thus lay expos'd
 The Swains in Tears their Grief disclos'd,
 And for some doleful Minutes space
 With Sobs, and Sighings fill'd the Place ;
 At length Young *Ambrose*, dearly lov'd
 Of the deceas'd by Friendship mov'd,
Slept

Slept close the Corps and at the Head
The following kind Oration made.

‘ This venerable Clay which here
; Does Cold and Lifeless now appear,
‘ Once entertain’d the brightest Soul
‘ That ever mov’d ’twixt Pole and Pole,
‘ Enrich’d by Heav’n with all that cou’d
‘ Conduce to make him Great and Good ;
‘ This is the Body, freed from Pain
‘ Of *Chrisostome*, that Noble Swain,
‘ Who liv’d belov’d and prais’d by all
‘ But that Fair Maid who work’d his fall ;
‘ His Vertues were without deceit,
‘ Matchless his Learning and his Wit,
‘ Sagacious, tho in Years but Green,
‘ Magnificent his Looks and Mein,
‘ A Gen’rous and a Faithful Friend,
‘ A Loving Neighbour to his End,
‘ Courteous to all, from Av’rice free,
‘ And giv’n to Saint like Charity ;

‘ Grave

‘ Grave without Pride or Ostentation,
 ‘ Yet open without Reservation,
 ‘ Peaceful and harmless as the Dove,
 ‘ No other Passion knew but Love,
 ‘ And was the best of all good Swains
 ‘ That ever Blest the Woods or Plains.
 ‘ Behold you, fatal Spot, I pray
 ‘ That must intomb such worthy Clay,
 ‘ O ! that was the unhappy Place
 ‘ Where first he saw *Marcella’s* Face;
 ‘ There also did he first discover
 ‘ How much he was her faithful Lover,
 ‘ And in soft Eloquence set forth
 ‘ His Admiration of her Worth,
 ‘ There the relentless Maid deny’d
 ‘ His Suit, and Stab’d him with her Pride,
 ‘ There from his Arms she fled with scorn,
 ‘ And left him hopeless and forlorn,
 ‘ O’er-burthen’d with that sad despair
 ‘ Too weighty for his Breast to bear,

‘ On

‘ On that illboding Bank of Ground
 ‘ Did he receive his Mortal Wound,
 ‘ And there the Shepherd chose to lye,
 ‘ A Martyr to her Cruelty,
 ‘ That she, who had the Power to save
 His Life, might Triumph o’er his Grave.
 ‘ But Ah, how Cruel must she be,
 To scorn so much sincerity,
 ‘ And suffer such a gen’rous Swain
 ‘ To perish by her proud Disdain,
 ‘ Who without Scruple was possesst
 ‘ Of all wherein she could be blest,
 ‘ But flattery too oft prevails
 ‘ O’er Beauty when true Merit fails.
 ‘ His only Comfort was to hide
 ‘ in Woods and Desarts e’er he dy’d,
 ‘ To breathe out his Complaints for ease
 ‘ To the Deaf Winds and Speechless Trees,
 ‘ There too he did invoke his Muse
 ‘ And for his Theme *Marcella* chuse,
 ‘ That

' That tho' his Heart so long had born
 ' The Painful Conflicts of her Scorn,
 ' His flowing Verse might Crown her Name
 ' And Beauty with Immortal Fame,
 ' As some of these his Labours here
 ' Which on his Worthy Corps appear,
 ' Would testify, but that I'm bound
 ' To Bury'm with him in the Ground.

That would be Rashness, Sir, reply'd
Vivaldo, standing by his Side ;
In such a Case the Will o'th' Dead,
Ought not, I think, to be obey'd :
What e'er Request is out of season,
Or inconsistent with our Reason,
We may dispense with, if we please,
And ne'er disturb their Peaceful Ease.
Our Breath of Friendship or of Trust
Can ne'er affect their silent Dust :
Why then should either Wealth or Wit,
Since the Dead profit nothing by't,

M m m

Into

Into the Grave be with them hurld,
 To th' Injury of the Living World;
 Should a Man beg before he dy'd,
 His Tomb should be with Food supply'd;
 What Man would bury Wine and Meat,
 To Feast the Dead, who cannot eat?
 Why then, alas, should you fulfill
 So weak a part of Chrysom's Will,
 Which is to rob the World, by giving
 To th' Dead what's useful to the Living:
 Augustus Cæsar had more Grace
 Than to let Virgil's Will take place;
 He by his Royal Mandate hinder'd
 The World from being so much injur'd,
 Which 'twould have been, if the Testator,
 When Dead, had been but humour'd a'ter;
 But Cæsar prudently thought fit
 To oppose the Will and save the Wit:
 I therefore beg you, Worthy Sir,
 I'th' Name of all assembled here,

That you'll vouchsafe to let me save
 Some of these Poems from the Grave,
 To caution others, and our Selves,
 From wracking on those dangerous Shelves,
 Which prov'd the much lamented Bane
 Of this unhappy worthy Swain,
 So stretching out his longing Hand,
 Did for no Leave, or Answer stand,
 But snatch'd some Papers that were near,
 Into his own peculiar Care,
 That all the Martyr'd Lover's Labours,
 Should not be hid from Friends and Neigh-
 ' Well Sir, said *Ambrose*, since I find, (hours
 ' You are so Zealously inclin'd
 ' To save some Remnants of the Wit
 ' Of my dear Friend, I will submit
 ' So far as to excuse, to please ye,
 ' Your Sacrilege, but pray be easy
 ' With what you've taken, for the rest
 ' Shall gratify my Friend's request.

Vivaldo bow'd and said no more,
 But eager was to con 'em o'er,
 And op'ning one, he read aloud
 The Title to the Mournful Croud.

‘ That, reply'd *Ambrose*, is the first
 ‘ My Friend e'er writ, yet not the worst,
 ‘ Where in soft Strains he does impart
 ‘ The restless Suff'rings of his Heart,
 ‘ And in smooth Numbers lets us see,
 ‘ *Marcella's* Pride and Cruelty ;
 ‘ Pray therefore publish o'er his Herse,
 ‘ Those Stanza's of Immortal Verse,
 ‘ That all his present Friends may hear
 ‘ What raging Conflicts, and severe
 ‘ Depressions terrify'd his Wound,
 ‘ And crush'd the Shepherd to the Ground.

Vivaldo to oblige the rest,
 Comply'd to answer the Request,
 And so, first hemming twice or thrice
 To stretch his Pipes and clear his Voice,

Upon

Upon a rising Bank he stood,
And loudly read the following Ode.

‘ This Song of *Chrysofom’s*, said he,
‘ Is call’d *Marcella’s Cruelty*,
‘ Or the Despairing Faithful Swain,
‘ Who Loves the Maid, but sighs in vain.

Why Fairest Tyrant so severe,
To punish him that loves so well,
Who Charm’d by you, is forc’d to bear
Those Torments that are worse than Hell.

O hear your Captive Slave impart
His Love, Fidelity and Grief,
That they may move your stubborn Heart
To yield his Passion some relief.

Assist me, Ye Celestial Quires,
Harmoniously to tune my Voice,
That I may sing what Love inspires,
And win the Nymph that is my choice.

Come

Come ye wing'd Suff'ers of the Groves,
 Whose Feather'd Mates have from ye flown,
 And left ye to bemoan your Loves
 On drooping Branches perch'd alone.

Come all ye harmless Kids and Lambs,
 That bleating through the Meadows run,
 And mourn the absence of your Dams,
 Who into distant Fields are gone.

Joyn your impatient Grief with mine,
 A doleful Consort let us make,

That our sad Musick may incline,
 Marcella's stubborn Heart to break.

That when the Charming Tyrant feels,
 The Terrors of incessant Pain,

She may repent those fatal Ills
 Occasion'd by her proud Disdain.

And from the Torments that she bears
 Within her own afflicted Breast,

Compassionate my Fears and Cares,

And by her Pity give me Rest.

But 'tis alas in vain to hope

For what she has so long deny'd,

No Lovers Prayer's or Tears can stop

Marcella's Cruelty and Pride.

Then Fiends and Furies all arise,

From your Infernal loathsome Cells,

And with my sad despairing Sighs

Commix your frightful Groans and Tells.

Let all the Winds their Prisons break,

The foaming Ocean roar aloud,

The Heavens rend, the Mountains shake,

And Thunder Eccho from each Cloud.

Let Man and Beast together run

Distracted with the Noise they hear,

And Wives and Virgins fly to shun

The dreadful Prodigies they fear.

May

*May blazing Stars and Comets spread
 Their fiery Tails around the Skies,
 Th' insatiate Grave disgorge the Dead,
 And Skeletons in Troops arise.*

*Let angry Serpents quit their Hole,
 Upon the Surface hissing lye,
 And all between the distant Poles,
 Be toss'd and wrack'd as well as I.*

*Then will I burst my flaming Heart,
 Amidst the terrible surprize,
 For her who does to some impart
 Those Favours she to me denies:*

*Love when with Gratitude it meets,
 Is cherish'd with a thousand Sweets,
 But when its scorn'd, too fierce it burns,
 And to Despair and Madness turns.*

C A N T O XXIV.

*Marcella on the Rock appears,
 And Charms the Shepherd's Eyes and Ears :
 All hear her speak with great surprize,
 And when she's done away she flies.*

THE Verses which *Vivaldo* read,
 Made e'ery Shepherd shake his Head,
 And shed alike fresh Tears of Pity
 For th' Author of the Mournful Ditty,
 Who unmolested lay in State,
 Why they bewail'd his wretched Fate,
 And curs'd the Cruelty and Pride
 Of the Fair Maid for whom he dy'd.
Vivaldo, though he lik'd the Song,
 And prais'd it highly to the Throng ;

N n n

Yet

Yet fancy'd the concluding Strain
 Of what had issu'd from the Brain
 Of *Chrisostome*, did not agree
 With fair *Marcella's* Modesty,
 Or justly answer what was said,
 Of the strict Vertue of the Maid;
 But rather signify'd that tho'
 She would to him no favour show,
 Yet she had others who enjoy'd
 Those Blessings she to him deny'd.

But *Ambrose* hearing this Reflection,
 Remov'd the Critical Objection,
 By urging, that his Friend compos'd
 The Lines *Vivaldo* had disclos'd,
 When in some Melancholly Wood
 He'd hid himself in Solitude,
 Resolving never more to see
 The Author of his Misery,
 Provided to his Ease he found
 That such Restraint would Cure his Wound:

But

But finding that an absent Life
 From her he wish'd to make his Wife,
 Did rather aggravate than tame
 His unextinguishable Flame ;
 So that he grew downright distracted,
 And car'd not what he said or acted ;
 But in the absence of the Fair
Marcella, whom he lov'd so dear,
 Gaveway to the impetuous Tease
 Of groundless Fears and Jealousies,
 Arising only from his Passion,
 Working on's wild Imagination,
 Which furnish'd his disorder'd Wits
 With Idle Whimsies and Conceits :
 Alledging, Whatsoe'er his Friend
 In those distracted Fits had pen'd,
 Could by no means a lessening be
 To Fair *Marcella's* Chastity :
 For tho she was a Cruel Creature,
 To exercise so much ill Nature,

Yet was her Character unblotted,
 And her strict Modesty unspotted,
 That none could justly e'er arraign
 Her Carriage or her Vertue stain,
 No Envy ever touch her Honour,
 Or fix the least reproach upon her,
 But what was false, except in case,
 Of her disdainful Haughtiness,
 A Fault the giddy World might blame,
 But not reflect on to her Shame ;
 For should the Beauteous Dame be bound,
 To cure all those her Graces wound,
 Then all that Love might claim the Woman,
 And Gratitude must make her Common.

Vivaldo being thus confuted,
 The Point no further was disputed ;
 And having a desire to read
 Some other Poems of the Dead,
 Was op'ning of a second Sheet
 Of Verse which *Chrisostome* had writ :

But

But was prevented by the sight
 Of a Fair Nymph Divinely bright,
 Who with a sweet, but awful Look,
 Appear'd upon the rising Rock,
 Dazling the Eyes of all the Croud,
 With e'ery Glance she downward throw'd.
 Those who before had never seen
 Her Beauteous Face, and Princely Mein,
 Seem'd frighted at the Glorious Vision,
 And took her for an Apparition,
 Descended from her Heavenly Home,
 To Mourn the Fate of *Chrisostome*,
 And to illustrate, or to see
 The Funeral Solemnity ;
 For Gods sometimes descend to show
 Their Love to Humane Race below.

Others, who knew her Beauteous Face,
 Cry'd out, Behold the Cruel Lass,
 Yonder *Marcella* stands, she's come
 To triumph o'er her Lover's Tomb,

And

And Glory to the last degree
 In her profound Severity :
 Yet all with Admiration view'd
 Her matchless Beauty as she stood,
 And gaz'd with Pleasure and Surprise
 Upon her bright, but killing Eyes,
 And greatly honour'd and rever'd
 The dang'rous Light'ning that they fear'd:
 But *Ambrose*, soon as he esp'y'd
Marcella on the Quarry, cry'd,
 ' Why shew'st thou here thy Charming (Face,
 ' Thou Basilisk of Humane Race ;
 ' Com'st thou to triumph o'er the Dead,
 ' And cause his Wounds afresh to bleed,
 ' As murder'd Wretches do, when e'er
 ' Their Ruffians near the Corps appear ;
 ' Or art thou come to glut thy Eye
 ' With this Ignoble Victory
 ' And trample on that Gen'rous Clay,
 ' That lov'd Thee when Alive and Gay :

As

- ‘ As *Tarquin*’s base ungrateful Daughter
‘ Did on the Corps of him that got her.
‘ Tell us thou bright, but cruel Fair,
‘ What mak’st Thee stand in triumph there,
‘ And what thou want’st, that since our
‘ Ador’d thy Beauty to his End, (Friend,
‘ Thy present Will may be obey’d
‘ By us now *Chrisostome* is Dead.

The Fair *Marcella* then reply’d,
No black Ingratitude or Pride,
No cruel Scorn, or Ends so base,
Have brought me to this fatal Place;
I come unstain’d with such Offence,
To clear my injur’d Innocence,
And shew th’ Injustice and the Wrongs
I suffer from their Envious Tongues,
Who charge the Follies and the Bane
Of Chrysofome on my Disdain.
I therefore beg your kind attention
To what I am about to mention;

And

*And should I chance to give Offence,
 For want of artful Eloquence,
 I hope my Friends you'll not upbraid
 The Weakness of a Rural Maid.*

*By this time she had charm'd the Croud
 So far, that all cry'd out aloud,
 Let none oppose or Silence break,
 But hear the Fair Marcella speak.
 Then in a sweet melodious Tone,
 The lovely Tyrant thus went on.
 Suppose kind Heaven, as you say,
 Has made me Beautiful and Gay,
 And that the Graces I possess,
 Force you to Love me to excess,
 In spite of all the Means and Arts
 You practise to secure your Hearts :
 And you that feel the painful Wound,
 Conceive in Gratitude I'm bound
 All suitable Returns to shew,
 And bear the like Esteem for you,*

Which

Which in my judgment cannot be
 Consistent with true Modesty :
 For grant by numbers I'm admir'd,
 Courted, Belov'd, and much Desir'd,
 And all are equally at strife,
 Who shall obtain me for a Wife,
 The right is still in me to love,
 And chuse the Man I most approve ;
 Therefore should one alone be bless'd,
 I must be Cruel to the rest :
 For if I cast my Smiles on more,
 I should an odious Name incur ;
 And since I justly may refuse
 All others, but the Man I chuse,
 And those I disappoint may be
 As Meritorious fall as he,
 By the same justice I may shun
 All Courtship, and deny that one,
 And if I please, still Mistress be
 Of my own Virgin Liberty :

*Therefore as I preserve my Charms
 Alone for Death's cold Icy Arms,
 The Fault is yours to Love in vain,
 Not mine, to disregard your Pain.*

*Besides, suppose your Eyes can see
 A thousand winning Gifts in me,
 That blow up such an Am'rous Rage
 The strictest Prudence can't assuage;
 And I no equal Graces find
 In you to move me to be kind,
 Must I, of many Charms possess'd,
 Love him with no Inducements bless'd,
 And sacrifice so bright a Gem
 To him that merits no Esteem,
 Only because he pines for that,
 Which is too lofty to come at,
 And calls it Cruelty to starve
 For want of what he don't deserve?*

*Nay further, Should a Man possess
 The greatest Gifts of Humane Race,*

And

*And should he have a Passion for me,
 So great as even to adore me,
 That does not give him yet a claim
 To me, nor can he justly blame
 My Cruelty, or say I use him
 Ingratefully, if I refuse him ;
 For tho' he's handsome in your Eyes,
 In mine he may seem otherwise,
 And e'ery Grace appear to me
 Conceited stiff Formality.*

*Some in the Moon that shines so bright,
 Can behold Spots by strength of Sight,
 Whilst she appears to weaker Eyes,
 Clear and unblemish'd as she flies ;
 Why therefore may not I discover
 Distastful Failings in a Lover,
 Whose Shape and Temper may be thought
 By you to be without a Fault ?*

*Besides, Suppose he cannot move
 My Virgin Innocence to Love,*

*And he declares he can't forbear
 To Love, because he thinks me Fair;
 Though his Accomplishments are great,
 Yet still with me they're not of weight,
 Why then must I, to give him Ease,
 Do that which does my self displease,
 And change this happy Maiden Life,
 To be a sad Repenting Wife ?*

*But tell me, Shepherds, I beseech ye,
 Since you affirm my Charms betwixch ye,
 Whether if Heav'n had made me Homely,
 Instead of Amiable and Comely,
 You could have lov'd so greatly then,
 As to have fear'd my cold Disdain,
 And for my sake those Wounds endur'd,
 Which now you're forc'd to bear uncur'd ?
 Or had I lov'd the handsom'st Swain
 That ever grac'd our Neighb'ring Plain,
 Could I have blam'd his cross Behaviour;
 If thought unworthy of his Favour ?*

Or had I been despis'd by all,
 Who here attend this Funeral,
 And ne'er regarded been by those
 Who now disquiet their Repose,
 Could I with justice have reprov'd
 Your Pride, because you had not lov'd ?

Why then, since Heav'n has made me Fair,
 Should you condemn my prudent Care,
 To keep my Virgin Breast secure
 From those Love Torments you endure ?
 Not of your Choice you all agree,
 But forc'd to't by necessity ;
 Then why should I regard a Flame
 You'd fly, could you avoid the same ?

Besides, Suppose, as you affirm,
 My charming Looks have done you harm,
 'Tis your own Fault, you hurt your Sight
 By too long gazing on the Light :
 Those whom my Beauty has aggriev'd,
 My Words have always undeceiv'd.

When

When e'er they first made known their Passion,
 I fled from their Solicitation,
 Answering at once expressly plain,
 That all Efforts would be in vain.
 The same Repulse I frankly gave
 To him you're following to his Grave ;
 Nor did I ever yield the least
 Encouragement to be Address'd
 By any Person, or endeavour
 By free or promising Behaviour,
 To pre-possess him of my Favour;
 But always from their Love withdrew,
 And hid my Person from their view,
 In hopes my absence might appease
 Their early Passions by degrees :
 Why therefore do you charge on me,
 Or my ingrateful Cruelty,
 The Painful Suff'rings, and the End
 Of your below'd unhappy Friend ;

Since

*Since in that Place that must become,
 The Grave of Gen'rous Chrysostome ;
 When first he let me know his Pain,
 I told him that he su'd in vain,
 Entreated him to check his Passion,
 And wave all further application ;
 Alledging, I had vow'd to lead
 A chaste and single Life till Dead,
 And that the Grave alone should be,
 The 'Spouse of my Virginity ?
 If therefore he would still persist
 In Love, when he was thus dismiss'd,
 Why should I suffer in my Fame,
 For thwarting his unruly Flame,
 And for his head-strong Indiscretion
 Be injur'd in my Reputation,
 Since his own Rashness caus'd his Pain,
 And Obstinacy work'd his Bane ?*

*I therefore beg for Time to come,
 That for the sake of Chrysostome,*

I may

*I may have Leave to range the Plain,
 Unthought of and unview'd by Men,
 That none hereafter may molest
 The happy Quiet of my Breast,
 Or run the hazzard of his own,
 By storming what can ne'er be won;
 For since the Charms that I enjoy
 Do others Peace and Ease destroy,
 To Heav'n I'll dedicate the same,
 And live unseen a Pious Dame,
 Till frozen Death shall reap the Spoils
 Of all my wither'd Virgin Smiles,
 And Senseless Earth alone embrace
 This comely Shape and handsome Face.*

Thus ending what she had to say,
 She vanish'd, like a Ghost, away,
 Leaping at once into a Wood
 Which just behind the Quarry stood,
 Leaving the Croud so charm'd and fir'd

With what they'd seen, and what they'd ^{(heard,}
 That

That some more smitten than the rest,
 Believing all her Vows a Jest,
 Were for pursuing the Fair Dame,
 And hunting down the lovely Game,
 Which caus'd *Don Quixote* in a Passion,
 To make the following Proclamation.

*Let no rash Person present here,
 Gentle or Simple, Prince or Peer,
 Knight, Squire, Gentleman or Yeoman,
 Priest, Scholar, Shepherd, Swain or Plowman,
 Presume to follow her that spoke
 So like an Angel on the Rock,
 Under the Penalty or Pain
 Of being soundly bang'd or slain:
 For I am bound by Nature's Laws
 To vindicate that Virgin's Cause,
 And ready am with this right Arm
 To Combate all that mean her Harm.*

These Threat'nings made 'em change their ^{(base}
 Design, and stop'd the Lover's Chase,
 So that they hung their Ears and staid
 To see th' Interment of the Dead,
 Which being finish'd as it shou'd be,
 With all the decent Rites that cou'd be,
 And the Grave strew'd by weeping Friends
 With fragrant Flowers and with Greens,
 The mournful Shepherds went their ways,
 Some loudly setting forth the Praise
 O'th' Dead, whilst other Swains display'd
 The Wit and Beauty of the Maid,
 Who had so won *Don Quixote's* Favour,
 By her Speech, Presence, and Behaviour,
 That he resolv'd to ride in quest
 Of this new Empress of his Breast,
 To manifest his great Affection
 By offering her his kind Protection;

While

While *Ambrose* to bemoan his loss,
 Sat down upon a Bank of Moss,
 And for the Tomb he did intend
 To build in Mem'ry of his Friend,
 Penn'd, as he musing sat alone,
 This Epitaph to grace the Stone,

*Here lies Interr'd the best of Swains,
 Whom scornful Beauty would not save
 To be an Honour to the Plains,
 But sent him to enrich the Grave.*

*Here first the Virgin gave the Wound,
 Here first the Swain for Cure apply'd;
 And for his Grave this Spot of Ground
 He chose where she his Suit deny'd.*

*Fly from Marcella's killing Eyes,
 For she that could be so unkind
 To Chrysostome, may well despise
 The Pow'r of Love and all Mankind.*
 Thus

Thus Beauty, when reserv'd, we find
 Destroys for want of being kind,
 And when she's Wanton, Free and Gay,
 She kills as oft the other way :
 Therefore when e'er such Stars appear,
 Enjoy a Glimpse, but come not near.

F I N I S.